

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY

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The Western Home Monthly

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The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

Remittances of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

When You Renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with Our Readers

It is generally conceded that The Western Home Monthly at \$1.00 a year is a splendid bargain in periodical literature. Readers from all over the Dominion write us every year that they like it better than many of the magazines selling at higher prices, and it is encouraging to note that they find improvement in each issue. The letters that we publish on this page are but a mere handful of the hundreds of commendation from the hosts of pleased subscribers. They all tell the same story, showing that the public who read it would not care to be without it and the odd kick that is registered is to the effect that the magazine should appear oftener than it does. Flattering as such a suggestion is, this is hardly the time to put it into effect, considering prevailing conditions. We do promise, however, to continue to give to our readers a magazine that will, we trust, continue to show improvement and merit appreciation. This is really a time when we should ask more for the magazine. The unprecedented cost of paper, inks and everything that enters into the production of the publication makes it hard to continue the present low figure. Many publications, including the majority of daily papers throughout the Dominion, have already jumped their prices to their readers, but for the time being we prefer to bear the burden.

Anyone desirous of seeing the readers of The Monthly increase, would do well to explain to non-subscribers that this is the time to get in on a good thing and old subscribers should see the wisdom of renewing their subscriptions now and for a period of two or three years. This is one way not only to save money, but to save time, by obviating the necessity of renewing a subscription from year to year. It should commend itself to our readers.

Are You Getting Up a Club for The Western Home Monthly?

Now, of all times in the year, is the proper season to get up a club for The Western Home Monthly. This is the time when people are interested in subscribing for periodicals, and as The Western Home Monthly is conceded to be the best magazine published at anywhere near the price, it is a very easy matter for anyone in any neighborhood to get up a club for it. For such efforts in our behalf we give very liberal rewards. Some of these offers were described in recent issues of The Monthly. We would be glad to send particulars to anyone interested as to remuneration and premiums given for work done for this magazine. We believe that we have something to offer that will interest man, woman, girl and boy.

Edmonton, Alta., December, 1916.

Dear Editor,—With your permission, I would like to make some remarks in your pages. I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for probably ten years, usually buying it at news-stands, and being a reader of the best journals published, and, having the experience for years of travelling over rural Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia to the Coast, I naturally think I know their reading requirements, and I consider The Western Home Monthly the most suitable journal for our western people. There certainly is none more sane or wholesome for the younger folks. As a Canadian I admire a journal that endeavors to develop a Canadian spirit in its readers—Western Canada is potentially a great country. I suggest that young readers of The Western Home Monthly make a practice of reading western periodicals and books, such books, for instance, as the "History of the Empire of the North," dealing with the exploring and early pioneering of Canada; "Lords of the North," "Pathfinders of the West," "Canadian Commonwealth," etc.—E. J. Lyne.

Hoath, Sask., January 18th, 1917.

Gentlemen,—Enclosed find \$1.00 for my subscription for one year. I must say that I find The Western Home Monthly to be a splendid magazine.—Yours truly, Robert F. Cairns.

Meadow Bank, Sask., January 19th, 1917.

Gentlemen,—Please find enclosed \$1.00 for one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly, and I would just like to tell you that I am highly pleased with it, the way it has developed and improved in the last ten years is extraordinary. It is a good, clean, bright paper, a credit and an honor to its publishers.—Yours very truly, John Waddell.

Pasqua, Sask., January 18th, 1917.

Gentlemen,—In renewing my subscription to your splendid journal, I may say that I think the magazine is improving from year to year, and has undoubtedly become one of the most popular Canadian monthlies published. As a western monthly magazine it has few equals. The editorials are always good, sound reading, and the stories most wholesome and interesting. There always appears to be something very western about the majority of The Western Home Monthly's stories. This feature probably accounts not a little for the great popularity of The Western Home Monthly throughout Western Canada especially, but also should prove a source of interest and pleasure to our eastern friends as well.

Wishing you and your magazine continued success, I am, yours very truly, T. E. Alcock.

Leslie, Sask., January 19th, 1917.

Gentlemen,—Will the enclosed \$2.00 pay for my subscription till September, 1918? It was just purely a matter of carelessness and forgetfulness that my renewal was not sent in long ago, but will be prompter in future, as I like The Western Home Monthly coming to our home.

Although now the 19th day of the New Year, I still wish the firm a happy and prosperous profitable season.—Mrs. A. A. Moodie.

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Creating a Musical Atmosphere

By Marion Dallas

Study of Music at Home

ALL through the country, in villages and towns, there are young girls and women improving their spare time by the study of music.

Many of these have a teacher come once or perhaps twice a week to guide and inspire them in their work, but sometimes owing to bad weather, poor roads, or other reasons, weeks elapse between the visits of the teacher. To aid in such times as these, and to help and enthrall the girls who are nobly struggling alone, without the counsel and advice of any teacher but purely for their love of music, this article is written.

The study of music should be undertaken with an intelligent comprehension of its beauty and wealth of melody. It should never be studied in the listless fashion adopted by so many young people. By that I mean the careless playing of airs with variations, the murdering of beautiful sonatas and the strumming of cake walks and popular songs. The object of all study of music is to give pleasure not only to ourselves but to others.

It must be from the heart. Every player must study thoughtfully and with an earnestness which convinces the listener. Even the simplest tunes can be rendered to give pleasure, but only as the player throws her soul into her music, will she influence her audience.

Harmony—A Help

To thoroughly enjoy the practise of music I would recommend the student to master first, Cumming's book on "Rudiments," and then to turn to Stainer's "Harmony". A study of harmony, although it may seem uninteresting at first, gives an insight into music which can be derived in no other way. It is not an easy study done, but many of the teachers and professors in our colleges of music will, for a nominal fee, correct exercises (by mail) and give a great deal of help in that way.

Study Musical History

The study of musical history gives a glimpse into the inner life of the great musicians, and enables one to interpret some of their thoughts and ideas. Following this, the history of music will teach the student to appreciate music as a great art and especially is this needed in home study. It opens up a new world, and might inspire the young to make some musical history for Canada themselves, for we know our musical and national history is only in its infancy.

Whenever great artists come to your town or near you, go and hear them. Don't be discouraged if they play some of the pieces you are learning better than you do. Remember, although we cannot all be artists, we can all do our best. Let the great player be an incentive to you to work harder and more faithfully.

Practise Not Long But Well

Set apart so many hours for practice every day, and allow nothing to interfere with your plan. Divide your practice hours. Practise technical exercises, but even in these watch the rhythm or accent. Make a study of time. Practise your pieces slowly. Slow practice is the foundation of all good piano or organ playing. Learn to practise not long, but thoroughly, and keep the mind and fingers under control.

Learn to memorize each piece thoroughly. When the first piece has been mastered you will find the second much easier. It is really distressing to spend an evening in company with perhaps twenty young ladies (many of whom you know are paying out hard-earned money to colleges and teachers), when a request is made for some music, to hear one girl after another refuse, saying, "Oh, I can't play without my music." After hard coaxing some girl is prevailed upon to play "something," and it is usually—just a "something".

Overcome Nervousness

Play every time you get an opportunity; play for father and mother—study some of father's old favorites and play them as carefully as if you had a large audience. Seize every chance to play before an audience. Much of our poor music is largely the result of nervousness and lack of memory training. The only cure for nervousness is constant appearances in public. An excellent way for a piano player to gain confidence is by duet playing and playing accompaniments. In his way you feel you are not alone, but unless

you do your part well the performance will be a failure.

Another thing in your practice, include the study of simple hymns. The other night I heard of a meeting of seventy-five people, when the chairman asked for a volunteer pianist, no one responded. He repeated his request three times and finally started the hymn. Of course the result was the devotional part of the meeting was spoiled. In speaking of the circumstance to one lady who was present, she said, "Well, I never could be bothered studying hymns." They do require study and in many of our tunes we find a wealth of harmony. Surely it pays. The satisfaction of giving a little pleasure amply repays for the time spent.

Music As An Art

Love your work and believe in yourself. What a satisfaction and pleasure can be derived from the pianoforte while you pursue your studies, lost to all else save the beautiful melodies and harmony. The sense of growing power gives us keenest pleasure as we study the compositions of the masters. New beauties gradually reveal themselves and light and happiness breaks over our lives. The mission of music is to lighten toil, comfort in sorrow, sweeten the lives of all mankind. Let your part be to cause sweet music to be felt in your own life, your home and your community, no matter how small, so that the lives of men and women may be strengthened, refined and lifted nearer to God.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more
But more of reverence in us dwell
That mind and soul according well
May make one music as before."

—Tennyson.

Waiting

By Strickland W. Gillilan

On summer Saturday's long afternoon
I used to climb barefoot one thronelike knoll,
Soliloquizing: "Father's coming soon."
The gray pike billowed eastward like a scull
And vanished in the apex of a hill,
One world-long mile away; around me played
The shifting sunbeams—magically still,
Tiptoeing from each ever-lengthening shade.

I knew that when he crept into my ken
Above the hillbink I should know the span—
White-stockinged bay, head-tossing gray;
and then
The strong, familiar figure of the man.
I'd know them—know them! Leaping with their joy
My swift feet from my cairn would take me down—
I care-free, zephyr-hearted, eager boy,
To welcome home my father from the town.

Once on a time he went away again;
Perhaps the sun shone, but we could not see.
I have not climbed that little knoll since then,
For Father is not coming home to me.
Somewhere he waits upon a sun-kissed hill
And softly says: "My boy is coming soon."
He'll know me from afar—I know he will!
When, world-tired, I trudge home, some afternoon.

A doctor came up to a patient in an insane asylum, slapped him on the back, and said: "Well, old man, you're all right. You can run along and write your folks that you'll be back home in two weeks as good as new."

The patient went off gaily to write his letter. He had it finished and sealed, but when he was licking the stamp it slipped through his fingers to the floor, lighted on the back of a cockroach that was passing, and stuck. The patient hadn't seen the cockroach—what he did see was his escaped postage stamp zigzagging aimlessly across the floor to the baseboard, wavering up over the baseboard, and following a crooked track up the wall and across the ceiling. In depressed silence he tore up the letter that he had just written and dropped the pieces on the floor.

"Two weeks! Hell!" he said. "I won't be out of here in three years."

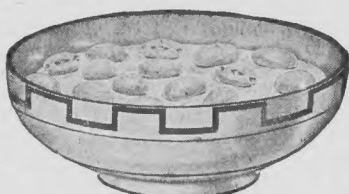


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Prof. A. P. Anderson, when he found a way to puff wheat, gave children a better wheat food than they ever had before.

Every expert knew that whole wheat was desirable. It is rich in elements lacking in flour. And rarely a child got enough of them.

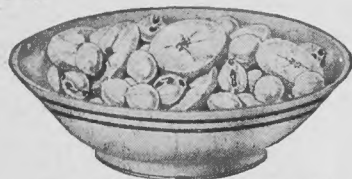
But whole wheat, for its purpose, must be wholly digestible. That is the problem Prof. Anderson solved when he discovered this way to explode it.



Puffed Grains in Milk or Cream

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He sealed up the kernels in guns, and applied a fearful heat. Then he shot the guns, and out came the kernels puffed to eight times normal size.



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What happened was this: Inside each food cell a trifle of moisture was changed to steam. When the guns were shot, a hundred million explosions occurred inside each kernel.

Every food cell was blasted, so digestion could act. Thus every element was made available, and every atom fed.

And the grains were made into food confections, flaky, toasted, airy, crisp. So these hygienic foods became the most delightful foods you know.

Puffed Wheat

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Puffed Rice

Don't let your children lose the benefits of this great food invention. Don't confine Puffed Grains to breakfast. Serve them for supper in bowls of milk. Douse them with melted butter when children get hungry between meals.

Puffed Wheat and Rice are whole-grain foods. They taste like nut meats, bubbled and toasted. But they are in fact the best foods wheat and rice can make.

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As Confections

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SOLE MAKERS

Peterborough, Canada

(1520)

Saskatoon, Canada

Editorial

Whose Half-bushel?

IN THE olden days down in Eastern Canada there flourished a class of men known as ash gatherers or ashmen. It was their trade to go around the countryside from house to house purchasing hardwood ashes, which they carted to certain centres for purposes of manufacture. The most remarkable thing in connection with this trade was the half-bushel measure which the purchaser carried with him. It usually contained at least a bushel and a half. It is no wonder that the farmers' wives rebelled against the unfairness and that some of them insisted on using their own standard half-bushel. They did not object to the price offered for the ashes, but they did object to the standard of measurement. The "ashman's half-bushel" became a by-word and the phrase is still aptly employed in the older provinces.

This is only a figure. In other fields we are adjusting, measuring, estimating worth and value all the time. It is no wonder we disagree, because we use such different measures. It is Oliver Wendell Holmes who says that when Brown and Smith meet it is no wonder they disagree because there are so many of them. There are indeed three Browns and three Smiths. There is the Brown as Smith sees him, the Brown as Brown sees him, and the real Brown. Similarly there are three Smiths.

Now Brown may stand for Presbyterian and Smith for Methodist; or one may stand for Liberal and the other for Conservative; one for Englishman and the other for Frenchman. Isn't it clear that because men have different standards of value in all things that their conclusions are bound to differ.

Just now the papers are giving much attention to education in Canada, and there are wide differences of opinion as to the character of the work being done in the schools and colleges. It will be found that the differences in opinion are largely due to differences in standards. Those who place a premium on book-learning will arrive at one conclusion, those who think in terms of action and conduct may arrive at a very different conclusion. It would seem to be very necessary in this field to get a standard half-bushel measure. We have standards in trade and commerce—standards of weight, measure and value. We have also more or less clearly defined moral standards. Surely it should be possible to determine standards in education, so that useless bickering might be at an end.

A serious, though perhaps an over-ambitious attempt to set a standard for adolescence has been made by those responsible for the Canadian efficiency tests. Some such standard, modified to suit circumstances, might well be adopted for every home and every school. Criticisms and suggestions for improvement are valuable only when related to some conception of education that is universally accepted as worthy. Such conception must consider such elements as physical, intellectual and moral development; knowledge, power and skill; culture and practical ability; habit taste and disposition. It is vain to enter upon comparisons that take into consideration only one of these elements.

It is quite possible that teachers are as likely to err in their judgment as parents, business men and newspaper correspondents. It is quite possible, too, that the standard of measurement should differ with communities.

All that has been said touching school education can be carried over into the field of religious education.

Capital Punishment

FROM a respected correspondent—Robert Bickerdike, of Montreal, we cut the following quotation dealing with capital punishment:

"In these days of agitation for prison reform, may I ask if the time has not arrived when capital punishment, this relic of barbarism, should be abolished in any country claiming to be a Christian nation.

"The death penalty is a cruel invention of caste. A penalty so severe as not to be enforceable has a basic objection; it produces unrest to have a constant miscarriage of justice. A wealthy malefactor, an influential murderer, a powerful assassin cannot go free, in a community where paupers and friendless foreigners are hanged, without the people acquiring a contempt for the laws. I claim that when a man commits murder he is at that particular moment insane, but the State says away with him, hang him, he is not fit to live. May I just be permitted to ask the State—is it quite sure that he is fit to die?

"The State claims divine authority for this leprous outcropping of the dark ages. I claim that the State has no divine authority for the death penalty. Those who clamor most for capital punishment deduce their severity from the Bible and yet it is the Bible which declares that no man should be put to death."

When Silence is Golden

ANOTHER esteemed correspondent—Irene Wilson—writes a letter that is refreshing, because it deals with a matter that is rarely discussed in print. The Monthly gives prominence to the communication in the hope that some writer may expound the opposite view. Naturally the problem would not be approached by a mere man. Here is the article: "For months I had been reading such articles as

'The most important event of my life,' or 'of my girlhood days,' or 'of my married life' until the pages fairly groaned with all the trials and griefs that could beset womanhood. I began to wonder how it happened, that I, with so little ability or attractions to command the things that go to make life happy, should be thus singled out to be the possessor of that priceless jewel.

"It seemed that the most important event in the life of most women was fraught with manifold sorrows and hardships—the cause of each and every event being that scape-goat, a mere man.

"Now, I wonder that in all these unfoldings of the heart's secrets, no man has ventured to give his experience. Do you suppose there has been no event in his life, or is he, contrary to universal opinion, more delicate about exposing to the world the innermost depths of his heart? Does he guard these secrets as sacred vestibules, the doors of which are closed to all but his Maker?

"If such is the case, then man has a nobler sense of fitness than we of the gentler sex. He shrinks from presenting to the public an account of his love affair when his highest ideal proved to be only a myth. He does not publish the fact that the woman he loved trusted and honored with his name, the woman who is the mother of his children, has proved to be a base deceiver; that life behind the curtains is a daily nightmare to him. No, men don't tell such things.

"Man has so long refrained from writing on this subject—while we have continually aired our griefs, that I fear we have come to believe that life holds only happiness for him, that we alone are the ones who suffer. Do you suppose that in all these events where the woman has suffered so keenly, the man who was concerned escaped unscathed? Who knows but what his grief may have been the deeper?

"The life of a man is broader than the life of a woman. He deals with bigger or deeper problems and he deals with bigger minds. His heartaches are forgotten for the time by things of greater moment. We, on the other hand, may be kept just as busy. Our life may be just as full; but our duties are so varied that there are too many thinking moments between. Our problems are not deep enough to require the concentration of our whole thought. This, then, must account for the fact that man, unlike his better half, is able to keep his troubles within his own breast.

"This world is a mixture of joys and sorrows. Some would rather discuss their joys than their sorrows, and vice versa. The more our mind dwells on either side of life, the more fully we can appreciate these beautiful words:

"Think truly and thy thought shall be a true and living seed;
Live truly and thy life shall be a true and living deed."

Brotherhood

Here is something from a farmer lad. Even although the selfishness of man will not permit the realization of the ideal, it is a good thing to have the ideal before us:

"Much has been said about universal peace. To my mind the realization of brotherhood is our only hope. Brotherhood is a fellowship of loving hearts. It implies the consciousness of a common origin, common rights, common responsibilities, common duties and a common destiny. There must be a spirit of brotherhood in our industrial world. Let the farmer say 'Thank God I live in a time when one man can feed a thousand.' Let the manufacturer say, 'I am a worker with God, for I am also a creator.' Let the railroad man say, 'If it were not for me the East would be famine-stricken. I will make haste in transporting food that I may feed the hungry.' Let the middleman say, 'What can I do to best serve my companions?' Let the employer say, 'What are the largest wages I can pay my working men and live?' Let the working man say, 'What is the best service I can render and still maintain life at its full flood tide?' Let the lawyer say, 'I am a minister of justice, and God is just.' Let the doctor say, 'I am following the footsteps of Christ who healed the sick.' Let the minister say, 'I do not ask for a rich parish; put me where I can bring life and comfort to suffering humanity.'"

The Beginning of the End

WHEN this issue reaches our people the great drive will in all probability have begun. The real war will be taking place, for all that has occurred up to date must be looked upon as preliminary. It is for those of us who are at home to support the men who are risking all for principle. We can support them by our attitude and our actions, and we must fail in neither. Our attitude should be that of men and women who are reverently attempting to thwart the power of the greatest enemy of true civilization. For we hold it to be true that enduring greatness and goodness is based in love rather than force or might. And so, with love for God and right in our hearts, we shall persevere in our earnestness. And as our sons and fathers are risking their lives, so we shall gladly place our means and our time at our Country's disposal. The end is not far distant, but there is much suffering ere the end. The spirit of the men in the field and the spirit of suffering parents are well set forth in Newbolt's little poems, which are used to lighten up this page.

The Torch of Life

By Henry Newbolt

There's a breathless hush in the close to-night—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in,
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
"Play up! Play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—
Red with the wreck of a square that broke,
The gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke,
The river of death has brimmed his banks
And England's far, and Honour a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year
While in her place the school is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget,
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling, fling to the host behind—
"Play up! play up! and play the game."

The Only Son

By Henry Newbolt

A bitter wind toward the sunset blowing
What of the dales to-night?
In yonder old hall what fires are glowing
What ring of festal light?

"In the great window as the day was dwindling,
I saw an old man stand;
His head was proudly held and his eyes kindling,
But the list shook in his hand."

O wind of twilight, was there no word uttered—
No sound of joy or wail?
"A great fight and a good death," he muttered,
"Trust him, he would not fail."

What of the chamber dark where she was lying—
For whom all life is done?
Within her heart she rocks a dead child, crying—
"My son, my little son."

Weather, War and Earthquake

Often since this war began we have read in the news despatches of how unfavorable weather has hampered military operations. There have been some famous instances of the same thing in history. At Crecy, for instance, as Froissart records, "the great rain" rendered useless the bowstrings of the Genoese archers, but the English bows, being kept in cases, were unaffected. Severe weather contributed materially to the disastrous failure of Napoleon's expedition against Russia. And at Solferino the Austrians, in their retreat, were saved from annihilation by a cyclone which threw the French into confusion. But the most remarkable case of the interference of natural forces, with operations of warfare which The Philosopher can remember having come across in his reading was at Jellalabad in 1842, when a small British force, under the command of Sir Robert Sale, in daily expectation of being attacked by an overwhelming force of Afghans, labored night and day to improve the fortifications of the town. Akbar Khan had approached within a few miles, and an onslaught of his army was imminent, when on the morning of February 19 an earthquake nearly destroyed the city and wrought havoc in the fortifications. If Akbar Khan had ordered an assault that morning, what good follower of the Prophet could doubt that Allah had given his aid. The Afghans held off, however; and later, when they besieged the place, which, thanks to the industry of the British force, showed no outward signs of damage by the earthquake, they believed that Jellalabad had not felt the earthquake at all, thanks to "English magic".

Bedlamite Logic

Long-winded, vociferous statements now come from Berlin in attempted justification of everything Germany has done to Belgium. But as long as human memory endures the record will stand of the words of the Imperial Chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg, in the Reichstag on August 4, 1914, when he admitted that the German invasion of Belgium was "a breach of international law," and added: "The wrong we thereby commit we will try to make good as soon as our military aims have been attained." Yet every obedient son of Kultur must now swallow the present "justifications" of the violation and ravaging of Belgium. After swallowing these "justifications," it ought to be an easy matter for the docile Huns to swallow this wonderful and inimitable piece of logic from a leading German religious journal, the Evangelische-Lutherische Kirchenzeitung: "London is no longer by any means an unfortified city. It is armed with such quantities of anti-aircraft guns and aeroplanes that the Zeppelins, as is well known, only venture to attack the city by night." Was such logic ever heard before outside of Bedlam?

Powder by day as often as you like— but do let your skin breathe by night!



A GOOD face powder, wisely used, both adds to a woman's charm and furnishes a very welcome protection to her skin.

So, make your powder box your constant companion every day if you wish, use it as often as you like, but—

—don't, if you care for the looks of your skin, if you really want to have and keep the charm of "a skin you love to touch"—don't go to bed a single night with the tiny powder flakes still lodged in the delicate pores.

Every time you powder, hundreds of those tiny flakes get into the pores of the skin. Unless you rid your skin of these particles at night, they will work their way down into the pores, clog these wee breathing spaces of the skin and cause them to grow coarse and large.

Avoid these useless cleansing methods

It is useless to try to remove these powder particles by a dry rubbing or grease cleansing. These methods merely serve to force the flakes of powder, mingled with dirt and oil, deeper into the pores. Blackheads and blemishes are often due to no other cause than this in oily skins. And dry skins are made to look scaly and even sallow this same way.

What your skin needs after each day spent with your powder box or bag is the following special Woodbury treatment. It is the most effective method you can use to thoroughly cleanse your skin, tiny pores and all, and keep in good condition the new delicate skin that is constantly forming.

Spend five minutes this way tonight

Dip a cloth in warm water and hold it to the face until the skin is softened and damp. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and go over your face with the cake itself just as a man does with a shaving stick.

Then dip your hands in warm water and with the tips of your fingers work up a lather from the soap left on your face. Rub this cleansing, antiseptic lather thoroughly but gently into the pores of your skin, always with an upward and outward motion.

Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

If your skin is thin or rather sensitive, substitute a dash of ice water for the application of the ice itself.

Take just five minutes for this treatment every night before you retire. It frees your skin of the tiny particles of powder that have accumulated there during the day. It cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the surface, stimulates the small muscular fibres and leaves your skin ready to rest and rebuild—so that it can greet you with the loveliness you want to see when you take your morning peep into your mirror.

Use this treatment regularly and you will soon see what a wonderful difference it will make in the looks of your skin—your complexion cannot help taking on step by step that permanent clearness, freshness and

charm which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings. Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get your cake today and begin tonight to let your skin really breathe

Write today for samples

For 4c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this treatment. For 10c the cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Powder. Write today! Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 674 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

Woodbury's Facial Powder. The first time you use it you will like this powder prepared from the formula of a skin specialist. So pure it will not harm the most sensitive skin! So finely pulverized and so soft that it is invisible when applied—yet it stays on! Comes in four tints: flesh, white, pink and brunette. Has a delicate refined fragrance. Put up in a special two-part box. Won't you try it? See sample offer.

For sale by Canadian
Druggists from Coast
to Coast.



Tear out this cake and put it in your purse as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's today



War Activities of Johnny Canucks' Mothers, Sisters and Sweethearts

By Francis J. Dickie

THE happenings of to-day, born of passing time and change, make false the apothegms of yesterday. One of these to go shortly following the outbreak of the European war was: "That men must work and women must weep." To-day thirty million men are engaged directly and indirectly in the business of war. And though many more women than that number are shedding tears as a result, the large majority of them are mingling the tears of heartbreak and anxiety with the sweat of hard labor of many varieties, the greater part of which was formerly performed by their husbands, sons and sweethearts.

Because of and through the war women-kind in general have made a greater stride toward their goal for equal rights with the hitherto proud, haughty and superior male, than all the campaigning marches, political wire-pulling and intrigue, militancy and printed appeals put together brought them before.

To-day among the nations at war women are holding down such jobs and positions as taxi drivers, postmen—or women, rather—bank clerks, munition workers, farm hands, and a hundred other lines of endeavor too numerous and well known by now to need enumerating. Both along these lines and those which are to obtain for women better working, living, moral conditions and better legislative protection, the women of Canada have made greater strides than any nation of the Old World. Particularly is this so as regards the granting of the vote. And it is from the ballot and the ballot alone that worth while power really comes. Where women have won it, take notice how quickly in its wake came prohibition and the curtailing of other lines of vice having direct effect on mother, daughter and sweet-heart.

But as the war looms largest in the topics of the hour, let us first take notice of what the Canadian women have done to aid father, brother and son fighting on the strange soil of Europe, three thousand odd miles away.

When Great Britain entered into the war on August 4th, 1914, Canada entered the war in unison. Never perhaps in the history of nations was there a land less prepared for conflict than the Dominion of Canada. Militant Canadians to that date were exceptional; the bulk of the press and the public were distinctly anti on the preparedness question; and there were not above ten thousand men in the entire Dominion versed in the arts of war. With the exception of a few thousand South African veterans, the rest were only the crude kind of soldiers always resultant from an indifferently maintained militia movement, which, in Canada, had been kept alive in scattered parts of the Dominion by a few men with "the war-bug," as they were dubbed by the unilaterally inclined majority. Yet within six weeks Canada sent on board transports in Gaspe Basin on the Atlantic Coast 33,000 men, fully armed and equipped with everything an army on active service needed—from hospitals for field service to portable food kitchens, not to speak of the regular things required for the more deadly work of war. This army, the most rapidly mobilized in the history of the North American Continent, also was the greatest body of armed men to embark at one time in the entire history of the known world to that date. Since then a total army of 387,346 men have joined the army to December 31st, 1916. Of this number 52,026 were casualties to October 11th, 1916. Of this total, only 37,939 remained in the land of the living; that is were wounded. Of this number 12,000 have been returned to Canada. Of this number 4,000 are convalescing outside of hospitals; an equal number are being taken care of in hospitals, and the balance have been discharged as cured but unfit for further service and the majority will now be upon the pension list.

This brief mention of the Dominion's military achievement, one of the greatest in history in view of Canada's sparsely populated territory which though 111,992 square miles larger than her adjoining Republic, contains only one person to the square mile, or a total of but 8,075,000, this brief mention has been made so that the reader can the more readily and thoroughly understand what a task was

given the Canadian women to do in this time of stress, when their land was being looted of its ablest men. A great task faced them; and to their credit be it said that it was done thoroughly, conscientiously and with vastly less of waste energy, time and materials than was to have been expected from people taking up work hitherto unknown and utterly foreign.

According to Canadian census statistics

Canada when the war broke out 2,186,000 women capable of knuckling down and digging in to do the work caused by the exodus of 368,000 soldiers, and also to handle the tasks arising out of these men being in the trenches and a certain percentage of them wounded.

To-day something over 2,000,000 women are working in aid of the war or the charities resultant therefrom. There are some 30,000 varied societies with members numbering from half a dozen in some tiny hamlet to organizations with several thousand members in the larger centres. The principal of the societies are: The Red Cross; W.C.T.U. Belgian Relief;

say women are not the most meticulous in their methods of procedure, that all their books are wonderfully kept, clear and unconfusing.

The report of Mrs. Stearns Hicks, Convener of the Red Cross Supplies Committee at Toronto, Ontario, where were assembled the bulk of goods forwarded to soldiers and hospitals at the front, shows that from September 1st, 1914, to July 1st, 1916, 3,555,803 articles were sent overseas. These consisted of 3,061,023 surgical bandages and other medical supplies; 14,983 sheets; 29,167 pillow cases; 36,099 night shirts, pyjamas and slippers combined; 10,527 flannel shirts; 54,700 cigars; 2,338 pounds candy; 15,422 cans of preserved fruit; 42,699 pairs socks; 260,000 miscellaneous articles. The similar report of the Province of Quebec covering from September, 1914, to June, 1916, shows that province to have forwarded 4,453,060 articles of the nature above-mentioned.

While the exact figures for all the societies in the seven other provinces who are engaged in similar work is impossible of compilation, a careful approximate estimate based on the output of the major assembling stations gives the astonishing figures of 100,000,000 parcels sent out from Canada to her men at the front and in French and English hospitals during the first twenty-three months of the war. As many of these parcels contained more than one article, the number of articles is perhaps five times that amount.

In addition to these things a total of \$30,000,000 has been collected in Canada for the British and Canadian Red Cross; the Patriotic Fund; Belgian Relief Fund; Serbian, Polish and Armenian Relief. The Belgian Relief Fund of Canada, according to the last report issued in September, had had \$2,275,000 cash contributed.

While not all of this thirty millions of dollars collected was due to women's work, a large part of it was. And here they showed their resourcefulness as collectors. "Tag days" of innumerable variety; concerts; lawn fetes; bazaars; house to house appeals; clever methods of getting free advertising space in the newspapers were resorted to. In connection with the concerts and bazaars infinite resource and ability to put up something worth while that would earn the greatest amount of money by really drawing more people than the usual little circles of friends and acquaintances that attend such things was exhibited. When such things paled by repetition, the bizarre and the unique was resorted to.

In one far western Canadian city on one occasion the ladies of a small society rounded up all the children in the town owning Shetland ponies. With collection boxes on each side of the animals and the flag of the country for the sufferers of which the money was being gathered also adorning the animals, the little boys and girls patrolled the town from end to end; in this manner not only was the main thoroughfares canvassed but the suburban. Of course, the appeal was no different than had women stood on the streets with boxes and plates; but by adding novelty to the idea and shoving the collection box under the nose of the individual in so unique a way, much more was collected than had the old style commonplace methods been adhered to. The numerous things of such nature—showing almost a genius for campaigning and organization—are too many to bear fullest mention.

Probably the most unique scheme and one which required real hard work was that pulled off in the City of Toronto, a place of some 800,000 population. In the spring of 1916 the ladies of the Red Cross Society started a "waste conservation." The financial results almost instantly accruing brought them realization that they had a miniature gold mine. For instance, a hundred pounds of newspaper was worth 43 cents. An appeal to all the school children as well as adult householders was made for old magazines, newspaper, bottles, rags, jute bags, books and metals, etc. Everybody helped. The big banker lent his motor car; little Johnny, the day laborer's son, brought a load in his wheelbarrow; girls brought great basketsful by arm power; the children's toy waggons proved as zealous and important carriers as the huger trucks. The Harbor Commission gave a commodious warehouse where a large staff of girls and women work continuously sorting and packing. The first month's proceeds was \$1,619, and those in charge now claim that the year's total business



A Pile of Soldiers' Comforts at Red Cross Depot, Toronto. 379,066 parcels are represented in the heap. All the work was done by women, but, of course, when it came time for a picture the men must needs fill it



The big Assembling Room of a Canadian Munition Factory, where women are putting together component parts of primers and time fuses



A little group of Canadian Girl Workers at one of the Canning "Bees"

there are a total of 2,186,000 women between the ages of fifteen and eighty in the Dominion. Of these 1,251,182 are married, 364,821 were occupying paid positions in store, factory or office, etc., previous to the war. There are also some 60,000 rated as belonging to the leisure class.

If you count this total up you will get 1,676,003, or left over 509,997 we know nothing about. That's always the way with statistics; they're the coyest of things. You camp on their trail for days and bag one fact and then another, but when it comes to bringing everything you want into camp, you find they've fooled you nicely. However, in the present case it does not matter. It was sufficient to establish the fact that there were in

Order of St. John's Ambulance Society; The Women's Institutes; Queen Mary's Guild; Imperial Order Daughters of Empire; Women's Emergency Corps; Women's Canadian Club; Secour National. In addition to these are hundreds of others; church congregations, home-sewing circles and similar gatherings, but as all of these work in connection with the Red Cross principally, or some of the other larger organizations, the reports of the main bodies cover most of the work done by Canadian women.

So huge, varied and complicated is the list of things done since the war began by the above-named bodies that many weighty tomes could be filled by even a sketch of their activities; and be it here said, to forever disprove the cavillers who

will be well up to \$25,000. How important their work along this line was may be better understood when it is stated that the Waste Collectors' Union made a protest to the City Council shortly after the women had put their scheme into operation. The Union had six hundred members, and through the activity of the charitable ones their receipts had been cut considerably more than in half. However, they received no civic sympathy, and for some time after a desperate rivalry went on. But the collectors soon found they were on the losing end of the game. Like shrewd business men they were, they made overtures of peace to the ladies, offering to buy them out. How important an industry the women had started can best be realized by the fact that the junkmen's final offer for their business was \$8,000. But the women refused and are still at work. Out of nothing they have created a business worth annually \$25,000, which will likely be carried on until the end of the war.

The record for cash collections in any single day or campaign since the war began was established in the same city by the Secour National Society of Women. On July 14th, the day on which the French celebrate the fall of the Bastille, women and girl collectors took in the astonishing sum of \$25,000 in a little over ten hours' work. The feat is the more remarkable because for two years previous to this the people had been importuned almost every day, at least every week, to give to one or another kind of charity. Another splendid gift of recent date, and worthy of mention, as it was raised within a fortnight, was H.R.H. Duchess of Connaught's Prisoners of War Fund. To this fund the women of Canada raised \$53,299, which was presented to the Duchess on her departure from Canada in November.

Turning away from mention of hard cash money, one of the most interesting things is the number of hand knitted socks, articles of sternest necessity by fighting men, which the Canadian women have made and still are making. For the first two years of war the supply averaged better than half a million a month. From the very nature of this work knitting is of course an individual duty, and how seriously and steadily women have applied themselves to it is evident wherever you go to-day in Canada.

Travelling on the train you will find the lady in the chair car moving her fingers swiftly and surely to the task. Her humbler sister in the way of life as judged by money standards, you will find busy at the same labor in the day coach ahead. Grandma knits at home, so does sister and mother. Girls of eight vie on the stitches, plain and purl, with old ladies of eighty. In the concert hall, loth to lose a moment, not one but dozens of women may be seen almost daily bending the long needles to their toil. So in the darkness of the motion picture theatre while desperate villains, merry-makers and sad heroines eternally possessed, flit across the screen, you will hear the faint click, click of the knitting needle.

Before the war the ability to create warm, well-fitting and comfortable woollen socks out of a ball of yarn by means of a few slender lines of steel was almost a lost art among the Canadian women. The pioneers of the 70's and 80's had done it. But the new generation, what of great factories and the like, had found it no longer a matter of necessity. To-day, all is changed, and it is safe to venture that seventy per cent of the women in Canada at the present moment can turn out a very fair stocking.

It was not always so. Some terrible creations, hardly worthy the name of sock, were turned into the various headquarters of the Red Cross and other Associations. But a campaign of newspaper talks, the issuing of tens of thousands of leaflets containing precise instructions have done away to a large extent with this; and the number of socks that have to be unravelled at headquarters now is not more than 2 per cent of the number that had to be so treated six months ago.

There is never a human activity without someone expressing it in rhyme; as an evidence the following very humorous little verse is given, voicing as it does the weary but unbroken determination of one of the newer generation taking up a strange task:

The time I've spent on these here socks
Is like a thousand years to me.
Dear lad, how do they look to thee?
Thy hosiery! Thy hosiery!

Oh, maddening stitches, plain and purl,
How oft they've made my poor head whirl,
For men must fight—but I'm a girl,
And so I'm knitting socks for thee.

My mother taught me how to knit,
I hope with all my heart they fit—
If not as socks—well, as a mitt,
Or pass them on, thy hosiery.

A party of expert and very active knitters were the other day discussing the fate of knitting after the war. Will it die? The majority seemed to believe it will not. "Why," said one, "we'll make ourselves the heavenliest jackets—rose, yellow and blue—to match our varying skirts." This seemed like an awful job, but after a comparison was made later it was found that



A Group of Eastern Canadian Nurses in Military Uniform. Each holds Rank of Lieutenant. Canada has sent 9,870 Nurses, Doctors and Chemists to the Front



Women's Novel and Unique Way of Raising Money

the amount of work required to make a short length jacket was only slightly more than twice the number of stitches required to make a pair of regulation 24-inch long army socks. The members of this little sewing—your pardon—knitting circle are authority for the somewhat interesting fact that it takes 86,480 stitches to make a pair of socks.

Mr. and Mrs. Eebeeess were about to start for the matinee.

A comely young woman came out of her apartment on the second floor and preceded them down the stairway.

"If you are going out, Miss Brytiez," they suggested, "you'd better take an umbrella. It looks like rain."

"Oh, I'm only going to the dressmaker's," she said.

"But isn't it possible to get wet even when going to the dressmaker's?"

"Yes, indeed; I expect to get soaked."

The Scarlet Test

By Thos. Robertson

JOHANNES Michalley was a peasant born and bred in a little Hungarian village on the Transylvanian border, and up to the year of grace 1914 he was one of the most inconspicuous and harmless of all the innumerable grains of human dust out of which the races of the world are moulded. In 1914, however, destiny put her finger upon Johannes and claimed him for her own.

In the early summer of that year there came to Johannes' village a German recruiting officer. As this warrior did not understand the Hungarian language he

man officer then pulled his documents out of his bag and held them under the mayor's nose, and as the mayor could not read a syllable of one of them, he merely mumbled Hungarian curses, while he bowed his assent to the officer. The rifles of the soldiers were sufficient proofs for him of the expedition's authority and making as good a face of it as he could off he went and sent out the Emperor's message to his faithful subjects.

The village then went thoroughly delirious. What did this mean? It was intolerable, not to be borne—but then, that German with his twenty soldiers standing ready with their loaded rifles—what could poor people do? They could send their men out to be examined by the doctors, and presently the church, being the largest building in the village, was made the headquarters of the recruiting staff, and peasants of all heights and widths and physical idiosyncrasies were having their chests pounded and their legs examined by the doctors, while the little statues of the saints in their niches, and the good paintings on the walls looked down and might well have been scandalized at the outrageous spectacle.

Now Johannes Michalley was not greatly perturbed by all this turmoil. Johannes had been rejected by the conscription officers once before, because one of his legs was longer than its neighbor, and he came up for examination confident that he would be thrown out again. The times, alas, had undergone a change. Johannes walked into the church limping as much as he could, and when his turn came for examination his limp became painfully conspicuous. The doctor looked keenly at the healthy-visaged, broad-chested cripple, and curtly ordered him to shed his raiment.

"But I am lame," mildly expostulated Johannes, who did not want the doctor to waste good time on his account.

"Undress," sharply ordered the doctor in an accent that finished all discussion of the matter, and Johannes, with a calamitous feeling coldly touching his vitals, stripped off his modest garments.

The doctor did not even trouble to tap the arched, hairy chest. He merely looked at the powerful torso and heavily muscled limbs and said, "Huh, let's see you walk."

Poor Johannes hobbled a few steps like a hamstrung horse. The doctor beckoned to the German recruiting officer. "This man is a little lame," he said, "but there is no disease in the limb. The body has adapted itself naturally to the original deformity, and although he limps slightly, he can march. If he is acceptable to you I shall pass him in."

"He does not look as though he would fall down with those legs under him," said the German, "he is satisfactory, pass him," and he waved Johannes to the registration table.

Johannes nearly died of fright. His simple world slid out from under his feet, and he whirled in a helpless confusion of mind.

"But, doctor, my land, my farm—the corn must be cultivated, the potatoes must be hoed—I have a sick horse to cure, and my spring chickens—"

"Tell the fool to dress and register," growled the doctor to his helper, and Johannes, half dressed, with his hat in his hand and his red waistcoat under his arm was herded to the blue-coated, brass-buttoned recording angel who enrolled him for immediate service in the Emperor's army, mis-spelled his name in the process, and told him to be in the line for departure on the following morning at 9 o'clock. Johannes went home to his small farm, and being now away from the spell of officialdom explained what had befallen him to his father in fluent and flaming Hungarian patois. The father, a wrinkled old peasant, could not get the situation in hand at all. He was so thoroughly steeped in the knowledge that Johannes had once before been rejected that his foggy old brains could not realize that he was now to lose his son. "This trouble will pass," he assured Johannes. "Next week we shall hoe the corn and kill the white boar and you will forget the rudeness of that accursed German dog."

"Next week!" wailed poor Johannes. "Next week I shall be far away from the corn and the white boar. Who knows where I shall be next week?"

"Did you not tell them about the

chickens, Johannes?" asked the old father. "If the chickens do not get care our loss will be great."

"To the doctor I say, 'what will become of my chickens,'" cried Johannes, "and he told me to begone and called me fool. It is all over. To-morrow I go away."

"But who can take your place? I am too feeble. The others have wives and children. It is not right, Johannes. It cannot be so, indeed. It is a mistake you have made. Come, to-morrow we go to the corn field, this trouble will pass."

Johannes gave up the attempt in despair and looked with baffled eyes at the bent old father. All the rest of the day he worked about his homestead with an impatient flurried haste, trying to do the tasks of weeks in the course of that stricken afternoon, and nightfall found him diligently mending the broken bars of a hen coop and doing it very badly, blinded as he was by the thought of fifty other urgent jobs still to do—never to be done.

Over and over again, with a tense, explosive patience, he directed his father as to how the farm must be conducted, and the old man, who had farmed the place before Johannes was born, received the instructions with a benign calmness that nearly reduced the younger man to tears. His heart was tied up in his microscopic little allotment, and when he took his place in the shuffling line of recruits on the following morning his thoughts were not about glory, not even about the feeble old father left behind, only a cloud of worry about his farm was upon him, and he gazed angrily at the German officer as he barked out his guttural commands. Presently they were put in dirty box trucks on the railway line, and, crowded together like oxen, jolted and jumbled away from the sleepy little village out into the world of action.

In the truck his anger and irritation were encouraged by the discontent of his comrades in misfortune. These men were his neighbors, each fully aware of his fellow's circumstances, and the train bumped along to the accompaniment of a growling chorus of discontent. One man bewailed a sick wife, another an uncollected debt. Some, like Johannes, were in misery over their farms. Not a man of them was there of his own desire, not a man of them but wanted to escape, nothing but the rifles of the soldiers enforced their obedience.

Johannes was crowded in a corner along with a middle-aged peasant. It was this man who had the sick wife. He was deeply perturbed, speaking only occasionally in peevish little bursts of annoyance and anxiety. "It was her side that pained," he told Johannes, "always her side. Sometimes her face grew small as a child's hand and yellow as butter with that terrible pain. For two weeks no sleep, and as long as I can stay awake I watch her, and now I am dragged off, forty-five years old I am, and driven away like a bullock, and she lies in her bed thin with pain."

"It is an evil day," said Johannes. "We shall all be ruined. Here is my white horse with a stiff shoulder and no one now but the old father on the farm, all will go wrong, and look at me—a lame man—and they take me, too. The filthy dogs."

When it seemed as though bones and muscles were softening into jelly by the never-ceasing bumping of the springless cars, the train stopped and the sorry-looking cannon-fodder got out and crowded round in bunches, aimlessly stretching their stiffened legs and drawing the fresh air into their lungs. At each stop Johannes looked longingly over the backward track, and his fretted mind retraced the miles instantaneously. He saw again his house, his fields, the old father struggling with his too hard tasks—then would sound out the harsh voice of the officer, and shaking himself like a dog just out of a pond, Johannes scrambled into the car and resumed his journey.

Now although Johannes did not know it his country's need of his service was great, it was also urgent. There was not time to throw away on Johannes thorough initiation into all the points of the war game. He was dressed in a dark-grey uniform which did not fit him at all. His feet were thrust into clumsy top boots with soles on them like iron plates, and a cap which in no way suited his style of beauty was clapped upon his round and solid head. Thus arrayed, Johannes and his fellow recruits were drilled with stupefying monotony for long hours every

day, marching and turning, wheeling and forming till they were all ready to perish from exhaustion, and all the while their German instructor spattered them with oaths for a collection of ignorant fools till they were as confused and bewildered as a herd of steers in a crowded runway.

It all seemed sheer nonsense to Johannes, a horrible waste of strength and time, and when finally he received a service rifle and a few hurried lessons in musketry he thought the final absurdity had come. The heavy, powerful weapon, with its magazine and its rapid-firing action seemed uncanny to him. He handled it like a glass staff. He was afraid of it. Every time he fired a shot the angry crack of the explosion and the terrific song of the bullet as it tore joyously out of the muzzle made him shiver down to his knotted, stumpy toes. When the whole musketry class was firing volleys Johannes' head developed a new muscular peculiarity.

Of its own accord it made earnest efforts to sink, like an elevator, right down into his chest.

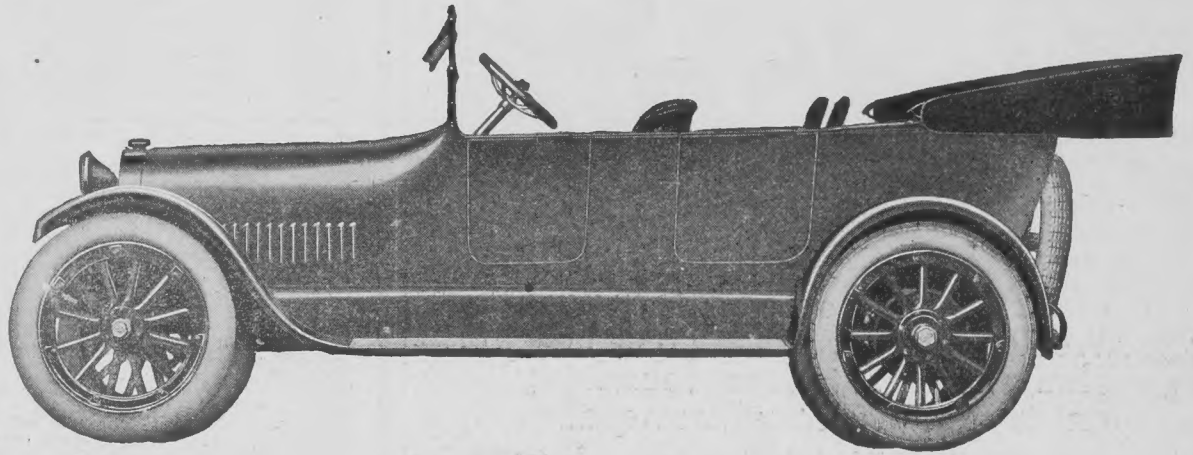
And then, suddenly, Johannes was a regular soldier. His eternal marching drill stopped. The recruit squads were broken up and dusted through the battalions of a brigade, and on a fine winter day Johannes, now Private J. Michalley, No. 8897543, of the 175th regiment of the Austrian army marched off with his battalion to help his emperor to block the Russian armies which, like a huge road roller had crashed through Galicia to the boundaries of Hungary.

All the way his mind made resolute but unsuccessful efforts to seize the main point of this situation which had swallowed him up so entirely. He was wrestling with a puzzle whose solution lay behind a door for which common Hungarian peasants possessed no key. He had now received his complete fighting kit, and as

well as his rifle and dehumanizing uniform, he carried strapped to his back and sides, packages, pouches, bundles and tools whose uses he did not even know, and whose presence not only gave him the appearance of a dromedary, but continually got in his way. He could not get them off when he halted, and when the march sounded he had forgotten how to buckle them on again. The equipment made him so miserable that it drove the depressing thoughts of his farm partly out of his head, giving him a keener and nearer vexation.

In this vexation he had companions. The 175th regiment was made up largely of "poor military material," and while the unfortunate privates mumbled curses on uniforms, kit, roads, and life, the officers cursed constantly and loudly the men themselves. The sight of the men's awkward and ignorant movements as they worked with their accoutrements, the

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A Westclox Alarm



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For the Rising Generation

BIG BEN at his best—at seven a. m. —opening little folks' eyes—there's a race to hush him—a pillow battle—merry laughter—and mother to tidy the kiddies for school.

Big Ben's little men bubble health and cheer, and they feel as big as Daddy with a clock all their own.

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Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your dealer's, \$2.50 in the United States, \$3.50 in Canada. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer doesn't stock him.

Westclox folk build more than three million alarms a year—and build them well. All wheels are assembled by a special process—patented, of course. Result—accuracy, less friction, long life.

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A.

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rows of dull, heavy faces lined with worry and fright as the non-commissioned officers rated them for their stupidity made the commander sick of his regiment and heart sorry for himself. He was filled with exasperation and the most horrible forebodings, and as the regiment moved onwards, he tried to look as little as possible at the files of shambling men.

The roads grew steadily worse, then they ceased to be roads at all; and the regiment, by this time a mere unit in the Austrian army which fought the battle of passes with Brussilov, had to march as best it could over a pathless wilderness filled with woods, bogs, broken and rocky ground, and overshadowed by the spurs of the western foothills of the Carpathians.

Johannes knew he was now at war, but as he floundered along, sometimes jarring his foot on a half-buried rock, sometimes stepping into a hidden hole and incontinently jerking all the breath out of his body, he did not consider that he could find anything in war to make him more miserable than he was. The winter snow-storms blowing from the mountains half buried the advancing army, icy rifle barrels froze the hands, frozen collars and belts chafed the skin, feet stiffened and hardened in the clumsy boots, the body tissues shrank and dwindled in the baggy shoddy uniform. With exasperated looks the soldiers of the 175th regiment—"poor military material"—asked each other in furious whispers why these atrocities should be inflicted upon them.

And then, at a great distance, sounded

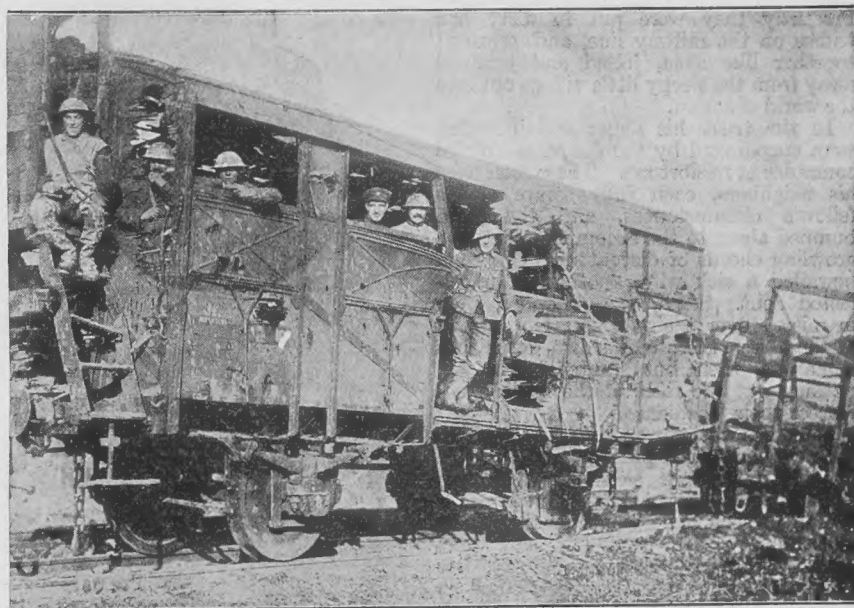
ing Austrian lines were being swept by Russian shrapnel. The white snow of the mountain was spreading in gigantic scarlet blotches. Shattered and mangled Austrians littered the line of advance. The falling of shells, and the shrieks of the wounded shattered the air like the furious ravings of madmen.

The 175th regiment stopped in its tracks as though it had walked against a granite cliff.

Johannes lost control of his feet, they would not move. A violent internal shudder left him trembling like a rotten leaf on a bough. He became suddenly warm. Sweat beads stood out on his face—amongst his hair. The whole regiment stood swaying like a falling wall.

The commander screamed at them to go forward. "Forward, advance, cattle, fools, brutes, beasts—" his voice cracked and left him. The blighted regiment did not even hear. Johannes stood staring like a cow at the gabbling, purple-visaged officer who was jumping up and down in his stirrups and waving his sword at the Russians. Johannes thought he was mad. He knew that no one but an insane man would place himself in this situation. To order anyone to advance was only an exaggerated form of insanity.

Suddenly the officer clawed out his revolver from its holster and with terrible gestures began to shoot the men nearest him. The junior officers were thrusting their swords into the legs and shoulders of the rear ranks. And then the Russian gunners found the range and began to shell the fourth line.



A shot riddled car in which a score of brave British Tommies rode valiantly through the enemy fire. The car shows the effect of the terrific fire and is badly damaged. It appears that if some young Hercules should take hold and shake it that it would fall apart. In order to fulfill an order the soldiers had to make a hurried journey to a certain point that the censors have deleted. After accomplishing their mission they all wore broad smiles, as shown in the photo. It's nothing for them to ride in between the bullets.

the voices of the guns. A continuous, business-like booming such as warm and well-fed gunners might direct against their enemy.

As day after day the sound rolled to their ears, the mob of the 175th regiment became convinced that while they toiled in the blizzard and through the morasses, the Russians were in comfort and shelter, ready and able to destroy them at a blow. They did not know that the Russians, too, were foundering with exhaustion, that the gunners, with numbed hands, served their pieces in the icy passes, lashed by the terrible mountain winds.

Johannes had no idea of detail in all this toilsome struggle forward. It was simply one ceaseless never-ending misery, and when, finally, his regiment deployed into its position in the Austrian line and prepared to take part in a definite encounter with the Russians he did not observe that anything notable had happened.

The first stages in the combat for the central passes took place on the high snow-sheeted spurs of the Carpathians. Johannes' regiment was in the fourth line of the Austrian advance, and when the 175th emerged into the zone of fire the battle had been joined by the regiments in the van of the attack and what was going forward on the bare snow-clad field lay in plain view. Man's primal instincts were off the leash. The Russian and Austrian front lines were at work on each other with the bayonet, and the support-

Twenty paces from Johannes the snow leapt into the air in a ragged spitting cloud and a choking smoke poured into his nostrils. Like a noiseless figure in a horrible nightmare he saw his commander, still waving his sword, bound from his saddle, his arms extended, his body arched in a great hollow, and fall nerveless, soundless, like a half-filled sack of meal in the deep snow, while the horse went down as though hit by a thunderbolt.

A shell split overhead. The face of Johannes' neighbor cracked open like a fractured pumpkin. A scream pierced his ear drum like a needle point and a soldier went rolling over and over in the snow, his legs shorn away—only the trunk, rolling ridiculously, encumbered by the long skirts of the service overcoat. An officer rushed out before the regiment screaming "Forward, march, march," his face contorted out of human semblance, his eyes bulging in their sockets. As Johannes stared at him the officer's head and face were obliterated—lost their shape and form—became an abominable scarlet mush.

The rifle dropped from Johannes' hands. An immense energy possessed him, driving him headlong, without direction or purpose. Groaning, tearing at his equipment, he rushed blundering against his nearest comrade. The whole regiment was losing its formations. The men broke and surged like groups of bewildered ants, and engulfing and sweeping

away their officers like straws on a torrent, the 175th regiment turned their backs on the Russians and bolted.

Johannes' mind was a mere receptacle of terror. He rushed like a frightened animal from the blood drenched ground, oblivious of his companions, his surroundings, of where he was going—panting, nearly bursting with his exertions, his reason shipwrecked on the ghastly visions up to which he had been conducted. The whole world was wrenched in a loathsome alteration. Sounds came thin and remote—muffled in wool. Objects met and merged into each other and separated again in a series of lunatic gambols draped in a veil of dirty red mist. Trembling, with torn clothes, bareheaded in the freezing winds, he found himself standing amidst a group of other men, all unkempt and disordered like himself, all shaken by violent shudderings, all staring with unnaturally wide-opened visionless eyes.

Hate had taken possession of the world. Since the moment he left his village Johannes had been told incessantly that he was a fool, a cur, ignorant, blundering and misbegotten. Everyone, for some reason, was furiously angry at him, and he was filled with rage at everyone else. A high querulous irritation had broken out in men like a contagious irruption, events had ceased to follow simple, orderly paths, they now plunged insensately into fierce distortions and maddened tangles of confusion, culminating in this slaughter-house abomination from which he had fled. And now, once more, here were men galloping around the huddled, scared fugitives, shaking fists at them, cursing them, herding them into line—what for? "Form, animals; form, brutes; cowards, to your places," said Johannes aloud.

A voice replied, "everyone has gone mad."

Another voice said, "Lunacy has routed reason, madness is sanity, sane men are now the fools."

The crimson-faced officers did not cease their galloping or shouting for a moment. Long after the remains of the 175th regiment had been thrust into a fresh alignment the officers galloped and shouted. Johannes looked at them with

wondering eyes. He heard the hoarse command to march, and toilsomely stepping through the deep snow, they all marched away. Beside him rode two officers. Said one, "What a frightful thing." The other replied, "This is worse than death."

Johannes heard them. He did not in the least know what they meant. The officers cast furious looks at the men. "March, beasts, forward," one of them shouted in a shrill, cracking, sobbing voice. "This is the ultimate disgrace," said the other. The horses' stamping showered up the powdery snow like dull white dust; the strong columns of breath from their nostrils hung around their heads like a pale gray fleece. The day waned into evening—into night. The moon floated in her tranquil path through immensity, and like a black and shapeless blotch the regiment continued its shadowy journey towards the final shadows which now were its destination.

Johannes did not notice when it became day. The march continued. His memory began to cast up sudden, sharp recollections of his farm, his father, the white horse with the sore shoulder,—like bits of wreckage turned up by the tide on a rough shore. He was weary to exhaustion, limping dreadfully, sometimes staggering against the men beside him. When he thought of his old life he no longer saw the snow, the beech forests, or the gaunt men. It was his corn patch he beheld, or his young chickens rushing with flapping wings and extended necks to peck up their supper. These visions vanished at the loud orders of the officers and the degraded regiment filled his bewildered vision, in its turn to fade before the spell of memory—a continuous alternation of phantasy and reality. That days passed, that he halted and then marched again and ate and slept, he did not notice in any definite way. Things ran before him in one stupefying blur; a cloud had descended upon the world.

Suddenly Johannes perceived that a new situation had arrived. He saw everywhere other regiments fully equipped and armed, drawn up in good order and converged like walls upon the 175th. An old general mounted on a bay charger rode slowly towards them. Behind him rode a group of officers. Unlike everyone else the old general was not angry at them. Johannes saw that his face was white; he did not wave his hands. With a fearful pang Johannes observed that tears were flowing unchecked from the eyes of this old general. The mists vanished from his mind, his sight became keen and flashing like a hunted stag's—the ordered human walls of soldiers, the stern, serious faces of the officers, the fearful, haggard, forlorn, tattered men amongst whom he stood—tattered and fearful as they. All noise had vanished. The general and his cortege advanced and halted with soundless motion. Johannes heard a thin old voice, not hoarse like an officer's, but tired and wavering. The old general held up his hand to them and began to speak, but it was all incomprehensible. "Soldiers you have fallen from your place in the army. When you fled in the face of the enemy you deserted your comrades and made their effort fail. They had to retreat. You caused the battle to be lost. You have brought shame on the Empire and dishonor on its arms. By fleeing from the Russians you have not escaped death. Your countrymen must now wipe out the miserable blot with your blood, for the protection of the army the Emperor cannot allow you to live, as a regiment, you are condemned to death."

There was more of it, in the thin wavering voice.

Johannes had known none of those things. Was that, then, a battle? To be butchered when one was more helpless than a roped ox. And this about blots and stains and the Empire, he could make nothing of that at all,—to death as a regiment? What!—did that mean—?

The old general and his staff floated out of vision. Came more of the eternal guttural German orders, and a movement among the files of soldiers grouped around.

A priest in white robes appeared walking down the line in front of the regiment, nervously swinging a black crucifix at the end of a cord.

Johannes stared at him with wild anxiety but did not hear a word of the horror-stricken accents that mumbled the words of the last preparation. Groans and terrible, strangled cries were breaking from the men beside Johannes. Some

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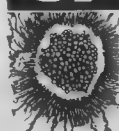
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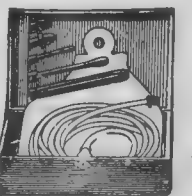


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—that's when you were appreciated and treated right!

"Now daughter", Grandma would say to your Mother, "what are little boys for, except to be filled up with Gingerbread, and Cookies, and Molasses Candy?" Which was a mighty satisfying doctrine, from your side of the house.

What about *your* boy? Does he ever get a chance at the good things you had?

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"Come in, my dear", is an invitation from Grandma to learn the better ways of making Gingerbread, Cookies, Cakes, Mince Meat, Baked Beans and other delectable home-made Goodies. It's a book of tried and tested recipes. Sent free if you write

THE DOMINION MOLASSES CO. LIMITED, HALIFAX, N. S.

Packers of { "Gingerbread" for cooking and "Domolco"—for the table—the finest Molasses packed.

were stretching up their hands to the sky, some stood lost in stupefaction. Johannes saw two—four—six machine guns whirled up and set in position facing him. In the clear light of the winter morning the gun crews looked like bustling dolls with artificial, jerky, noiseless movements. The surrounding regiments stood in their ranks like petrified men.

The gun crews fell into their positions. There descended on the land an unearthly silence.

An officer, high on his horse, isolated from the regiments—like a mannikin in a vacuum—drew his sword and waved it—back, forth, up—like a music master, and down, like the crashing rod that set free the tempest.

Like snow in an oven, like the grass before the stroke of the mower's scythe, like the ox under the butcher's mallet, the 175th regiment melted, and crumbled, and fell down upon the polluted earth.

Terrible sobs convulsed the old general. A gunner fell forward vomiting on his gun. A soldier lay down in the snow biting his rifle barrel as a dog worries a bone.

Uncle Rastus' Escape

The reputed affinity between the Southern negro and unguarded poultry is the subject of a story told by Senator Bacon, of Georgia. An old colored man, notorious for his evil ways, after attending a revival meeting, desired to lead a better life. At a later meeting he was called up to be questioned.

"Well, Rastus," said the revivalist, "I hope you are now trying to live a Christian life in accordance with the rules of the church. Have you been stealing any chickens lately?"

"No, sah! I ain't stole no chicken ob late."

"Any turkeys or pigs?"

Rastus gravely replied: "No, sah!"

"I am very glad to hear that you have been doing better lately," replied the evangelist. "Continue to lead a holy and Christian life, Rastus."

After the meeting was over, Rastus drew a long breath of relief, and turning to his wife, exclaimed:

"Mandy, if he'd said ducks I'd been a lost nigger, suah!"



Brother Captures Brother—War's Strange Working

Through the myriad of strange tales that have wandered from the battlefield comes this fateful story. A Pole serving in the Russian Brigade in France in an attack on the enemy's trenches captured his own brother who had been pressed into the German army.

But justice had been done, and honor was cleansed in the poor blood of Johannes and his comrades.

The sun shone mildly in the calm sky. On the Transylvanian border, Johannes' old father, laboring at his too-hard tasks sometimes with the wandering memory of age, forgets that he is alone, and calls out, "Johannes! Johannes! come here." Johannes, of course, does not come, and with a sigh the old father bends again to his labor.

She was about ten years old, and apparently very unhappy. A swollen face served to diagnose the case at a glance as an advanced stage of toothache. Over the door they entered was a sign which, being interpreted, read "Doctor of Dental Surgery."

The mother had led her to the operating chair and smoothed back her tousled hair as she laid her head in the little rest. Looking her straight in the eye, with finger poised for emphasis, the mother said: "Now, Edith, if you cry, I'll never take you to a dentist again."

Trouble

"Do you have much trouble with your automobile?"

"Trouble. Say, I couldn't have more if I was married to the blamed machine."

Euphemistic

The negro on occasion displays a fine discrimination in the choice of words.

"Who's the best whitewasher in town?" enquired the new resident.

"Ale Hall am a bo'n'd a'tist with a whitewash brush, sah," answered the colored patriarch eloquently.

"Well, tell him to come down and whitewash my chicken house to-morrow."

"Ah don't believe, sah, Ah'd engage Ale Hall to whitewash a chicken house, sah."

"Why didn't you say he was a good whitewasher?"

"Yes, sah, a powe'ful good whitewasher, sah, but mighty queer about a chicken house, sah; mighty queer."—Human Life.

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Laddie Abroad

By Bonnycastle Dale

I GOT The Western Home Monthly and have passed it around—it's fine! Feels like home to read it again.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! We're off to France and I've been chosen. I have just "taken down" my stripe, so I was Bombardier for a few days only. The Cobourg boys are gone now save a very few. One hundred men were also picked out to go on a gun drill, I guess they will be the next draft. I fell out when these men were called on; but my stripe turned me down then.

I forgot to tell you that while I was walking along the Strand one night, when I was in London, the searchlights suddenly flashed out in hundreds—they seem to have a bit of practice about nine at night—I was going towards Trafalgar Square and dozens of beams were shining across the sky, suddenly they seemed to centre and Nelson on his monument stood out clearly for an instant—I tell it's good to be "one of the cubs" and see such sights. Oh, yes, another thing—on the way back to camp from London I saw a flock of mudhens in a pond. They looked just like our Canadian birds—say! what fools they would think we were, if they knew—killing one another—instead of the wild game.

as the men got out in the early morning it started to rain and poured on them for two hours—with full kit on—and on Monday night they got one hour's drill with full kit (punishment drill) for not "doubling" quickly when ordered to on Sunday morning—they had to march around the square—pretty rotten job—one has to look sharp here not to get C.B.

Tuesday we had a terrific wind, the Channel was lashed white and the black hulks were plunging and flashing and down went the tents—ours stood, I am glad to say—the rainy season has started—again—I just fail to remember when it stopped; only a native can keep track of the weather here, there is so much of it.

Oh! be joyful. I have had twelve letters since Saturday—tell all our readers to write often to the boys and then to write again; they cannot imagine how very lonely and homesick some of the fellows get at times. I can almost see some of those prairie homes they tell me about—with the next house so far off. I have been drilling others instead of being drilled, and you have no idea how easily a chap might become universally unpopular if he gave himself any airs. Luckily, I didn't, since I had to "take my stripe



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The addition of a few drops of this most economical, zest-imparting relish to your foods will work marvels in flavor.

Unequalled for table use as well.





Church Service Before Battle



Camp Kitchen—Shorncliffe Camp

When I got back to camp I got your letters, and such a lot of parcels of good things from many of our friends in Canada—tell the dear people all over our great land how the boys enjoy and appreciate the kindnesses that are fairly showered on them.

Everybody in camp is excited over the destroyed Zepp—it made a wonderful slowly settling blaze—like a mighty comet coming earthwards, all the crew were burned to a crisp. Another Zepp fell and the crew was taken, the injured cared for, the dead buried with simple military honours and the uninjured imprisoned—not torn to pieces by a mob, or shot, or hanged—just after they had killed and wounded a number of women and children. I tell you Old England is some Christian nation.

Say! I tried to buy all Old Lunnion when I was up, so you had better send me a bit more cash—you know you taught me I must "not fight for the reward," so I spend my money cheerfully. They really get quite generous sometimes here and issue a fellow as much as a whole pound—you know how far that would go? The balance of the half I kept to my own account is credited to me for after the war payment—I hear we can draw a franc a day in France—Hurrah for us near-millionaires.

I missed the Sunday morning test mobilization while I was in London—just

down." Wouldn't they have jumped me. Once a man starts instructing in "Jerks" he loses all his friends.

Hurrah! I will not be called "Home Guard," "Safety First Brigade," or "Headquarters Staff" any more; now I am on draft. All the Non-Coms. get these sweet, pleasing names.

We had on our gas masks for practice, some work breathing I tell you. We are queer-looking animals with them on. I am not allowed to take a picture of the class with their pretty false faces on, so you cannot see us.

We have not had any air raids for some time excepting those three I spoke of, on account of the fine new moon. It's too dangerous for the Babykillers—I am thinking of you all as I write. This morning early the dew was on the greenery as it used to be around camp, and to-night, as I write this, the moon makes the same old golden path across the water of the Channel as it used to across dear old Rice Lake. Looking about me here at the thousands of big strong Canadian lads I wonder if there are many left to share the beauties of our land and waters with you?

I was in charge of fatigue, tent lines. After they had cleaned up we made an artillery badge—D sub-section—with stones on the side of the ditch—I presume in the far distant future the lines and trenches and what not—deep caverns in

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Pour boiling or very hot water over the LUX flakes—"pure essence of soap."

Whisk into a lather. At once you get the richest, creamiest lather you ever saw, which dissolves dirt without rubbing!

After cooling, stir the clothes about in this heavy lather. Do not rub or twist them. Rinse in two or three relays of water of the same temperature you washed them in.

So thoroughly is LUX dissolved that not a trace remains in the garment to discolor it. LUX won't harm anything that pure water alone will not injure. For silks use lukewarm water.

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Dear Sir,

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the earth, huge mine hollows and hills—will be taken by some of your future fellow naturalists as traces of the Ice Age,—or of the Germanistic Funtio Period. We are all getting our pictures taken for exchange, for no matter what occurs, this tent crowd will never forget their English camping days—Tent No. 7.

Another mobilization rumour, so all the men are sleeping with kits packed and coats handy. I, being on draft, am exempt from all duties and am supposed to be C.B. (confined to barracks) for the time—also, this being Friday night, the men had to scrub out tent and have kit inspection—I must quit for a while, my chum is going on hospital guard.

Just had a letter from my cousin in London. He writes in great spirits; he was just leaving for France—he is Infantry. The crowded Channel was a bit rough last night—wonder if I will meet him in France? It's in the air "Going to France!" "Going to France!" it rings. We are all excited, for, since my name was called on parade I cannot tell the minute I may go—Alas! I may be "substitute man" and not get away after all unless someone is ill—I can feel the winds from France on my cheek as I write this—Hurrah for France.

The hospital guard were numbered four, three men and my chum the Bombardier. Easy job with only two pri-

at three he was doing a two-step around the tentpole—we all thought it was another air raid and up we jumped; a minute later we were sitting on his head—there was some doings! He said he had cramps; first man I ever saw dance with cramps. I send you some more illustrations. As we cannot take our cameras with us I auctioned mine, getting about full price for it. —Say! these tent auctions are the limit. You can buy most anything you don't need at more than it's worth. No use my sitting up all night, it's past midnight now, our draft is in separate sleeping quarters, so if they want me they'll have to waken me. Good-night.

Another day and the draft still here. The aerial picket and the guns sent a Zepp dizzying out to sea last night and she fell some ten miles off. They say this makes thirty-eight Zepps lost since war broke out.

I am not taking any pictures now, everything seems so common, excepting the things we must not snap, I fear I cannot send you any from France—against the law. Two of our boys had their cameras taken away from them lately, they got too busy with them—I am just trying to fill in this letter until the call comes—I was just watching the aeroplanes and likening them to birds sailing over us. On a fair day like this great numbers are out on practice spins and big "Silver Queens"—dirigibles—are floating along



General view New Camp, Sandling—Physical Exercise



Under Canvas at Shorncliffe

soners to guard, two men and one for relief and, the Bombardier can take a walk and then drop in for inspection. —Main guard is easy, too, no marching up and down outside the guardroom—every two hours I had to take a new guard up to the quarantine tents, change and bring the old one back. Odd, one of my last guardsmen came from Cobourg and knew all my chums—I constantly run across friends over here. Picket is just going out to watch for Zepps—no more of that for me—no more sleeping on the cold stones of the square until a big rumble is heard overhead and a few "whizz bangs" knock down a few old sheds. No more, I am C.B., on draft, waiting for the word.

We were just reading the last published letter of mine in the tent, when "Hospital Guard!" and the boys left me to take two "nuts" to the "Nut Factory". So I am all alone with the W. H. M. and the letter. I think those "nuts" are as sane as any of us, but they are "slackers" and fed up with the war; and are trying to sneak back to Canada.

Just had a letter from our last draft—now in France—they were ordered off on bath parade. Bath too full, too many waiting, started back for camp; just then an H. E. (high explosive) struck that bathhouse and scattered it all over the scene; and a lot of poor chaps cashed in. I can hear the guns across the Channel "booming"; seems as if they were calling me.

Last night one of the "nuts" came in about twelve and tumbled in in his clothes;

too—there's a flock, just like a flock of gulls over our white tented city now. Big black clouds are rising and the whole lot have turned and are scurrying home—just as birds seek shelter from the storm. I have finished my crocheting and will mail you the results, a mat—Yes, it is!—for a certain good friend. A lot of us have learned the art and it does help to pass the time away. It's after dinner now and no call yet—you dear folks are just about getting up in Canada now—I wish I was— "DRAFT FALL IN WITH FULL KITS!" ! ! ! Did you hear that clear over in Canada—it sounded loud enough? Good-bye! Goodbye!

Note to the Editor.—Our boy is uninjured so far—a dead shell struck close beside his horse, as he was rushing ammunition up to the guns; saving a mud bath, he escaped that time. He is well. His last picture, taken in a little French village, a very crude one, too—I guess this will apply to both picture and village—shows him sadly aged. He naively remarks, "I look too glum in it; I can't see the reason." Poor lad!—B.D.

Fair Widow: "Yes, I have made up my mind that when I die I shall be cremated, as my husband was."

Gallant Captain: "Dear lady, please don't talk about such dreadful things. Consider how much better it would be in your case, to—er—to cross out the C!"

The Trees

By A. H. Kendall

In winter time the trees stand brown and bare
And this is why,
Their prettiest suits would all be wasted were
No people nigh;
In chilly days few folk do walk
About the land, or sit to talk,
And if they got smart things for winter wear
No one would care.

Then suddenly each tree doth hurry up,
Using, I ween,
For thimble, just a fairy acorn cup
To sew the green;
Swiftly the pretty gowns are made
And great the wealth of varying shade,
Gently the branches murmur as to say
"Now look our way."

And when the frocks begin to show some sign
Of daily wear,
They have them fuller, just to seem more fine,
And e'en take care
To call the aid of cleaner Rain,
Who makes them look quite fresh again;
Some that were trimmed with white now wear instead
A touch of red.

In autumn time the pretty gowns grow old,
Their day is past,
So the trees quickly dye them red and gold
To make them last;
And once more change them into brown
As they come softly rustling down;
Wrinkling their leaves they say "We've done our best,
Now let us rest."

New Fruits and Old

So popular has the grapefruit become on our tables that it is difficult to remember that thirty years ago it was almost unknown. With improved methods of transportation and cultivation, how many other delicious fruits, as yet exotic or rare, may have become as common as oranges and bananas by the time the young folk of to-day are middle-aged! Not many of us are yet acquainted with the plumcot, that interesting fruit, half apricot, half plum; nor have we yet tasted the guava, the durian, or a dozen others.



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The Wrong House

By Enid M. MacDougall

THE TRAIN slipped away from the little weather-beaten station, leaving Miss Mavis Greenlees, the only passenger to alight, standing on the platform gazing wistfully after it. She sighed and turned away as the last car disappeared around the bend—evidently her brother had not come for her. Tucking a stray strand of dark, curly hair up under her jaunty little red corduroy hat, she began to pace the platform impatiently. Carvel, like many other little Western towns starting up along the railroad, consisted of the Post Office, two stores, a blacksmith shop and livery barn combined, and a house or two. It was situated in a low lying, swampy part of the country, and as far as the eye could reach one could see nothing but stark upstanding dried spruce trees, which gave the place an extremely lonesome look. Mavis shivered—"What a dismal place," she murmured, pausing for a moment at the end of the platform and eyed it dubiously. "And this is what Jim calls the beautiful little city of Carvel." She shrugged her shoulders disdainfully. "My! what an eye for beauty that brother of mine has."

A lanky, red-headed man emerged from the livery stable, glanced toward the station, then hurried over, a bit of paper fluttering between his fingers. Mavis watched him curiously.

"Miss Greenlees?" he queried.

"Yes," she answered briefly.

"Doc left this note for yere." He handed her the bit of paper. "The horse will be ready anytime," he added as he turned away.

Mavis glanced up quickly. "The horse!" she exclaimed, but the man was gone. Seating herself on her trunk, she read her brother's hasty scrawl, a little frown puckering her forehead.

"Dear Sis," it ran, "awfully sorry I can't meet you, but was called away at the last minute. I'm leaving a horse at Martin's. You are used to riding and can ride out. It is only five miles. Take first trail to right five miles out—you can't miss it. Yours in a hurry, Jim."

"P.S.—I expect to be there when you arrive; if not, make yourself at home."

"Me used to riding," she exclaimed in dismay, staring at the note in her hand. "Why, it is six years since I've been on a horse." She threw back her head and laughed suddenly. "Well," she said, whimsically, rising from her trunk, "It is a good thing I intended riding this summer, I can start right away."

An hour later she left Miss Martin's house, clad in her trim corduroy riding suit which she had taken from her trunk. The livery man led out a pretty little black pony. Mavis eyed it and wondered nervously if it were as tame as it looked. Climbing on, hastily, she started out on the main road, the way the man had directed her. The pony moved along sedately, as though it knew it had a stranger on its back. They soon left the long, rough corduroyed swamp road and climbed a hill. Mavis pulled the horse up short and gazed ahead. She could see the long ribbon-like trail winding around smooth green hills, dotted here and there with jackpine. Far down on the flat a lake twinkled among the trees. She drew a deep breath. "Now this is something like the thing," she mused as the horse jogged on. "No wonder Jim is in love with this country." It was an exceedingly warm day and she was not accustomed to riding, so she soon commenced to tire and to look anxiously for the first trail to the right. Suddenly the pony, which had been jogging lazily along with its head down, quickened his pace, pricked up his ears and eagerly started to turn from the road. Mavis pulled him up quickly. "Surely this is not the first trail to the right," she said aloud. "It looks more like a cow path to me."

Swinging him around to the road again she hit him sharply with her whip. He planted his feet firmly and refused to budge. She hit him again. "Move on," she commanded, but he started to back up and circle around. "Oh, well!" she gave in 'good naturedly at last. "I guess you know the way better than I do. This must be a short cut." The pony started up the path at a gallop. Mavis glanced about her with interest. "What a lonesome spot," she thought. A coyote trotted out of the bush, eyed her curiously, then slunk on and disappeared behind a knoll. Turning a

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X OATS—Banner.....	K.74 .88
X Seger or Victory.....	K.78 .91
X Abundance.....	K.72 .86
X Gold Rain.....	K.76 .85

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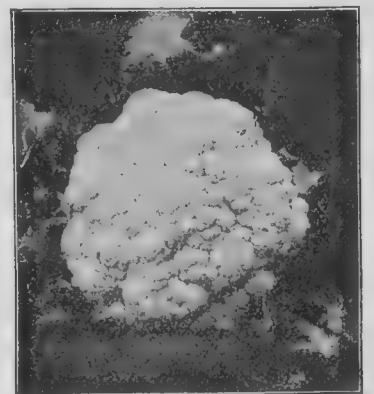
Stock	Per bushel	
No.	Brandon	Calgary
WHEAT—Marquis, McKenzie's Gold		
Standard.....	3185 \$2.75	\$2.75
Marquis Registered.....	3208 3.10	3.10
Red Fife, McKenzie's Gold		
Standard.....	3202 2.75	2.75
Red Fife Registered.....	3204 3.10	3.25
OATS—Banner, McKenzie's Special		
Strain.....	3212 1.20	1.35
Banner Registered.....	3213 100 lbs. 4.15	4.50
Seger or Victory.....	3292 1.05	1.10
Seger or Victory Registered.....	3219 100 lbs. 4.25	4.50
Abundance (Regenerated).....	3217 1.05	1.15
Newmarket.....	3214 1.05	1.15
Garton's 22.....	3293 1.00	1.05
60 Day or July.....	3215 1.10	1.25

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corner at a quick trot, the pony slowed up and stopped in front of a dilapidated shack standing in the centre of a small clearing. Mavis stared incredulously; she had not expected to reach her destination so soon. Her stare took in everything, from the battered shingle roof to the first worn log, then the tent in the yard, the sagging wire fence and the stable with the log corral by it. "Well," she ejaculated, "what a practical joker Jim is—Beautiful little City. Lovely little white cottage with flowers and vines around it—h'm." She sniffed and dismounted stiffly, led the pony to the corral by the stable, fed it an armful of hay, then turned and walked slowly up the weed-grown path to the shack. The door swung open with a protesting screech. There were more surprises in store for her. She stood in the doorway and took them all in with a look of curiosity and disgust. The one large disordered room with two bunks in one corner, a rusty cook-stove, a lid off showing a black, burnt-out fire, a dishpan containing the dinner and possibly the breakfast dishes stood on the back of the stove. The floor was dirty—a magazine lay sprawled in one corner as if the reader had thrown it there in disgust. Mavis next turned her attention to the table, a dusty phonograph with a record on stood there amidst a jumble of magazines and papers. Without knowing just why she did so, she stepped over and started the phonograph where the needle rested on the record. "Goodbye, Sweetheart, goodbye," a woman's voice wailed. Mavis laughed and shut it off hastily. "One of his favorites," she murmured. Standing in the middle of the floor, her hands on her hips she gazed about her. "Of all

dumbfounded, staring at him. The young man spoke again. "Do you belong to some woman's uplift society for cleaning up bachelors' dirty shacks?" he inquired politely. She did not answer, but stood there, her sleeves rolled back from her shapely white arms, her face was flushed and a strand of wavy dark hair fell across her forehead.

"What do you want?" she demanded, suddenly.

"Supper—what do you want?" he answered with a boyish grin.

Mavis stamped her foot, her dark blue eyes darkened more with anger. She felt as though she could have cheerfully killed him with her hatpin. "Could you tell me where Dr. Greenlees is?"

"He lives right over there," the young man waved his arm in the general direction and studied her with interest. "Looks just like him," he thought.

Mavis gasped; what a silly little fool she had been. She rolled down her sleeves and brushed back the strand of hair from her forehead.

"You have some black on your chin," the man told her casually.

"Thanks," she answered drily and rubbed it with her handkerchief. Then, catching up her hat and gloves, she started down the path to the corral. The disagreeable young man followed, whistling softly to himself. "Thank you, but I don't need assistance," she told him haughtily, but he caught the black pony and helped her on in silence. Mavis looked down on him coldly. "I'm awfully sorry if I disturbed anything," she told him. "I dare say you will soon have things the way you want them."

He did not answer, but appeared not to have heard her. "Just follow this



Group of French Canadian troops on leave for twenty-one days, just arrived from the trenches, getting their first look at New York. They will shortly leave for Canada to visit their homes. Note the various styles of helmets they are wearing. This photograph was made on the deck of the La Touraine upon her arrival in New York.

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things, this is the worst." She had heard and read a lot about bachelor shacks out West, but she thought "I never imagined Jim would have a place like this." She sighed—"Poor boy, he certainly does need someone to look after him, as much as he says this country needs a doctor."

Pulling off her gloves she laid them with her hat out on the bench by the door. "I guess I'll clean up a little before he comes." She sighed again, then, rolling up her sleeves, she started the fire and washed the dirty dishes, after which she hunted up the broom and soon had the floor looking cleaner than it had for many a long day. Sitting down for a moment she eyed her work with approval—"That looks a little better. Now I'll try and straighten these things up." She started at the table dusting and piling the books. A step sounded outside, but she was too busy to turn around. A rather good looking young man stood in the doorway, his hat on the back of his head and his brown hair curled around his damp forehead. There was a surprised look on his face and he dropped the two fish he held with a thump.

"You see I've taken charge here. Perhaps you can notice a slight change," Mavis said gaily without turning. "Of all the filthy places I ever saw, this sure beats—"

Now some young men hate being made fun of—this young man did. "Is that so?" a cool voice drawled from the doorway. Mavis whirled around her hand at her throat. Instead of her brother being there as she had supposed, a strange young man stood there, a sarcastic smile curving his thin lips. Mavis stood

path across the field, the first house you come to is Dr. Greenlees'." He bowed and stepped from in front of the pony. Mavis rode off.

The young man watched her until she disappeared behind a clump of willows. He sat down on a log and filled his pipe absently. "I'm an awful brute," he told himself with a sigh, getting up and going into his clean shack.

Mavis rode slowly across the field. She was angry and desperately tired after her unaccustomed ride and house cleaning. "What a silly thing to do," she groaned. Then she hit the surprised pony with her whip. "It was all your fault," she told it. The pony galloped angrily, its ears flat back on its head. After riding about a mile she came in sight of a white cottage with a few straggling vines and sweet peas growing around it. "This must be the place. I should have believed Jim even if he did exaggerate about Carvel." Her brother, a tall thin young fellow, with the same dark hair and blue eyes, appeared in the doorway, as she rode up, to the gate.

"Hello, Sis," he called, catching sight of her and hurrying down to open the gate. "I was just going to send out a search party for you." He helped her off and kissed her hastily. "Go on in, I'll attend to Billy."

Mavis found herself in an attractive airy room with dainty scrim curtains. It had a pleasant homely look about it. "Quite a change from the other shack," she thought and chuckled.

"What's wrong? What are you laughing at?" Jim demanded, coming up behind her. "Don't you dare make fun

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of my house," giving her a brotherly pinch in passing.

Mavis turned soberly. She had decided not to tell him of her mistake. "I think it is just lovely; I didn't expect anything so nice and dainty."

Jim pushed open a door. "Here is your room and for the love of mike, hurry—supper is ready and I'm half starved."

Seated at the table a little later Mavis turned to Jim. "You didn't fix this up yourself, did you?"

Jim laughed. "Hardly," he answered drily. "Mrs. Purcell came over and helped. Oh, say! how did you like Carvel?"

"I think," Mavis answered slowly, "that it is the most dismal place I was ever in." She leaned back in her chair. "Who are your nearest neighbors? Are they nice?" she asked casually.

"My nearest neighbor is a bachelor by the name of Gordon Grant," Jim answered, giving her just the information she wanted. "He is rather a queer sort, but you will like him I think."

"Oh, will I?" Mavis thought. "I don't know about that."

"You should see his shack," Jim went on. "I happened over there one Sunday as he was getting his dinner, and he was trying to fry eggs without lard, butter, or anything in the pan." Jim leaned back and laughed heartily. "I borrowed Billy from him because I couldn't catch my horse."

Mavis understood now why the pony was so anxious to go up that path.

"We'll ride over to-morrow and take Billy home," she heard Jim saying.

"No, Sir! I won't," she answered vehemently, sitting up straight with a jerk. "You can go if you want to, though," she added generously.

Jim laughed indulgently. "Had enough riding for awhile, eh?"

Mavis flushed. "Yes, I'm dead tired and am going almost straight to bed."

"I'm kind of tired myself," Jim yawned lazily. "You must come and sing something for me first." He opened the piano and after hunting through a pile of music placed "Good-bye Sweetheart" before her.

Mavis laughed and sang it mockingly. "That's great," Jim applauded. "You don't know how nice it is to have you here."

A week later Jim had gone to visit a patient. Pete, the hired man, had left early in the morning to catch the pony Mavis was to ride, which was running wild six miles away, and had taken his lunch, so Mavis was alone for the day. After straightening things up about the house, she took a book and curled up in the hammock on the porch. She had not been there long when a step sounded behind her. Turning her head languidly to see who was there, she beheld Gordon Grant, their nearest neighbor.

"Is the doctor at home?" he smiled pleasantly, showing a row of nice even white teeth.

"No," Mavis answered, "he won't be home until evening. Is there anything I can do?"

"No, thank you, it is nothing of importance."

"Won't you sit down awhile and rest?" she nodded to a chair.

He sat on the steps and fanned himself with his hat. "I do hope, Miss Greenlees, you will pardon my rudeness the other afternoon, but I was feeling so awfully blue about that filthy shack."

Mavis flushed and bit her lips. "Please don't mention it," she answered hastily. "It was my fault entirely. I should have made sure it was Jim's place before I took possession of the house, but you see the horse was bound he would go up that path, so I just let him," she explained.

Gordon Grant threw back his head and laughed. "I always have a hard time getting past there whenever I want to go up that way."

"You see I thought he was Jim's horse."

"I see. How do you like the West?" he asked abruptly.

"Just fine," Mavis answered enthusiastically, then added, "it is rather lonesome, though."

He nodded soberly. "It sure is," he agreed. "I nearly died of lonesomeness the first month I was here."

Mavis felt genuinely sorry for him. "I was just thinking of getting lunch when you came along—you will stay and have some, won't you?" she asked, rising to her feet and brushing back the

strand of hair which would persist in falling across her forehead. "It will only take me a minute."

"Let me help," He followed her inside. She chuckled, "I'll let you fry some eggs."

Gordon laughed good naturedly. "Oh, I didn't mean the cooking part."

"You may carry that little table and those chairs out onto the porch."

He busied himself meanwhile telling her amusing tales of his housekeeping trials.

When he rose to go he looked down on her soberly, "I enjoyed myself immensely, Miss Greenlees. You can't imagine how nice it is to get away from that horrid shack and my own attempts at cooking."

"Just come over here whenever you get lonesome," Mavis invited.

"I will," he answered heartily.

Standing in the doorway, she watched

him as he went swinging across the field and wondered what he could be doing away out there. Apparently he was lonesome often.

Jim Greenlees, sitting by the window one afternoon, smoking and gazing dreamily across the field, sat up suddenly and hit the arm of his chair a resounding whack. "By jove!" he exclaimed, "here comes Gordon and I haven't seen him since yesterday. He sure is getting a deep path cut across that field."

"Poor fellow, don't you feel sorry for him, living alone in that dreadful place," Mavis answered.

"H'm, he only stays there sometimes; he is over here every afternoon or evening taking you riding or to see some beautiful scenery," Jim squinted down his pipe as he lit it. Mavis laughed. Gordon Grant entered hurriedly.

"Hello, folks," he greeted, seating himself astride a chair. "It sold—got more for it than I expected."

Jim leaned back in his chair and clasped his hands behind his head. "What sold?" he drawled.

"My latest story."

"Oh," Mavis said blankly.

Gordon twisted around and clasped his hands over his knees. "You know, I never told you why I was baching here. Well, I wrote a Western story all about a bachelor. It seems the editor had bached in his young days, and he said I had better not try to write until I knew a little more about the subject. He was so awfully polite," Gordon grinned boyishly. "I was quite hot about it and then my sister bet me I couldn't come out here and bach. I've done it, but never again." He threw out his hands expressively.

What St. Louis thinks of The NEW EDISON

ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC

PROBLEM OF MUSIC IN HOME SETTLED BY DIAMOND DISC

Edison Machine 'Re-Creates' Voice Beside It at Victoria Theater Concert.

BY HOMER MOORE.

When Mark Silverstone announces an Edison Diamond Disc concert in the Victoria Theater it is a foregone conclusion that the "Standing Room Only" sign will be displayed. From orchestra pit to roof the multitude filled every nook and corner, and the enthusiasm was commensurate with the attendance. It is a wonderful thing—even in this age of scientific wonders—to see and hear an instrument "recreating"—as Mr. Silverstone calls it—a human voice that is right there beside it, now singing with it and now listening to it, thrilled by the consciousness of a second personality—almost a dual personality. The problem "to hear ourselves as others hear us" has been solved even if we can't as yet "see ourselves as others see us."

The vocal soloist last evening was the beautiful Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. Her voice was richer than ever before. Her style has broadened and matured and become more musically. There is a heart in it that goes to the heart and self-poise and sensitiveness that prophesies a brilliant musical future for this young artist. Miss Case sang the well-known air from Charpentier's

"Louise," "A Song of India," by Rimsky-Korsakow, and a number of folk songs, "The Old Folks at Home" being among the number.

Arthur Walsh, the violinist, played the Schubert "Ave Maria" with the Diamond Disc, and also the famous "Meditation" from "Thais," by Massenet. Besides these selections, he accompanied Miss Case, voice, violin and the "Recreator" blending into one, beautiful tonal picture.

The voice of Thomas Chalmers displayed the merits of that good old tune, "Answers," by Alfred G. Robyn, who used to so completely belong to St. Louis that St. Louis nearly, if not quite, belonged to him.

Mr. Silverstone is, by these concerts, contributing very largely to the advancement of musical taste and interest in this city. Doubtless many went to the performance last night out of curiosity, but that element soon gave place to genuine enjoyment of the program. The problem of music in the home is solved when the singing of the greatest artists is made possible by an instrument that does not betray itself in the very presence of the artist herself.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

2500 Endeavor to Distinguish Natural Voice From Phonograph.

A musical event of unique interest was that at the Victoria Theater Saturday evening, when Miss Anna Case, the young prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, appeared before 2500 music lovers in a tone test.

of Thomas A. Edison's wonderful phonographic invention.

After an opening address by Mr. Mark Silverstone, who arranged the test, Miss Case stood beside the new Edison phonograph and sang several numbers with the instrument, records of which had previously been made from her voice.

So perfectly did the instrument blend with her voice that the audience could not distinguish except by her lips when Miss Case ceased singing. During rendition of the Song of India, the house was darkened and until the lights were turned on no one knew Miss Case had left the stage.

Besides a rare musical treat, the test convinced many skeptics of the triumph of Mr. Edison's genius in re-creating the human voice in all its naturalness.

THE ST. LOUIS STAR

SILVERSTONE TONE TEST SHOWS EDISON SUCCESS

Again Mark Silverstone's tone test has come and gone and thousands of St. Louis music lovers have voted him their thanks, for indeed he has done much for the uplift of music.

That Thomas A. Edison successfully accomplished the marvelous task of recreating the natural tone of the human voice in the production of phonographic records was the verdict of a big audience, Saturday night. The vocal soloist Saturday evening was Miss Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New

York. Her voice was at its best, and as she progressed it became richer and broader. Miss Case sang the well known aria from Charpentier's "Louise." A song of India by Rimsky-Korsakow and a number of folk songs.

Arthur Walsh, violinist, played Schubert's "Ave Maria" with the diamond disc and also the famous "Meditation" from "Thais," by Massenet. He also accompanied Miss Case, voice, violin and the "recreator" blending into one beautiful tone.

Silverstone has given these tone tests for several years and with each performance hundreds of the skeptical listeners go away convinced that the new Edison does recreate and that one can now have the greatest artists in their home. Records played by an instrument that does not betray itself in the presence of the artists.

Daily Globe-Democrat.

2500 HEAR NATURAL VOICE TONES IN PHONOGRAPH

That Thomas A. Edison has successfully accomplished the marvelous task of recreating the natural tone and timbre of the human voice in the production of phonographic records was the verdict last night of 2500 music lovers who gathered at the Victoria Theater to witness this demonstration of the triumph of inventive genius. Of the numerous persons who attended the demonstration skeptical of the claims made for the records, all came away convinced that it had proved equal to the severe test.

Miss Anna Case, the young prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was chosen for the test. Edison considers her soprano voice one of the finest of the many great voices he now re-creates. She stood beside the new Edison as it began to play. She sang a few bars, and the instrument blended perfectly with her silvery voice. She ceased, and the instrument continued the air with the same beautiful tonal quality as when the star accompanied it. None in the audience was able to distinguish when Miss Case ceased singing, except by observing that her lips did not move. The union between the tones of her voice and the reproduction on the instrument was so remarkable that trained ears could not detect the slightest difference.



Anna Case, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, photographed on the stage of the Victoria Theatre in St. Louis on Oct. 21, 1916, while singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of her voice.

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"I suppose you will be leaving soon?" Mavis observed.

Jim rose lazily and sauntered out, saying he had to go and see Pete about something.

Gordon got up. "No," he said, "I'm not going unless—"

He went over and stood by her chair. "Do you think, that if I tore down that shack and built a nice bungalow that you could care enough for me to come over and look after both of us, Mavis?" he asked gently.

Mavis looked up into his eyes and suddenly looked down again. "You certainly do need someone to look after you," she said in a very small voice.

"You are the one to do it," Gordon cried joyously, catching her in his arms. "Do you know," he said a little later, "that I loved you when I found you cleaning up my shack."

Mavis dimpled. "One would never have thought so."

"I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not deter or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."—Laviater.

ter or fifty cents. It's such a chance to help them make the most of it."

A chorus of protests and exclamations cut her short. Everyone was very kind, but they all assured her that she did not know what she was talking about—that the people who came did not appreciate what was done for them. So she sat silent through all the planning that followed, only offering to help each afternoon during the busiest hours.

A week later the sale opened. Everyone was so busy that it was an hour before anyone noticed what Mrs. Douglas was doing. Then suddenly Corinne Van Dyke saw.

"Look!" she whispered to Julia Dodge. Both girls watched curiously. Mrs. Douglas had taken charge of the poorest, most forlorn, and most untidy customer in the room, and was helping her to buy a hat. Quietly she guided the woman from those that were gay and unserviceable, to a pretty, modest hat that would wear a season. Then from a box of flowers she chose a bit of crimson and tucked it under the brim. She really made the hat almost becoming to the dull face.

She flushed a little when she caught Corinne's eyes. "I couldn't let her waste her money for a thing that she couldn't wear," she said, "but I am so glad I remem-



This French padre is rector of the quaintest and most unique sort of church on the Somme front. The church is built in a firing trench near Combles and is protected from enemy attack by bags filled with earth. It is comparatively bombproof. The exterior of the church is not devoid of religious suggestion. Over the doorway is a roughly carved belfrey and spire of wood. A bell hangs in the steeple and perhaps announces the hours of devotion when the wind is not blowing in the direction of the enemy trenches.

The Rummage Sale

"I suppose we've got to do it—there's nothing else by which we can make so much," Corinne Van Dyke said, "but I must confess I'm not enthusiastic."

"The things get so terribly mussy!" Betty sighed.

"Things! I could stand the things; it's the people who buy the things that I can't stand!" Julia Dodge declared vigorously.

"But—it's such a wonderful opportunity!"

The other women turned toward the speaker, and a shy color reddened her cheeks. Little Mrs. Douglas had not been attending that church very long, and the attention her six words had attracted half frightened her.

"Opportunity! Well, of course we shall make money, else we shouldn't do it; but it's hardly an opportunity to be sought. Wait till you've tried it!"

"I—didn't mean the money," Mrs. Douglas stammered bravely. "I meant the people."

"The people!"

bered that red rose. It would be dreadful not to have a bit of brightness somewhere when she loved it so. Oh, look at that child—she mustn't buy that orange! I must help her find something better," and she ran across the room to smile a welcome into the face of a tawdry girl of seventeen.

Corinne and Julia exchanged a glance, and in the glance were shame and a new resolve.

According

Mistress (to prospective servant): "And what wages have you been getting?"

Servant: "Well, you see, ma'am, wages vary according to what you do."

Mistress: "You mean that the more you do, the more wages you would expect?"

Servant: "Oh, no, ma'am. That's what you might think, ma'am, but my brother is a student of political economy and he says it's just the other way—the more you do, the less you get. And so, ma'am, if I take charge of the whole house and do the washing, I get three dollars a week. If I just cook and help with the upstairs, I get five. If I do nothing but the cooking, I get seven."

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The Making Over of Sunrise Farm

By E. G. Bayne

Nancy Hartman settled herself comfortably in the big rocker by the coal stove and took up her knitting.

"Now, I ain't goin' to stir out of this till supper time," she said decidedly and fetched a sigh of relief. "Bein' a farmer's wife is sure no cinch—on your feet from four in the mornin' an' no let-up till along 'bout two in the afternoon, Cy! Now, you mind an' wipe them feet of yours afore you set foot in this here room!"

Cyrus out in the kitchen changed his cowhide boots for easy slippers, and presently entered the cosy sitting-room, yesterday's Winnipeg morning paper in one hand and his old spectacle-case in the other.

"Fine weather fer ducks, eh Ma?" he queried good-humoredly. "You an' me had oughter be durn glad we don't hev to turn out a day like this."

It was, indeed, a raw, wet, altogether disagreeable spring day with an east wind that sent a wet drizzle whipping against the window-panes and bent a row of thin poplar, along the fence, almost double.

"It'd be jest my luck, though," Nancy observed, as she drew up a fresh leash of yarn with a broad sweeping movement of her left arm. "Jest my luck to be called over to Brown's to see a sick child or down to Jake Willis' place to doctor up old Sairey Ann's rheumatiz."

"That's cuz you're the best home nurse in the province," returned Cy, promptly. "Anybody that can do things better'n the average run is sure to be called on. Now, if you hadn't gone an' married an old rooster like me you might a' been head matron of a big hospital by now, or else—"

The telephone bell cut in upon Cy's voice.

"Now, who on airth—" he was beginning.

Nancy stopped counting stitches and laid her work down.

"That's Jim Bank's ring—two long an' two short," she said, rising. "I guess it's Amelia callin' up to get that recipe for shortbread I promised her."

She went to the telephone and took down the receiver, while Cy paused in the act of turning a sheet of his paper to listen to the one-sided conversation.

"Hello! Yes, this is Hartman's. . . . Yes, I thought it was Banks'. . . . You don't say! . . . Well, well, that sure is too bad, Jim. . . . How did it happen? . . . Well, I ain't a bit surprised, so there! I always said as how them cellar steps 'd be the means of a broken—What's that? . . . Can't you get someone else, Jim? . . . Oh well, I guess I could, then. Cy ain't no great hand at cookin', but I guess he won't poison himself for a day. Well, I'm glad she's restin' easier. . . . Yes, I'll go right down. Good-bye."

Nancy hung up the receiver and turned to Cy. "Do you think you could rustle your own grub for a day or two, Cy? Mely Banks fell down the cellar steps this mornin' an' broke her leg an' the doctor says it'll be a six-weeks' session in bed for her. Jim wants me to run down an' stay with them till he can git help—"

"Sure, I can git along! Take the sorrel mare, Nance. She goes twicet as fast as the gray. Wait—I'll go an' hitch her while you git ready. But now, see here Nance, jest a word: Don't you go to workin' yourself sick fer Jim Banks! Remember that he's worth a cool twenty thousand!"

"Oh, never fear, Cy. There ain't nobody can tell me anything 'bout Jim I don't know already. Ain't Mely my own first cousin?"

Nancy hurriedly packed a small grip, and in less than ten minutes was on her way to Sunrise Farm, eight miles to the east. She was a plump, good-looking woman, well set up, and with a keen though kindly eye, and she was fifteen years younger than her husband, whose second wife she was. Two compelling motives had called her out of her comfortable home on a day like this, the call of the suffering to which never yet had she turned a deaf ear, and her love for little folks. Jim Banks had six children, three of them still at home, and Nancy being childless herself never lost an opportunity to play fairy godmother to

other folks' little ones. In the back of the buggy she hadn't forgotten to put, hurried as she was, a large bag of sugar cookies and some real maple sugar that had been sent to her from Ontario.

Amelia was in bed in the "spare room" off the parlor, and Jim, in his well-meant, masculine effort to be useful, had built such a roaring fire in the seldom-used hall stove that most of the house was filled with smoke.

"Land sakes!" was Mely's feeble greeting, as she recognized her cousin through the blue haze. "So you did git here, Nance! I didn't want Jim to tell you 'bout this, knowin' how busy you always be, but he was set on havin' you. Poor Jim, he's as helpless as a baby without me."

"Jim tells me your seedin' is over," said Nancy, as she tied on a clean apron.

"Yes, an' aint it lucky? I had three men to cook for up till yesterday."

"An' no help?"

"Where can you git help nowadays, Nance! "Course, Dolly helped some, but her bein' only eight, she—"

"I suppose the children aren't home from school yet?"

"Well, Fred didn't go to-day. He's out in the barn helpin' Jim. Dolly an' Marjorie they'll be home soon now. I think four o'clock's just struck. Now Nance,

don't you git to tirin' yourself out. I hope this ain't puttin' you out—"

"Quit fussin' now, Mely! I been here afore. Guess I know where things is kept. I'm goin' to make you some nice chicken broth right away. I'll have Jim kill a good, fat hen—"

"We're savin' all the fowl this year, Nance, to sell—"

"You hush right up Mely Banks!"

"But—"

"Not a word!"

Mely pleaded a corner of the sheet in thin, hot fingers. A hen to be killed on her account! Why only last night Jim had told her they would have to retrench more than ever.

"A hen costs a heap nowadays, Nance," she began, after a moment, her eyes following Nancy as she bustled about, putting the room to rights. "There's Oxo tablets in the pantry. I like Oxo broth real well. Jim an' me we're—we're sort of economizin' this year—"

"Economizin', eh?" snorted Nancy, turning around sharply. "Queer sort of economizin' I call it, with Jim buyin' a new driver not a month ago an' puttin' in them fancy fixin's in the barn an' a second cement root-cellar he ain't no call for, while that kitchen of yours—oh, I had a peep into it afore I come in!"

"Kitchen?" echoed Amelia, weakly. "Oh, yes; I know it ain't been improved any, but it's only the kitchen, Nance. I—"

"It's where you spend close on to fourteen hours a day, jest the same! But

there, I sure didn't mean to fire up so quick, an' git you worked up when the doctor said you was to be kept quiet. Lay your head over more on to the pillow an' try to git some sleep now. I'll pull down the blind. There!"

And Nancy went out to the kitchen. She stood for a moment on the threshold looking about her.

"Economy?" she murmured, with a doleful shake of her head. "They ain't got no notion of economy."

This was the scene of poor Mely's daily grind. Here nearly two-thirds of her life was lived, for, allowing the customary twenty-four hours to a day, the average farmer's wife sleeps rather less than six hours, though medical science and her own common sense tell her that she ought to sleep for eight hours, at least.

The kitchen was badly lighted. The floor was clean but uneven, being made of soft wood that had sprung and warped here and there. The wallpaper was at least twelve years old and looked twenty. There was a three-inch step between kitchen and dining-room. The small, narrow pantry was as dark as a wolf's mouth, having, of course, no window.

"An' don't I know it!" thought Nancy. "When I was here the time Marjorie was born, I went in there to git a handful of dried apples an' I run my arm up to the elbow in a stone jar of soap lye by mistake!"

There was no refrigerator, no inside pump, no place sufficiently roomy in which to hang clothes on a stormy day,

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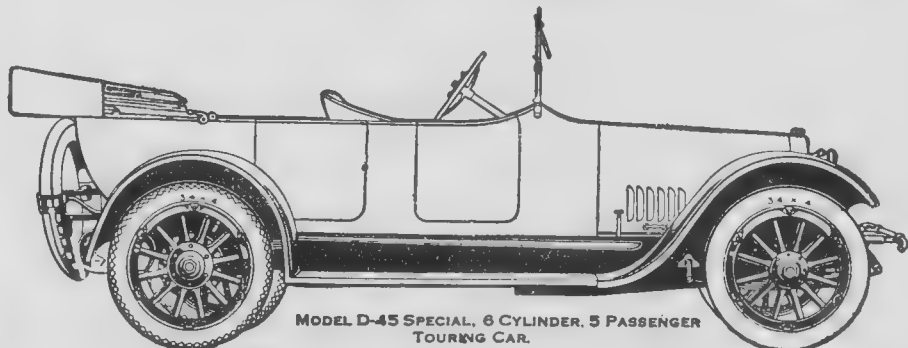
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Haines piano, large Louis XV., mahogany case, very elaborate design. Regular \$500; taken in exchange; in very fine condition. Selling for \$335.

Doherty piano, mission case, almost new; regular price \$450, selling for \$295.

Stanley piano, medium size, elegant case design; original price \$400. Used about two years, selling for \$197.

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and the cook-stove was one of the ancient low-set variety with a pipe-oven. "It always did give me a crick in the back just to look at the thing," was Nancy's mental observation. But remarking to herself that she couldn't stand there all day criticizing the place, she set to work without further delay to prepare Mely's supper and then that of the family.

The little girls welcomed Nancy with delight even while their little faces sobered every moment or two at the thought of "Mama" being sick in bed. Nancy promised them one of her omelettes for supper, and very carefully she descended the treacherous cellar-steps to get the eggs, telling them, meanwhile, not to let their mother know.

"She'd worrit herself into a high fever," said Nancy, and added to herself. "She's that close! I spose she's got them eggs counted an' date-marked."

"Nance! Nance! What you doin' down cellar?" called the invalid, in querulous tones.

"Dolly, you go in an' tell your ma for me," said Nancy quietly to the elder girl. "That I'm runnin' this here show an' that if she don't hush up I'll go in there an' tell her what for in no uncertain way!"

"I ain't enjoyed a supper like this in I don't know when!" was Jim's verdict, as he pushed his chair back from the table that evening.

"Me, too," echoed Fred, a boy of about thirteen, as he helped himself to the ninth pancake.

"Mother's a good cook," said Marjorie, loyally, "but she sort-of skimps us."



Dutch soldier firing rifle, using the "Eradas" periscope. This device was designed by J. H. Eradas, a Dutch inventor, and is named in his honor. It is attached to the butt of the rifle and enables the soldier in the trench to aim and fire accurately without danger of death from the enemy's bullets. It is in use in the Dutch army and should revolutionize sniping along the battlefronts.

"She says it's good for our health not to eat too much," volunteered Dolly.

"Well, this is war time," said their father, "and we ought to remember the poor Belgians. Economy—"

"Economy?" sniffed Nancy, cutting in upon his remarks. "Look here, Jim Banks, it's a wonder you wouldn't git them cellar-steps fixed. Your cellar ain't anything but a wet dug-out at the best an' as soon as I set foot on one of them teetery planks, the pesky thing flew up an' near hit me in the face."

"I'm goin' to have 'em attended to right away. I been goin' to, but—oh, well, you know how it is, Nancy—"

"You an' Mely are plum shiftless, that's what it is! You're both to blame!"

And Nancy Hartman cut up her cake of maple sugar into generous portions and gave it to the children, who fell upon it like young wolves.

Jim Banks both feared and admired Mrs. Hartman. She was said to entertain strong views about equal rights. Jim was entirely masculine, and with a different wife might have developed, ere this, into some semblance of a broad-minded citizen. But Mely was such a willing doormat of a woman that he had become a bit pompous and bullying, and while with one hand he spent money lavishly, with the other he pinched the pennies—"till the King yelled," as Cy Hartman said. The next day Jim returned home after a fruitless quest for help.

"They all know you're here, Nance," he said, ruefully. "An' consequently they all agree that Mely is in the best of hands. Of course, I can't expect you to

remain any longer than you care to stay—"

"Oh, I'll stay," said Nancy, cheerfully. "I'll phone Cy every day an' leave him his orders. (He ain't a bit handy at doin' for himself, his first wife havin' waited on him hand an' foot, but maybe the experience'll do him good.) I'll stay Jim, for a little while anyway. Maybe we can git John Summers' gal, Lucy, bye-an'-bye."

At the end of a week Mely's suffering had abated somewhat. She was a wiry, energetic little body, and idleness fretted her worse than pain. She had been so long accustomed to picking up the minutes, crowding two days' work into one and dropping wearily into bed at midnight that lying helpless the long day through seemed almost like a truant's holiday. It was a novel experience for her.

Meanwhile, Nancy struggled with the many inconveniences, the battered cooking utensils, the roundabout steps, the inadequate heating arrangements. But she didn't like to ask Jim Banks why he had not written asking Estelle, the eldest daughter, who was a stenographer in the city, to come home, or even Dora, who clerked in a store in the nearest town, and who had refused to come home on a former occasion, when her mother had been laid up with grippe, saying that it was just a scheme to get her back to the deadly drudgery of the farm again.

Nancy knew that the voluntary absence of his two daughters from home was a sore point with Jim Banks. Nevertheless, one day when she and Jim were

alone together, Nancy broached the subject.

"There's no use. They won't come," said Jim, dejectedly.

"Why?" demanded Nancy.

"That's what I'd like to know. They're a pair of ungrateful young scallywags. Rather run to picture shows an' gad the streets."

"That doesn't sound like Estelle, Jim. She was a quiet, studious sort. Dora, too, maybe she's a bit livelier than her sister, but she's got sense. Have you heard from Claude lately?"

"Claude? Why, yes, he's wounded again, you know. The doctor in that English hospital says he'll have to take up farming now because he ain't ever going to be any good at his old trade. (He was in a piano factory, you know.) So he'll have to come home an' try to agree with the old man."

Nancy didn't speak for a moment. Then she said quietly:

"Jim, wouldn't you like to have all your family back home under the one roof?"

"Huh! Ask me or any father that!"

"Do you believe that this farm, owned by yourself and improved, with no debts, no need of rigid economy, is capable of providing employment for you all?"

"Say! An' neither me nor Mely ever able to ketch up with the work!"

"Then, Jim Banks, it can be done! It rests with you an' your wife. Only you've got to make this farm a home, not a slave-drivin' factory. It's your cheese-parin' ways—yours and Mely's—that's driven your children from home an' that'll drive these three younger ones



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away too, in a few years." Nancy spoke with heat. Jim sat by the stove, his knees hunched up near his chin, his big hands clasping and unclasping themselves, about them. "It ain't as though you was a poor man, Jim, though even then you'd need your children's help. No farmer ever can get enough help. But listen to me: Young folks demand a certain amount of pleasure. It's their right. Law bless you! Children are jest like young calves or colts. They must play. Now, what have you got round here to entice your children to stay? There ain't no musical instrument, far as I've been able to discover. Even a wheezy old organ'd be better than nothin'. Then there ain't no books except a couple of fly-specked almanacs and some mail order catalogues."

"Mely says Estelle used to spend more time readin' books than doin' housework, so she burned a lot of 'em."

"An' lost Estelle!"

"As for the pianny, I was willin' to git one for the gals, but their ma said 'No; wait a while.' She said they'd be hammerin' on it 'stead of washin' the dishes."

"An' so now both of your gals is gone an' Mely has to wash the dishes herself."

"Dolly helps her."

"Soon she won't have even Dolly. You jest wait, Jim. I'm goin' to talk to Mely too an' see if I can't open her eyes. She was brought up by a couple of Scotch old maid aunts that'd skin a flea for its hide an' tallow. I remember how they used to jump on poor Mely if she stayed too long porin' over a book, an' set her to doin' carpet rags. When them aunts died, Jim, there was five trunkfuls of quiltin' pieces an' several boxes filled with sewn carpet rags an' a houseful of silly antimacassars an' other dust-ketchers, an' the moths had got into every single thing! There was the work of their lifetime gone an' nothin' else to their memory. They used to often quote that verse from Proverbs, to Mely, the one about the good housewife whose price was above rubies an' whose children should rise up an' call her blessed. But they used bad grammar an' I used to wish they'd spend a little more time improvin' their minds. I'm a frost on grammar myself Jim, but I, too, was brought up so strict I had no time for the niceties."

As Nancy finished speaking, she noticed Jim's thumb, which was tied up in a rag.

"Had an accident?" she asked, solicitously.

"Burnt it this mornin' makin' Mely a cup of tea," Jim replied.

"Oh, yes—that broken spout on the kettle! That reminds me: Jim Banks, I'm goin' to ask you to part with some money, quite a bit of money."

Jim reached a hand into his pocket.

"I ain't got much on me, Nance—"

"No, I didn't expect you'd have the amount there I want," Nancy broke in coolly. "I want two thousand dollars."

"Two thousand grandmothers! What fer, Nance? Is Cy in the hole?"

"Cy's all right. I want the money for a good purpose. I know you got it an' I want it afore you spend it buyin' up more land which you don't need any more than I need another head."

"Who said—"

"Oh, a little bird, Jim. Soon's I heard you was figgerin' on buyin' that other farm I thought to myself, 'Poor Mely, she'll hev to do the pioneer act all over agin, an' at her age it'll go hard, an' I thought what fools these mere men be. Hand me a cheque for the amount, Jim.'"

"No, siree! What d' you think I am? You gotta show me first—"

"All right."

Nancy went upon a search for paper and pencil, and then pulling up a chair to the table proceeded to make out an odd-looking document. It took her all of half-an-hour before she had it to suit her. Then she passed it across to Jim Banks.

"Sunrise Farm Co-operative Company," he read at the top and, further, "the shareholders are eight in number, each holding equal shares in the farm—"

"Ridiculous!" snorted Jim. "The gals won't—"

"The gals are every bit as important as the boys, Jim. Don't you put off them gals with a cow or a feather-bed apiece an' turn the home over to the boys! You be on the square. It pays. Now read on."

The rest of the paper was similar to a table of estimates. Under the head of "Improvements," Jim read:

To one cooking range	\$60.00
To one kitchen cabinet	40.00
To one refrigerator	40.00
To one window in kitchen.....	10.00
To one window in pantry.....	5.00
To new cooking utensils	20.00
To new kitchen floor	100.00
To wash-house	150.00
To magazines (subscriptions)...	10.00
To new wallpaper	30.00
To new cellar	500.00
To sundries	35.00

Total\$2,000.00

Jim Banks growled a good deal over this proposed expenditure, but being good-natured and Nancy possessing a specious set of arguments he finally gave in and agreed to become a co-plotter.

"I haven't mentioned the piano in that list," said Nancy. "You an' the gals can pick one out in town."

Merrily the plans went on, Jim entering into them with zest once his heart was in the affair.

Upon the first day that Mely sat up in a chair, the trap was sprung. She had noticed the peculiar noises, the mysterious whisperings, the guilty looks, for some time past, but had cudgelled her brain to no avail for the cause, and no one would tell her.

Her eldest daughter popped in suddenly upon her with a bowl of soup.

"Estelle!" she cried. "Where—how—when—"

But the entrance of Dora with the remainder of her dinner cut short her exclamations and left her with a great look of astonishment on her nerve-worn thin, lined face.

"We're home to stay," announced Estelle, "and Claude's coming on Monday. Yes, living at home is a sight better than boarding, and then we each have an interest in the land now. Dora and I are going to run races with our gardens this year and Dad says we can sell our fruit and vegetables off the ground or can the stuff or do just what we like, and we're going to send half to the Red Cross."

"Did you hear a terrific bumping noise a little while ago, mother dear?" asked Dora, laughing.

"Yes. What was it? Did the horses get loose?"

"It was the piano. And yesterday the refrigerator and other things came. The men have just got through papering the kitchen, and next week the new floor is to be put in. Oh, we're going to have a mighty nice home here after a while!"

"And first folks in are to be Cy and Nancy Hartman, mother. We'll give them a party here just as soon as everything's finished, won't we?"

Nancy's step was heard in the next room, and presently she entered.

"You oughter be a mighty contented body, Mely," she remarked with a smile. "All your family home."

"I am," said Mely, with flushed face and a brighter eye than she had since girlhood. "But I got an idee its due to you—"

"Whisht! I just come in to say that I reckon I'll be goin' home this afternoon, myself."

There was a chorus of regrets.

"These here surprises hev mighty nigh been the death of me," she went on with a wink at the girls. "An' I need a calm atmosphere. Besides, Cy has jest rung up to say he didn't know there was so many dishes in any one house. I know what that means. There'll be a stack a mountain high, waitin' for me to wash, when I git back. So bye-bye folks, till we meet again."

The Main Question

A man was arrested on the charge of robbing another of his watch and chain, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. It was said that he had thrown a bag over his victim's head, strangled and robbed him. There was so little evidence, however, that the judge quickly said:

"Discharged!"

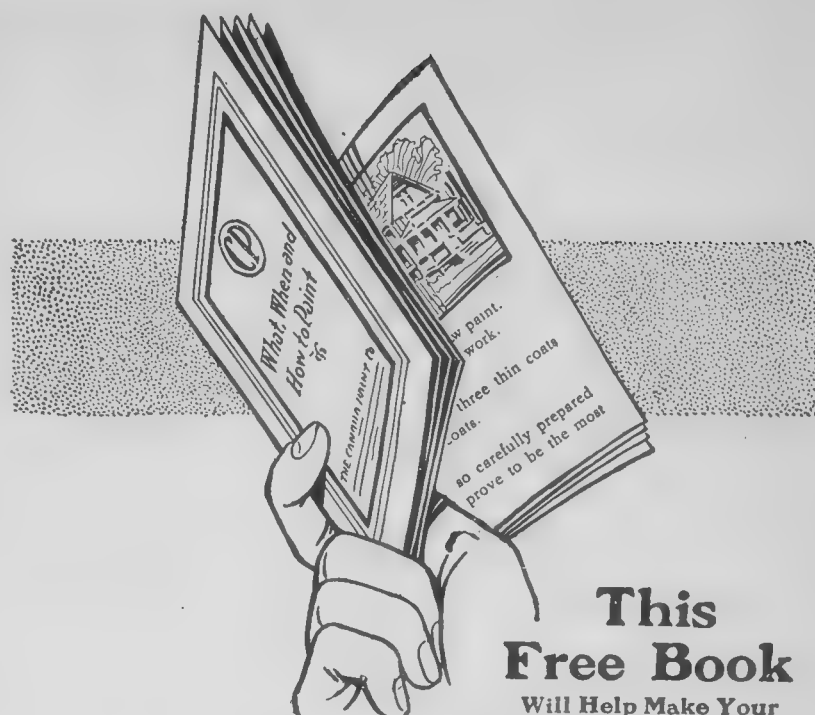
The prisoner stood still in the dock, amazed at being given his freedom so soon.

"You're discharged," repeated the judge. "You can go. You are free."

Still no word from the prisoner, who stood staring at the judge.

"Don't you understand? You have been acquitted. Get out!" shouted the judge.

"Well," stammered the man, "do I have to give him back his watch and chain?"



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The Philosopher

The War and Citizenship

One of the most important lessons which the Great War has brought to the whole world is that the real function of government, like the character of a man, is made manifest by a crisis. War is such a crisis; and, this war is the most terrible crisis the world has yet known. Great Britain and France are outstanding examples of solidarity and devotion brought about by the grip of the crisis on the national life. If Great Britain and France had had, before the war, their national life thus wrought into solidarity and the strength of devoted union, would Germany have dared to make the attack? To this question the answer may be made that only the great crisis could have brought about such solidarity, such united action. That may be. But the reflection forces itself upon the mind that unprecedented progress might be made in peace time towards the betterment of the conditions of human life, if only a fraction of that solidarity and united action could be devoted to such work of betterment. It all comes down to the individual citizen. We must realize our duty as citizens. It is our failure to do so which gives over the function of government to politicians, the average man's attitude being that if his party is in power, all is well, or at the worst, better than it would be if the other party were in power. Only the state in which every citizen takes an active part in regard to its affairs is really self-governed. It is a profound truth that every citizen of us plays a part in government when he neglects his duty as a citizen, as well as when he discharges it—he plays an evil part, for his inaction is, in reality, an active force acting against true self-government.

The Influential Dead

As the Belgian thinker and poet, Maurice Maeterlinck, who has written some of the most profound and beautiful books of our time, says strikingly in an article in the London Daily Mail, never before have the lives of those who have passed from our view been such strong continuing forces in the world as the lives are of those who have made the supreme sacrifice in this war in defence of humanity's future welfare. Young men struck down in the flower of their youth are still in the world in spirit, he tells us, as uplifting influences. Never before have the young and the brave given themselves in such numbers; never before has civilization passed through such a terrible experience. All those noble lives that have been given for humanity's sake must continue to influence powerfully their survivors, who cannot but cherish the memory of them, which will be an undying inspiration in the years to come.

"Moloch of the Seas"

Of the really illuminating contributions towards knowledge and understanding of the modern German spirit which The Philosopher has read since the beginning of the war, one of the most interesting and valuable is the article written specially for The Western Home Monthly by Mlle. Suzanne Garnier, who was governess and companion to the two daughters of Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, and so came to have a household knowledge of that apostle of Kultur and frightfulness. That article in last month's issue of the Monthly was truly of absorbing interest. The devotion of von Tirpitz—"this modern Moloch of the seas," as Mlle. Garnier writes, "rising out of the deep stealthily, to take innocent babes"—to his work of savagery will stand in history as one of the most typical manifestations of the spirit which has made Germany what it is. It is the spirit which finds expression in such utterances as the sermon preached by a Court preacher in Berlin, Rev. Dr. Preuss, on Good Friday of last year, and published in the Berlin Lokalanzeiger. In that sermon, which was reproduced from the Berlin paper in the London Times, the preacher set forth a blasphemous comparison between Germany and Christ, and apostrophized the Kaiser alone a heroic ruler and leader of the armies of Kultur, but also as "a Royal high priest sent by God to his chosen people." The masters and pastors of the German people have drilled Kultur into them; and never in all history has there been a people so submissively docile to its masters and pastors. When will the day come when a regenerated Germany will see von Tirpitz not as a hero, but as a blood-maniac?

Alcohol and the World's Peoples

The time has come when a world-view can be taken of the progress of the campaign against alcohol on behalf of the welfare and progress of humanity in the years to come. The only continent which is now entirely "wet"—(that is to say, which has no prohibitory laws against alcohol)—is South America. Africa is "wet" only in those sections of its coasts where the white man has settled. If all the regions of the world which are "dry" were to be marked white, and all the regions which are "wet" were to be marked black, the only solidly black area of great extent which an observer, say, from Mars, would be able to discern with a telescope of equal power with the best instrument which an astronomer on this planet has at his disposal, would be that which reaches from the northern border of Mexico to Cape Horn. He would see all Asia white, except for Japan; the great areas of China, India, Persia, Turkey and Siberia would show white to him, as would the huge extent of Russia in Europe. In Europe only Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal and the British Isles would appear black to him; France, Norway, Sweden and Denmark would be white striped with black, indicating a radical form of control of intoxicating liquors to be in operation in those countries. Roumania is the latest European country to go "dry"; France and Great Britain are contemplating total prohibition until the war is ended, while the Scandinavian countries have virtually prohibitive liquor legislation now. So much for that half of the world. When this half swung round so that the observer in Mars could see it through his telescope, he would find Canada (with the minor exceptions of the Yukon and one-sixth of Quebec), more than one-half of the United States, and the whole of Greenland white. Of the islands of the sea, Australia, New Zealand and New Guinea, while not "dry," have strict regulation of alcohol. In this country there still remains the inter-Provincial trade in liquor, interference with which by Provincial authority would be a trespassing on the Federal jurisdiction. The prohibition forces are girding up their loins to grapple with the problem thus presented.

Talk That is Not on Freedom's Side

Speaking in the Senate at Washington, Senator Works, of California, in a speech which is being widely distributed throughout the United States, said:

"That we may better understand what the feeling in Germany towards our country is, let me quote a few sentences from a letter written from Germany by a native of this country: 'If you had seen what I saw yesterday, you would understand my great, heart-rending bitterness. I saw a batch of thirty or forty young, good-looking, strong soldiers, each one led by the arm by a civilian, a man, or a woman, like small, helpless children. Every one of these poor boys was totally blind.' Mr. President, we may feel ashamed of our country, when some of our own citizens, as a means of making money, are supplying the means that are bringing about such lamentable results."

Senator Works, it would appear, considers it a shameful thing that citizens of the United States, which boasts itself a free country, should keep their markets open for the citizens of other countries to procure therein the means of defending themselves, even at the risk of losing their limbs, their sight, their very lives, against an aggressive Power bent literally on robbing them of their freedom and subjecting the entire world, not excepting the United States, to the tyranny of Kultur. The blinded Canadians and other British young men in the flower of their manhood, the blinded Belgians and Frenchmen and others who have suffered rather than submit to lay their necks beneath the Kaiser's heel, have only themselves to blame, according to Mr. Works' enlightened reasoning. Their error was in resisting, Mr. Works would evidently have us believe. But their mutilation and sufferings do not really concern Mr. Works, it would appear; he makes it plain that only German—and, of course, Austrian, Bulgarian and Turkish—eyes and lives count. Has it ever occurred to Mr. Works that these Teutonic eyes and lives could have been saved by the simple expedient of not beginning the war? Had Kultur not had it all

figured that it had enough war material amassed to crush its victims by the first attack, that attack would not have been launched. Kultur erred fatally in its planning; and it can get a Senator of the United States to help it whine over the disastrous results, and try to help it in its endeavors to make itself master of human destinies.

The Kaiser and Napoleon

Like Napoleon, the Kaiser, after plunging the world in blood, keeps professing an earnest desire for peace and justice and disclaims vehemently any desire for bloodshed. In fact, the more one considers the parallel between the courses run by Napoleon and by the Kaiser, the more striking does it appear. With vast areas of conquered territory under his heel, Napoleon issued manifestoes proclaiming that his intentions had always been pacific, but that he had been forced into war by the ruthless plannings and plottings of the nations of Europe against him. He did so when he was plunging along his victorious, tragically costly, way into Russia, towards his first terrible failure, from which he never really recovered. On escaping from Elba, three years later, that insatiable militarist, determined to resume his career of conquest, addressed to the heads of the Allied nations which formed a coalition against him an autograph letter professing his devotion to the cause of peace and in the same breath making his demands in the conqueror. Adversity and imprisonment had not purified Napoleon's heart nor lessened his thirst for blood and he was furious because the Allies of a century ago refused to accede to or accept his professions of detestation for bloodshed and his desire for a just peace, coupled as those professions were, with terms dictated arrogantly by Napoleon's greed for power and military glory. And so he entered upon the campaign that ended at Waterloo. A hundred years later the Kaiser has outdone Napoleon in ruthlessly tearing up treaties, ravaging his neighbors' territories and drenching Europe with blood. He has committed barbarous atrocities which Napoleon had not the means of committing, if he would have committed them. He is indignant, because he has failed to realize his dream of world dominion. He is a worse blood-maniac than Napoleon ever was. He, too, must come to his Waterloo.

The Indians and the War

Among recent Government blue books that have come to The Philosopher's table from Ottawa is the report of the Department of Indian Affairs, for 1915-16. The report shows real progress in the welfare of the Indian population of the Dominion—(which now numbers 105,561, in addition to which total there are 3,296 Eskimos)—though, tuberculosis continues to take heavy toll of young and old, and there is still harm done, both moral and physical, to the descendants of the original dwellers in Canada by some debased white men. Education in trades and occupations, as well as in books, is playing a great part in the work of improvement and progress among the Indians. The report notes that in some parts of the Dominion there have been not a few marriages between whites and Indians, and that, as a result, there has been neither physical nor mental deterioration. That the spirit of their ancestors is not wanting in the Canadian Indians of to-day is shown by the manner in which they have responded to the call of the war. Some 1,200 have enlisted; from every Province there have been Indian enlistments. Eight Indians hold commissions. Lieutenant Cameron Brant, who was killed at Ypres, was the great-grandson of the famous Chief Joseph Brant, of the Mohawks—two others of whose descendants, Corporal Albert Crain and Private Nathan Munroe, were wounded early in the war. Private Belanger, of the 52nd Battalion, has won the Military Medal for bravery; all the Indians who have gone to the front have shown qualities of courage, intelligence and endurance. The various Indian tribes have been liberal in contributions to patriotic and relief funds, and the Indian women have done, and are doing, their part in providing comforts for their own and other Canadian soldiers. The pages of the blue book which tell of this are both pleasing and inspiring.



Ocean-Going German Liners Docked at Piers at Hoboken, N.J.

It was believed possible that the crews of some of the German vessels—all of which constantly keep up a certain head of steam—might decide to slip out and to use their vessels as supply ships for German submarines which may possibly be close to these shores. So far no attempt has been made. The police in their launches keep strict watch over the waters about the city.

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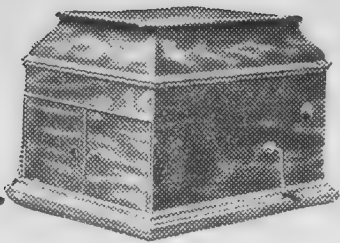
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The Last Great Indian Battle in Western Canada

(An episode in the early history of Alberta, related to Max McD. by a prominent old-timer of Lethbridge, who is ready to vouch for the authenticity of the incident.)

IT IS a fact known to most people in the far West of Canada that as far back as memory or records go in the History of the North West Territories the Indian population of the plains and foothills of the West has been divided into two great confederacies. The Blackfoot confederacy consisted of Bloods, Blackfoot, Peigans, Gros Ventres and Sarcees, and these bands for a century or more held, by force of arms against all comers, an extensive territory reaching from the Missouri River north to the Red Deer, and from the Rockies east to the Cypress Hills. The Crees and Assiniboines formed the other great confederacy, and their stamping grounds extended from the Red Deer River far north to Edmonton and for several hundred miles east of the Rockies. They were deadly enemies of the tribes to the south and it meant sure death for either to trespass on the range of the other. They spoke different languages, had manners and customs entirely different, and it is said that it was largely due to this fact that the rebellion of 1885 was so quickly and easily put down. Had the Blackfeet forgotten their enmity and joined hands with the Crees, it is hardly possible to calculate the enormous additional loss of life and property that would have followed.

But while it is true that many are aware of the fact that the Blackfeet and Crees were deadly enemies and that on many occasions they were pitted against each other in Indian wars, it is not a matter of general knowledge that on the present site of the City of Lethbridge in Alberta, these two races came together in mortal combat and fought out one of the greatest Indian battles of the last half century. It is my purpose to write the story briefly as related to me, and where possible to use the words of the old timer who tells it. I do this because I believe the event to be worthy of record and also of interest as a matter of history to the people of Canada.

It was late in the fall of 1870, the old-timer told me, and the preceding year smallpox had swept through the Blackfoot tribes, leaving in its wake whole camps of "dead lodges". The "dead lodges" were the teepees in which the bodies of the victims were left wrapped in their best blankets and robes, with fire arms and trappings, and enough food and water to last them on their journey to the happy hunting ground. The mortality as a result of the outbreak has been estimated by competent authorities at from forty to fifty per cent.

But I must let the man before me tell the story.

The Crees and Assiniboines thought this a favorable opportunity to strike a decisive blow at their powerful enemy (Indians are not generous foes), and accordingly organized and dispatched a war party numbering in the neighborhood of six or eight hundred Braves. "Big Bear," "Piepot," "Little Mountain" and "Little Pine"—names which have become rather well known in the Rebellion of 1885—were among the Cree and Assiniboine Chiefs either present themselves or represented by their bands, and they were largely reinforced by the South Assiniboines.

The Blackfeet and Bloods were then camped mainly on the Belly River between Kipp and Whoop-up, two whiskey trading posts about 20 miles apart. The Blackfeet themselves were not numerically strong. The South Peigans were camped on the St. Mary's River above Whoop-up, which is the junction of the Belly and St. Mary's Rivers, having been driven to this side of the line by the American expedition against them under Colonel Baker. "Big Leg," "Black Eagle" and "Heavy Bull" were their Chiefs. "Crow Eagle" led the North Peigans and "Bull Back Fat" and "Button Chief" the Bloods. The South Peigans were well armed with repeating rifles, needle guns and revolvers, the Bloods were not so well equipped, while the Crees and Assiniboines had only old muskets, Hudson's Bay Fulkers and bows and arrows to depend on.

The Crees reached the Little Bow, about 25 miles away, and small parties from the main band sent out to reconnoitre, succeeded in stealing several horses from small camps around Whoop-up. One night, however, about the 25th of October, the whole band set out and descended on

a few "lodges," about three miles above Whoop-up on the Belly River, killing a brother of "Red-Crow," Chief of the Bloods, and two or three of their squaws. The noise aroused the whole Blood Camp, which was in the immediate vicinity, and in a few minutes their braves were engaging the enemy, while messengers were riding in hot haste to alarm the South Peigans. Such was the commencement of probably the only purely Indian pitched battle in the Canadian North West, of which we have any authentic record.

The first streaks of dawn had hardly begun to show in the east when the Peigans came up and the fight became general. The Crees slowly retreated across the prairie towards the present site of Lethbridge and the Blackfeet followed, the distance between the rivers being four or five miles. The river banks reached, the Crees took up their position in a large coulee running up from the river out to the prairie, while the Peigans after much difficulty succeeded in establishing themselves in a smaller coulee to the south. A large number of Bloods and Blackfeet were in a small coulee to the north and on the prairie to the north and west, but they found themselves too exposed and during the progress of the fight, gradually worked around to the south. The Crees on the whole had much the better of the position. The Crees' horses were stationed in the bottom of the coulee.

The main fight seems to have been between the two coulees first described. They are parallel, from three to four hundred feet wide, and separated by a ridge varying in width from thirty to two hundred feet. Here, for over four hours, the battle raged, the braves crawling to the edge of the coulee, and exchanging shots with the more adventurous of their enemies. A head, a hand, a piece of blanket or robe, anything was enough to shoot at. It was a contest in which skill and cunning in taking advantage of the inequalities of the ground came largely into play. Several were badly injured by heavy stones thrown across the narrow path from one coulee to another. Two Peigans attempted to gallop down the ridge for the purpose of ascertaining the strength and position of the enemy. One was killed outright and the other badly wounded and his horse killed under him. In all, during this time, about a dozen Blackfeet were killed and a large number wounded. It is impossible to say how many Crees were killed. The Peigans finally got a strong force of braves across a small butte, which in a measure commanded the Cree coulee and the fire from them, and from their friends in the coulee became stronger and stronger until the Crees, becoming alarmed began to effect a strategic move to the rear by slipping out of the coulee and making for the river.

At this instant Jerry Potts, a half-breed Peigan who afterwards became famous as a police guide, who was riding around the bank of the ridge facing the river, observed this movement and signed to his companions in the coulee to charge. And charge they did, some on horseback, some on foot, they poured over the ridge and down the coulee, driving the now terror stricken Crees before them and killing them without quarter. A large number of the latter were forced out of the ravine and over a point of a hill to the north. The descent here is some twenty or thirty feet and almost perpendicular, and over this pursuer and pursued both rushed headlong, horses and men tumbling over each other, the men fighting and struggling for dear life until the bank was reached and the fight became a butchery.

The Crees plunged into the river and moved across almost in a solid mass, while the Blackfeet stood on the brink and shot them down like sheep. To use Jerry Potts' expression, "You could fire with your eyes shut and be sure to kill a Cree". The scene now and during the charge must have been one not easily forgotten. The Belly River Valley was filled with dust and smoke, the air resounded with the report of rifles and the deafening war cries of the Blackfeet, while thick and fast came the death wails of the Crees.

And the slaughter did not end at the river; the Blackfeet followed the Crees across and, joined by a larger contingent of their brethren who had crossed higher up, the butchery went on; and at one spot where the Crees made a sort of stand about fifty of them were killed. It is a matter of fact that in the confusion and excitement of the pursuit some of the Blackfeet were



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Influence

Written by Eileen O'Brien

MANSFIELD, the problem novelist, was supposed to have a great future before him. Then he married Kitty Giles. And there were many among his friends and admirers, who, when they heard the news, felt that for him the future had become drab and commonplace.

It seemed to them that there was nothing in the happy, inconsequent little creature that could interest Mansfield for long, nothing that could possibly urge him on or help him in his work. They were such a contrast, this couple.

However, those who shook their heads soon found out their mistake. Mansfield did not tire of his young wife, neither did his work show any deterioration, but rather it steadily improved.

Mrs. Mansfield's happy, sympathetic nature brought home many little truths about people and life that enriched her husband's work, truths that escaped him in his deeper thinking. After hours of hard work, the company of his bright little wife was extremely soothing to him. One bond at least they had in common—their sincere, untiring interest in humanity and their devotion to the beauties of Nature.

Now Mrs. Mansfield was a theorist. Indeed there was no limit to her theories, and they were ever a source of amusement to her husband. Some embraced large, almost boundless spheres and could bear the strain of discussion; others were trivial, mere froth that did not deserve a moment's serious thought.

"I have a theory, Tom," she would begin, and her adoring husband would listen to what followed with serious face, only the twinkle in his eyes and an occasional twitch of the mouth betraying his inward amusement.

Only one of his wife's theories had ever really disturbed Mansfield, and that had been on the occasion of their first visit to Elworth, in search of a house. Mrs. Mansfield was convinced that the influence, left behind in rooms by people who had lived in them, is as strong in many cases as if the people in question were still there. How else should she feel happy the moment she crossed the threshold of some houses; sad in others; unable to sleep in some rooms, because of some vague haunting depression, some feeling that people had been ill-treated in them or had been in trouble and despair?

Elworth Manor was a grand old house, dating back, it was said, to the time of Charles II. It had a beautiful walled-in garden that boasted some fine trees, was within easy reach of London, and combined with all its old-world beauty, the luxury of modern inventions. Mansfield was charmed with the place and would have bought it outright, but his wife would have nothing to say to it. She admitted its beauty, admitted all the points in its favour, but mystery had surrounded the death of the last tenant, a mystery that had never been solved, but had been deepened by the suicide of his wife, a year later. Mrs. Mansfield declared that she could never live there—never! And be-

cause he could not bring himself to go against his wife's wishes, Mansfield turned away from the house he so coveted, taking instead quite a new one in the neighbourhood. He grumbled that it was villa-like in the extreme, painfully suburban, too, but they had had the sense to build it amid trees.

There had been no denying the beauty of the view it commanded, and now, at the end of two years, Mrs. Mansfield's prophecy, that the garden would soon be a dream had been fulfilled.

It was early June. Mansfield was hard at work, doing a hundred and one odd jobs in the garden. He was anxious that all should look perfect on his wife's return from London that evening.

When he went back to the house for tea he stood still in the hall, surprised at the sight of his wife's handbag and parasol on the table; then, four steps at a time, like the boy he was at heart, he raced upstairs.

"Hullo, old lady! What do you mean by saying you were coming by the 7.30 train, and then arriving for tea?" he cried, embracing her, heedless of the roses in his hands, heedless of her wet face that she was in the act of drying.

"Tom, dear, it's just glorious to be home! Oh, what lovely roses! Town was so hot and dusty that I just came by the early train." She tidied her mass of fair curls as she spoke.

"Tom, I went to see the Mitchells while I was up there. My dear, their marriage seems to have gone on the rocks pretty soon. It just made my heart ache to see them! You remember what a picture of happiness they were when we met them in Cornwall two years ago?"

"Well, you couldn't expect that to go on forever, could you?" Mansfield queried.

"Tom! to hear you speak one would think you spoke from bitter personal experience! Our happiness has lasted; why should not theirs? I've asked them down for the week-end."

"You'd far better have asked Mrs. Mitchell by herself," Mansfield commented dryly. "A change from each other is most probably what they need."

His wife paid no heed to his cynicism, but started to busy herself about the room, arranging things that Mansfield did not guess the meaning of.

"They're arriving by the 7.30," she said: "And I'm going to give them this room."

"Our room?" Mansfield exclaimed, "And what are we going to do? What's wrong with the spare room?"

"Nothing. We'll go there. They shall have this room, because if anything can bring them together again, the atmosphere of this room will. Think of you and me, how happy we have been—our happiness must have left its influence behind."

Mansfield smiled. It was a smile of kindly tolerance.

"Still riding that old hobby-horse, dear? Well, I suppose it's better that you should have a harmless whim like that than take up the woman question or —"

"Tom, don't laugh at me!" Mrs. Mansfield pleaded. "I am sure there is more in the idea than you think. Now when I go into a church, an old church I mean, where people have gone to pray and be comforted for ages and ages, a wonderful feeling of peace steals over me. The atmosphere of a railway station, on the other hand, is laden with a feeling of change. An indescribable excitement pervades it, the excitement of meetings and partings, of comings and goings. You must not grumble, dear, for they are only coming for the week-end and you are not being turned out of your dressing-room!"

Mansfield only laughed, as he carried his wife's belongings to the spare room. He looked forward eagerly to the arrival of their guests and to the developments in store. Both he and his wife had taken a great fancy to the young Mitchell's, whom they had met as bride and bridegroom, two years previously. They had been taken by their jolly, natural ways, and their absolute devotion to each other, and had registered a vow not to let the seaside friendship drop.

As he drove the Mitchells from the station, Mansfield did not fail to notice that his wife had been right, as she so often was. Something had evidently happened to strain their relationship—something that seemed to be building up a wall of misunderstanding between them; one of those walls of misunderstanding, maybe, that take but a few minutes to build, and months sometimes years to break down, that in some cases are never broken down in this world.

The Mitchells chatted gaily to their host and hostess, admired the beautiful scenery round Elworth and were enthusiastic about the house and garden. To each other they spoke but little; and when they did, a keen observer would have noted a tone of aloofness and restraint.

"Things seem pretty rotten," Mansfield confessed to his wife when she asked him what he thought of the situation: "We must wait in patience, old lady, and see what the morrow will bring."

But Sunday brought no enlightenment, nor did it bring any improvement, any slackening of the strained atmosphere.

It was early on Monday morning, very early. Mrs. Mitchell was sitting in the low cushioned arm chair by the window of the east room. She was looking out on the glorious wood-covered slopes of the valley and watching the rosy flush of dawn spread over the sky. There was an infinite sadness in her eyes and a sigh escaped her, as she turned and watched her husband, still fast asleep in bed. In thought she was going over all that in the past three months had built up the barrier between them.

Early that year she had gone to stay with some friends in Wales, while business took her husband to America. There she had met Jill Mayne, an old school-friend, and Claude Ray who was going back to Egypt in a month to rejoin his regiment. Jill was heart broken, for her people had forbidden her engagement, even forbidden all intercourse with him. There was nothing definite against the man, and there was no



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Description of Dinner Sets

This actual reproduction from a photo does not begin to do justice to the splendid new pattern English China Dinner Set we offer you. This set is of the famous Ruskin design, and tastefully decorated. The color scheme is artistic, and there is just enough color work to

give the set a neat, dignified appearance. This is a first-class, useful and practical Dinner Set, and is rapidly being placed in many of the best homes in our territory. Already we have given away several car loads, and the demand is increasing.

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6 Soup Plates, 6 Dinner Plates, 6 Bread and Butter Plates, 6 Tea Plates, 6 Fruit or Cereal Plates, 6 Saucers, 6 Cups, 1 Meat Platter, 1 Covered Dish, 1 Gravy Bowl, 1 Jug.

You are sure to be Greatly Pleased

This is absolutely the most liberal Dinner Set offer ever made, and we hope you will be the first in your neighborhood to take advantage of it. We never knew a woman who had too many dishes. Our splendid plan certainly should appeal to you. You'll be surprised to know how easy it is for you to get a Dinner Set. Please remember these dishes are not for sale at any price



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If you care to make enquiry at your store, you will find that the very lowest price you can buy a combination dinner and tea set is about \$11.00, and the quality would not be nearly as good as what we are offering.

You are probably wondering how we can make you such a liberal offer and send you this fine Dinner and Tea Set for so small a favor on your part. This is the explanation. We bought several sets of dishes at the lowest price anyone can get for buying in immense quantities and are glad to give you the benefit of the big bargain. By all means take advantage of this unusual opportunity before the supply is all gone.

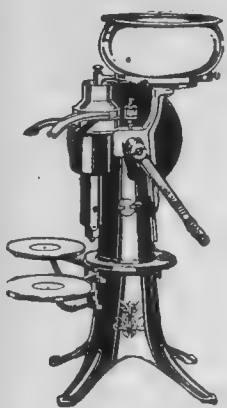
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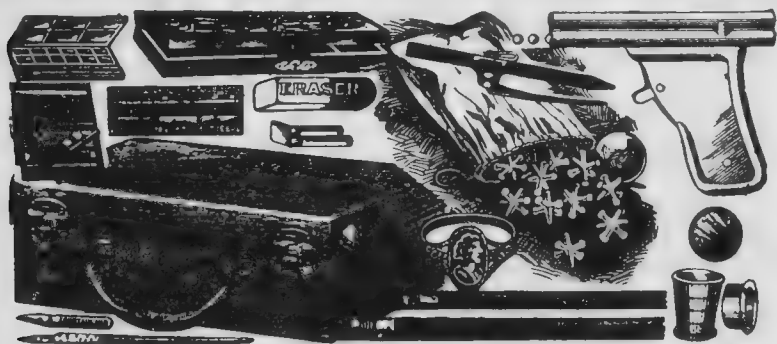
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GIRLS!

doubt of the sincerity of his love for Jill; but Mr. Mayne had a bitter hatred of all army men, a contempt for "tea-table officers," as he called them, whilst Mrs. Mayne was inordinately selfish and was only too glad of any pretext to keep her daughter longer at home.

To save the young people from the fate that was in store for them, Mrs. Mitchell stepped boldly forward. She took a cottage in a remote village, persuaded the Maynes to let Jill come and be a companion in her loneliness, and, unknown to them, asked Claude Ray to spend the rest of his leave there.

Everything went smoothly. Under her chaperonage the young couple were in a seventh heaven of bliss, and laid all their plans for the future.

Much as he wished it, Ray could not marry Jill until he got his promotion, the following year. Then Jill was to go out to Egypt to join him, only telling her people the truth a few days before she sailed.

Mrs. Mitchell had been a fairy god-mother to these two, having no compunction in deceiving the girl's parents. She had no intention of deceiving her husband; but in her letters to him she made no mention of Claude Ray. She knew him too well to risk it. He would not approve of her action; would think it quixotic in the extreme. "People must fight their own battles," was a favourite saying of his. Besides, he was jealous. If he knew that Ray was staying at the cottage, he would never have a moment's peace of mind. In his eyes his wife was so beautiful, so absolutely desirable, that he thought she must appear so to all men. Mrs. Mitchell realized all this and thought all explanations had best be kept for his return. Truth, however, or an easily swallowed counter-part of it is bound to come out. A cousin, a distant cousin of Mitchell's came down to that village to stay. She met Mrs. Mitchell and Ray out for a walk together, eyed them with displeasure, stopped to ask a few leading questions, and on discovering that Mitchell was in America, judged accordingly. The result was a long, warning letter to "dear Ralph."

In blissful ignorance of the upheaval awaiting her, Mrs. Mitchell returned home. The fact that her husband's letters had been brief and scarce had not troubled her. He was busy, she knew, and had little time for letter-writing. But the moment her eyes met his, at the railway station, she saw that something was wrong.

"Ralph, what has happened?" she enquired, frightened by his gloomy looks. "What is the matter, dear?"

Mitchell paid no heed to her questions. Not until they were in the quiet of their own home did he speak about personal matters. All that he said stunned his wife for the moment. It was so unexpected, so overwhelming. Ever since the arrival of his cousin's letter, Mitchell had brooded over his doubts and his jealousy had worked itself almost to madness. Now the fire of it all burst forth in a torrent of angry unreasonable words. His wife shrank beneath the lash of their scorn, and her very shrinking made the furious man sure that all he said was true.

"Well, have you anything to say?" he asked at length, in tones that were far from encouraging.

"Some day you will beg my pardon, Ralph. Some day you will see how unjust you have been." That was all Mrs. Mitchell said. Then she shut herself up in her room, her mind a tumult of anger, mortification and sorrow. Out of that chaos had emerged a strong fixed decision. Until she could show her husband the truth, by the evidence of Jill's marriage, she would never allude to this scene again. All advances must be made by him and he must beg her pardon.

It was only three months since her husband's homecoming, three months that had seemed years, so slowly had they dragged by. Now the sight of the ideal happiness of the Mansfields had broken down her decision. She could not wait for the evidence of Jill's marriage. As she sat by the window of the east room all her pride fell from her.

"I'll tell him to-day," she said to herself. "He must believe me, must listen to me! If not—God, what shall I do?"

Unconsciously she spoke aloud. The

words penetrated Mitchell's sleepy awakening, penetrated it as a dream.

"Jean!" Mitchell murmured in his sleep, and there was a note of tenderness in his voice that his wife had not heard for three long months.

She was sitting in an attitude of utter dejection and hopelessness, her dark hair had fallen over her face, which was buried in her hands. At the sound of her husband's voice she raised her head, suddenly, a look of wonder in her tear-filled eyes. She got up and walked slowly over to where her husband lay sleeping. There she sat down on the bed and contemplated his face with hungry, longing eyes. Unable to restrain herself she slipped her arms round him, and, as if never to let him go from her again, she pressed him to her heart. Her husband, to whom this seemed as the continuance of a dream, yielded himself without a word, and there in the freshness of a beautiful morning, with his wife's soft arms around him, he listened to her story. It was so simple and pathetic, that when she had ended he closed her in his arms and in that embrace was an unspoken prayer for forgiveness, which conveyed to her, more than any words, how penitent he was for the wrong he had done her.

They remained so for some time, until a knock at the door brought them back to realities. It was the maid with the early morning tea.

On the tray lay a letter from Egypt. Mrs. Mitchell glanced through it quickly, caught the words—"wonderful luck

... won the big lottery ... marry Jill next month," and without a word she handed the letter to her husband.

Mansfield waved to his departing guests and watched the train, until it disappeared from sight. Then with a look of complete satisfaction on his face he turned to his wife. There was no banter in his voice.

"You little witch! I believe you are going to convert me to your theory after all!"

The Clock

He stands in the corner from morning till night,

A patient old thing with no feet,
His face is as solemn and round as a moon
And oh, so exceedingly neat.

From breakfast to supper,
Right on through the day,
"Tick-tock, tick-tock, I am only the clock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock," he'll say.

His hands are quite tidy; they grow on his face.

When I grow so big I shall know
Why one is so long and the other so short
And one he moves fast, and one slow.

From breakfast to supper,
Right on through the day,
"Tick-tock, tick-tock, I am only the clock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock," he'll say.

At night when I'm sleeping, he keeps wide awake,

To see what the little mice do;
He watches the brownie creep in through the blind,

His little red shoes wet with dew.
From night-time to daytime,
Right on through the day,

"Tick-tock, tick-tock, I am only the clock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock," he'll say.

And when it comes morning I wish he would tell,

I ask him, but never a trace
Of the wonderful things he saw in the night

Does he show in his sober face,
From breakfast to supper,
Right on through the day,
"Tick-tock, tick-tock, I am only the clock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock," he'll say.

Lillian Braythwaite Hill, writer of humorous advertisements, spoke at a business men's dinner in Chicago, on "Fun in the Ad." Miss Hill began in this way:

"Does it pay to advertise? Well, I should say so. A man came to an editor in the town of Shelbyville one day and asked that question.

"Does it pay," said the man, 'to advertise in your paper?'

"Does it pay to advertise in my paper? You just bet it does," the editor replied. 'Look at Sands, the cash grocer, for instance. Sands advertised for a boy last week, and the very next day they had twins at their house—both boys.'

The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

The Home Economics Societies of Manitoba have recently concluded the most successful convention in their history, and have fully demonstrated their ability to act as educational centres H. E. S. for the newly enfranchised.

From their inception these societies took hold of big questions with sturdy courage, and the great demands of the war have broadened the scope of their activities, and at the same time increased their sense of responsibility. One of the great advantages of these societies is that they bring the women of the towns and the farms together in a manner which has never been achieved hitherto by any organization. Over 500 delegates gathered in Winnipeg for the annual convention, and very wisely and sanely mixed a considerable dash of the social side of life with their graver deliberations.

They were greeted officially by representatives of the big organizations of women in the city; they were addressed by principals of colleges and the head of the provincial board of health. They went home refreshed in body and mind, and they left to the city of Winnipeg a benediction in the shape of increased enthusiasm for the work of making the world a better place to live in.

There is much discussion as to whether the women of Manitoba and British Columbia have or have not the federal franchise, owing to the particular wording of the election acts of these two provinces where the word "person" is used on contradiction to "male person" as in the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Some of those who fought the suffrage battle in the old days know well why the change was made for Alberta and Saskatchewan; it was because lack of definiteness nearly gave the women of Manitoba the vote; in fact it was only just discovered before the third reading of a certain bill many long years ago, and Alberta and Saskatchewan took no chances.

The Dominion parliament use the provincial lists, but lawyers differ as to whether the Dominion government will accept the lists with women on them or whether they will alter the Dominion Act and make separate lists of their own. No two lawyers agree as to what may happen, but all are unreservedly agreed that the only hope of voting in a Dominion election at the present time is to be on the provincial lists. The making of voters' lists is an expensive matter, and it is simply amazing how thrifty and prudent legislatures can be if they do not want the thing for which the money would be spent. In order to make new lists it is necessary that there should be an appropriation in the estimates, and so far this session no such appropriation has been made. There seems little doubt in the minds of politicians that there will be a Dominion election within the year, and if the women of Manitoba and B.C. are to have at least a fighting chance to vote in that election, it is time to be up and doing. Every member of a local legislature should hear from his women constituents on this point.

so small as bee culture. Asked off hand how much honey has been produced in the province last year, outsiders made wild guesses, running from 500 to 2000 pounds. As a matter of fact over 800,000 pounds of honey were made by the bees, and the sale of the same came to very considerably over \$100,000. There are quite a number of women engaging in bee culture, and more will go into it.

One of the decisions of the convention was of an admirably practical character, namely to place hives of bees in the grounds of convalescent homes for soldiers, the government to provide needful instruction in the care of the bees. There is a growing demand for honey, and with better educational publicity as to its food value this demand should continue to increase. The project to have the honey output marketed co-operatively the same as the wool is an excellent one. Given the necessary knowledge as to handling and a proper market, and a man otherwise incapacitated might make a comfortable addition to his pension in the care of a few hives of bees, and at the same time provide himself with an endless source of pleasure and instruction.

Not only should the potato area on all the farms be increased this year, but every back-yard in city and town should be utilized in so far as it is possible to have it sufficiently prepared. Grow No use wasting seed on poorly prepared ground. Potatoes are scarce the world over.

Europe cannot produce the usual supply owing to lack of fertilizers, and fertilizers cannot be obtained owing to lack of ships, so that supplies for Britain and the continent will largely be produced in America. The United States is short of potatoes for current requirements, and also very short of seed, so that with the best will in the world they cannot increase their acreage materially, so that potatoes are likely to be a good price for another year at least. The back-yard supply will not do much to furnish Europe but a general back-yard potato garden movement would help considerably with the supply for each family, and not only be cheaper than buying, but would be lessening local consumption of the large supplies leaving more for export. There is nothing more healthy than a few hours of garden work for either the man or woman whose daily work lies indoors. It is nothing short of amazing the amount of vegetables which can be grown on a town lot if pains are taken in preparing the ground.

Why I Would Not Allow My Daughter to Be a Dressmaker

Friends have always admired my neat appearance and the style and simplicity of my dress. The fact that I have been a dressmaker enables me to dress in the latest style on less money than my friends

require to make a less smart appearance. I have the satisfaction of knowing that my clothes are properly fitted and that no material has been wasted in the making. There is no necessity for me to wear the same dress a second season, for by making a few changes I can always make it over like new. I have always the satisfaction of knowing that, were I left penniless there would be a means whereby I could earn my bread and butter. Styles may change; but there will always be work for the capable dressmaker.

Yet, notwithstanding all these advantages you will be somewhat surprised that I would not allow my daughter to be a dressmaker. I shall teach her to make her own clothes; but with my consent she will never reach the standard of a dressmaker.

Listen and you shall know my reasons. So often I receive letters from friends like the following:

"Dear Marjorie,—Do come and spend Thanksgiving with us. We are just dying to see you. I have so much to tell you; and say, Marjorie, you know that green velvet that I had made last autumn. Well, my dear, I am making a few changes in it, just a few touches of black velvet added. Nothing much; but you know how I appreciate your judgment in matters like this, and I know that you will help me out"—etc.

I accept the invitation, and during those two days of anticipated pleasure, I rip and plan and sew, until what at first appeared to be an impossibility is at last converted into a presentable costume of the latest style, and all for the sake of friendship.

If I plan a visit to a friend or relative, there is always some sewing awaiting me; something to make or to alter, and although my help might not be directly solicited, I always feel that it is expected of me.

If I drop in to spend an afternoon with a friend, I am sure to be called on for advice, if not for aid in connection with whatever sewing may be on hand. In the event of any sewing being done for a charitable association, I am always expected to take a leading part.

On all these occasions, I am only too pleased to give to others the benefit of my experience; but there are times when the dressmaker, like everyone else, feels that she can appreciate a holiday. But plan as she might, there is no holiday for the capable dressmaker. Once a dressmaker, always a dressmaker.—Irene Wilson.

A Brewer's dray had collided with a heavily laden milk cart and sent can after can splashing into the street. Of course, the world assembled to watch the great event.

A small man, coming up late, had to stand on tip-toe and keep dodging his head from side to side in order to see past an enormously stout woman who was just in front of him. "What is it? What is it?" he kept on asking.

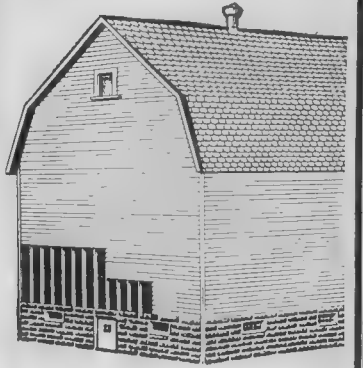
At last he caught a glimpse of the shattered cart and the fresh white milk streaming through the street.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed. "What an awful waste!"

The stout woman looked at him. "Mind your own business, sir," she said. "I have a right to as big a waist as I like."

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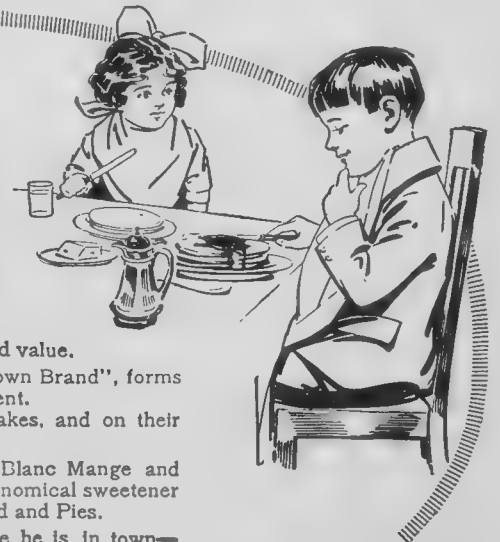
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What Does It Mean?

What do these figures mean? They mean the steady increase from month to month of the amounts of money being sent in from the rural districts to headquarters in Winnipeg for Red Cross supplies. The work done by rural districts and small towns of Manitoba for Red Cross is nothing short of marvelous, especially when it is remembered how extremely difficult it is to get help, and that an increasing share of the work on the farms is falling to the women. "Many daughters have done virtuously but thou excellest them all" might appropriately be applied to Manitoba upon this occasion.

The bee keepers' convention was something of a revelation this year to those who have never bothered with anything

	1915	1916
October	\$333.94	\$1,570.18
November	273.61	1,337.98
December	398.87	1,612.46
	1916	1917
January	588.85	2,931.75

What is Auto-Intoxication —and How to Prevent It

By C. G. Percival, M.D.

Perhaps the best definition I have ever noted of Auto-Intoxication is "Self-Intoxication, or poisoning by compounds produced internally by oneself."

This definition is clearly intelligible because it puts Auto-Intoxication exactly where it belongs; takes it away from the obscure and easily misunderstood, and brings it into the light as an enervating, virulent, poisonous ailment.

It is probably the most insidious of all complaints, because its first indications are that we feel a little below par, sluggish, dispirited, etc., and we are apt to delude ourselves that it may be the weather, a little overwork or the need for a rest—

But once let it get a good hold through non-attention to the real cause and a nervous condition is apt to develop, which it will take months to correct. Not alone that, but Auto-Intoxication so weakens the foundation of the entire system to resist disease that if any is prevalent at the time or if any organ of the body is below par a more or less serious derangement is sure to follow—

The ailments which have been commonly, almost habitually, traced to Auto-Intoxication are: Languor, Headache, Insomnia, Biliousness, Melancholia, Nervous Prostrations, Digestive Troubles, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Disturbance, Liver Troubles.

There are several conditions which may produce Auto-Intoxication, but by far the most common and prevalent one is the accumulation of waste in the colon, caused by insufficient exercise, improper food or more food than Nature can take care of under our present mode of living.

I wonder if you realize how prevalent this most common cause of Auto-Intoxication really is—the clearest proof of it is that one would be entirely safe in stating that there are more drugs consumed in an effort to correct this complaint than for all other human ills combined—it is indeed universal, and if it were once conquered, in the words of the famous medical scientist, Professor Eli Metchnikoff, "the length of our lives would be nearly doubled."

He has specifically stated that if our colons were removed in early infancy we would in all probability live to the age of 150 years.

That is because the waste which accumulates in the colon is extremely poisonous, and the blood, as it flows through the walls of the colon, absorbs these poisons until it is permeated with them. Have you ever, when bilious, experienced a tingling sensation apparent even above the dormant sensation which biliousness creates? I have, and that is Auto-Intoxication way above the danger point.

Now, if laxative drugs were thorough in removing this waste, there could be no arraignment against them—

But they are at best only partially effective

and temporary in their results, and if persisted in soon cease to be effective at all. Their effect is, at best, the forcing of the system to throw off a noxious element, and they, therefore, "jolt" nature instead of assisting her.

There is, however, a method of eliminating this waste, which has been perfected recently after many years of practice and study, which might be aptly termed a Nature remedy. This is the cleansing of the colon its entire length, at reasonable periods, by means of an internal bath, in which simple warm water and a harmless antiseptic are used.

This system already has over half a million enthusiastic users and advocates, who have found it the one effective and harmless preventive of Auto-Intoxication, and a resulting means of consistently keeping them clear in brain, bright in spirits, enthusiastic in their work and most capable in its performance.

The one great merit about this method, aside from the fact that it is so effectual, is that no one can quarrel with it, because it is so simple and natural. It is, as it is called, nothing but a bath, scientifically applied. All physicians have for years commonly recommended old-fashioned Internal Baths, and the only distinction between them is that the newer method is infinitely more thorough, wherefore it would seem that one could hardly fail to recommend it without stultifying himself, could he?

As a matter of fact, I know that many of the most enlightened and successful specialists are constantly prescribing it to their patients.

The physician who has been responsible for this perfected method of Internal Bathing was himself an invalid twenty-five years ago. Medicine had failed and he tried the old-fashioned Internal Bath. It benefited him, but was only partially effective. Encouraged by this progress, however, he improved the manner of administering it, and as this improved so did his health.

Hence, for twenty-five years he has made this his life's study and practice until to-day this long experience is represented in the "J. B. L. Cascade." During all these years of specializing, as may be readily appreciated, most interesting and valuable knowledge was gleaned, and this practical knowledge is all summed up in a most interesting way, and will be sent to you on request, without cost or other obligations, if you will simply address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 256, 163 College Street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in The Western Home Monthly.

The inclination of this age is to keep as far away from medicine as possible, and still keep healthy and capable. Physicians agree that 95 per cent of human ailments is caused by Auto-Intoxication.

These two facts should be sufficient to incline everyone to at least write for this little book and read what it has to say on the subject.

Mrs Finnegan Scores One.

By Frederick Arlington

WHEN all that was mortal of Lawrence Finnegan was borne to his late home, with the explanation that he had attempted to take a nap on the track of the Indian Valley Ry., his widow bore her bereavement with the equanimity born of a conviction that whatever happens in this world is for the best. But when, a year later, Rosie, her cow, was tossed into the ditch, a shapeless mass, from the selfsame track upon which the earthly career of her former master had been cut short, Mrs. Finnegan mourned with a grief too great for solace.

By way of explaining Mrs. Finnegan's rather unconventional conduct it should be said that her late husband had been in the habit of varying the monotony of his labors as a section hand, by going on a spree of a week or ten days' duration after each monthly visit of the pay car. His boss was obliged to overlook these eccentricities because Mr. Finnegan had been promised a life job on the road for having saved, in a spectacular manner, a passenger train from plunging into a washout. During these sprees his favorite amusement was beating his wife with whatever came handy. As sprees are rather costly luxuries, Mr. Finnegan's contributions to the family support were few and meagre.

Rosie, on the other hand, during her entire exemplary life, never once failed to appear at the front gate promptly after the passage of No. 4 at 6.25 p.m. ready to fill a large tin pail with the richest of foaming warm milk. This milk, with the products of the garden cultivated by Mrs. Finnegan, and the chickens raised by her labor, supplied the family larder and furnished such clothing as she possessed. Small wonder, then, that when Mrs. McGuigan called upon Mrs. Finnegan a week after Rosie's tragic end she found crape on the door knob and could elicit no response to her knock, though the sound of moans and ejaculations from the tiny sitting-room told that the mistress of the house was in.

"Oh-h! Ye poo-oor de-ear," exclaimed Mrs. McGuigan in her most consoling accents as she bustled into the room, "now don't take on so. I'm su-ure if there's a heaven f'r cows, R-roosie's there this blessed minnit, an' she wuddent have ye grieve yer hea-art out f'r her."

Mrs. Finnegan's only answer was to bury her face in her hands and rock back and forth as she burst into a tempest of sobs and moans, while her caller stood in the middle of the room with mouth agape. At last her slowly returning wits prompted her to say:—

"Ye poo-oor thing!"

The world of sympathy in the simple exclamation but served to tap afresh the fountain of sorrow in Mrs. Finnegan's breast. Controlling herself after a time she looked up at Mrs. McGuigan through tear-dimmed eyes.

"Ah, poo-oor de-ear R-roosie was such a da-arin' crayture," continued Mrs. Finnegan, her tears starting afresh. "She'd lick me ha-and that affectionate whinivir I'd give her a bite f'r'm the ga-rden, an' she'd stan' in front of the dure in the ma-arnin' an' moo so lovin' f'r me to come out an' milk her. O, Mrs. McGuigan, I can't bea-ar it; I can't bea-ar it."

Mrs. McGuigan racked her brain for some moments for words to assuage the fresh outburst of grief that followed this exclamation.

"A-ah, now! Ah, now! Mrs. Finnegan," she said at last. "Do-on't take ahn so. Ye'll fret yerself sick if ye go on that way. It wo-on't do." Seeing that this had no effect she added desperately, after a pause, "An' ye can buy another cow, Mrs. Finnegan."

"Another cow, d'ye say, Mrs. McGuigan?" snapped Mrs. Finnegan in a blaze of wrath. "Where's there another cow on ear-rth like me poo-oor de-ear R-roosie? An' if cows were thicker'n flies in August, whe-ere'd I get the money to buy wan?"

This was a poser. But inspiration came at last, and Mrs. McGuigan's face lighted up as she exclaimed:—

"Make the r-railroad buy ye wan."

"How'll I do that?"

"W'y the r-railroad kilt poo-oor R-roosie, didn't it? Thin make the r-railroad buy ye another cow."

"'Tis easier said than done."

"Oh-h, I don't know! There was me fri'nd McPatrick that had a fi-ne shoat kilt by wan o' thim rid divil wugins la-ast summer. McPatrick found out the name of the ma-an that had the divil wagin was McVandherhilp, or somethin' like that. So he tuck the train to the city an' went sthraight to McVandherhilp's office, or whatever his name was, an' he says, says he, 'Ye've kilt me pig with yer dom'd divil wagin,' says he. 'How much?' says McVandherhilp. 'Fifty dollars,' says McPatrick. 'There ye ar-re,' says McVandherhilp. 'Thank ye kindly, sir,' says McPatrick, says he. An' that was all there was to it. Now if I was you, Mrs. Finnegan, I'd go sthraight to the r-railroad an' I'd say, 'Ye-ve kilt me cow.' 'How much?' says they. 'Fifty dollars,' says ye. 'Here ye ar-re,' says they. An' then ye'll come ho-ome an' buy ye a fi-ne young cow an' live happy ever after, as they do in the fairy tales."

"Well, now, p'raps I wud," assented Mrs. Finnegan, drying her eyes on her apron. So it was decided, after an infinite amount of discussion, that Mrs. Finnegan should leave her affairs, which meant the care of her dog Charley, an evil-looking brute, part bulldog and part meanness, and the chickens in the care of Mrs. McGuigan while she went to division headquarters at Omaha to present her claim for poor Rosie's slaughter in person.

The next day but one after that of Mrs. McGuigan's inspiration, No. 2 carried Mrs. Finnegan, arrayed in her ancient black alpaca and black-beaded bonnet, to Omaha without any more of incident than usually befalls the untraveller. Oft-repeated inquiries of all who would listen and of many who would not, supplemented at last by the kindly guidance of a newsboy, led the aggrieved widow to a door inscribed:—

"DIVISION SUPERINTENDENT"

Mrs. Finnegan found herself in a large room, at one end of which was a roll-top desk. In a swivel chair behind the desk sat a red-headed, red-bearded man with a broad expanse of white waistcoat bisected by a ponderous gold chain. His face, for the time being, was redder than his beard, for he was delivering to an audience consisting of a deferential but very nervous little man a violent oration, or declamation, or something, in which the words, "number one," and "laid out," and "Coffman Siding," and "orders," were jumbled with strange oaths. Being unable to make anything of the scene, or to attract attention, Mrs. Finnegan advanced to the center of the room and, after a preliminary "hem!" exclaimed in her most severe tones:—

"Ye've kilt me cow."

"Go to the devil!" roared the red-faced occupant of the swivel chair without looking up.

Mrs. Finnegan fled from the room, her eyes so suffused with tears that she ran into one of her countrymen, in a checked blouse, and carrying a pail of water in each hand, whom she nearly knocked down stairs.

"Dom it, why don't ye—" he yelled; then seeing the tear-blinded old woman as he turned his head, he continued in his politest accents, "I beg yer pardon, mum. The flure's so slippery I nearly lost me balance, an' if ye hadn't been in hearin' I might 'ave used sthrong language."

The response to this being a sob, he continued:—

"Cheer up, mum! Trouble loves a wet s'il, so dhry yer eyes before yer grief takes r-root."

"'Tis easy to be comfortin' when ye've not had yer sole support taken f'r'm ye by a murderin' r-railroad."

"Have they kilt yer ma-an?"

"I bear them no ill-will f'r tha-at."

"A-a-a-a-a?"

Janitor Murphy scratched his head and stared.

"But they've kilt me poo-oor, de-ear Rosie, an' now they'll give me no satisfaction, the blagga-ards."

"Yer da'ter?"

"Me cow."

"Fer the love o' God!" Janitor Murphy crossed himself devoutly as he

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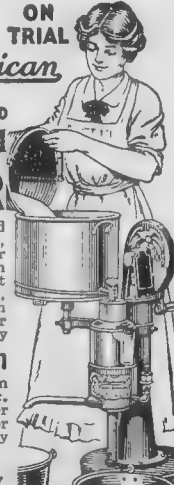
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stared for a moment in amazement. Then it occurred to him that she might be mentally unbalanced, so he again became sympathetic.

"An' where's yer home?"

"Pender."

"O, ye were just goin' to take the train f'r Pender when I stopped ye, weren't ye? If we hurry y'll catch it yet."

So it came to pass that before she exactly realized what had happened Mrs. Finnegan was well on her way home. As the full import of the humiliating failure of her mission dawned upon her she wept again. Suddenly her face lighted up with the dawn of a great idea.

As "No. 1" paused for a fleeting moment at the Pender platform, Mrs. Finnegan alighted with great deliberation and many complacent nods of her head. Soon after reaching her home Mrs. McGuigan and Charley, who had been eagerly awaiting her return, came boisterously in.

"A-ah, Mrs. Finnegan! An' how did ye come out?"

"Whin I do come out I'll have satisfaction an' the price of me cow."

"So they tr-treated ye all right, did they? I told ye so. Them r-railroaders ar-re gintlemen."

"They're divils."

"Didn't they settle wid ye?"

"They're goin' to."

"Thin why this strong language?"

"Language, Mrs. McGuigan? Language? What's language whin ye're so full of feelin's ye can't talk? I'll lave the language to thim blagga-ards in Omehah. They'll need it whin they've finished with Mary Ann Finnegan."

"An' ye didn't get a cint?"

"I've come home f'r ye to witness the payment."

"Ye talk sstrangely, Mrs. Finnegan."

"So will thim thirty r-railroad pups."

"What d'ye mean?"

"That 'tis time to be goin'. Come, Mrs. McGuigan; let's go f'r the money. We'll take Cha-arley wid us. I hanker f'r his society to-day."

Mrs. McGuigan, much perplexed and more alarmed, followed Mrs. Finnegan out through the little garden and then across Campbell's meadow toward the railroad track. Charley followed close behind, glowering evilly at the landscape and occasionally licking his chop with sinister suggestiveness.

Buster Jim Sampson, who happened to be pulling "No. 2" on this particular day, hooked the two hundred and thirty-two up in the first notch, and with a series of insinuating jerks coaxed the throttle clear out into the gangway as the last of the five coaches swung around the curve back of Sorghum Miller's barn just below Pender and steadied down into the seven miles of straight, level track to Lyons. He had orders to meet a special which he knew carried "The Old Man" (otherwise the president of the road) at Lyons and he was four minutes late. The two hundred and thirty-two responded nobly. By this time the coach wheels were only hitting the high centers, while the passengers grasped at the seats and only breathed when they happened to think of it. Buster Jim was in the very act of congratulating himself on his ability to get 'em over the road, when there loomed into his vision a queer black object between the rails not more than a thousand feet ahead. Instantly his left hand shoved the throttle home and began clawing wildly for the sand lever, while his right jerked the handle of the air brake valve clear around to emergency stop.

By the time the passengers had recovered sufficiently to begin to crawl out from under the seats and wonder if they were the sole survivors, the two hundred and thirty-two had come to a stop with the tip of her pilot not more than twenty feet from the queer black object. Buster Jim slid open his window and looked out. Now Buster Jim was known far and wide as the most volubly profane man on the Indian Valley Railroad; but what he saw when he looked from his window that day kindled emotions that mere words were pitifully inadequate to express. He slowly turned his head until his eyes rested on Truthful Sam, his fireman, who had stepped into the gangway behind him. The two looked at each other, then at the object on the track.

Yes, it was true. The object on the track was an elderly woman, unmistakably Irish, clad in black alpaca and hold-

ing an umbrella to ward off the rays of the too ardent sun, sitting flat on the ground squarely between the rails, the incarnation of imperturbable equanimity. It was Mrs. Finnegan. Beside her, with ears back, bristles up, muscles tense, eyes a-glitter with green fire, stood a dog—Charley. Just across the ditch, frozen stiff and speechless with terror, stood Mrs. McGuigan. For a full minute the tableau was undisturbed. Then Buster Jim yelled:

"Hey there! What in blazes you doin'? Git off the track." Seeing that this produced no effect whatever, he continued: "Say, Sam, git down and chase that old woman off."

Sam sprang down and started forward; but seeing Charley watching him out of the corners of his eyes while his upper lip fluttered in a nervous sort of way over a most magnificent set of teeth, he retreated precipitately to the shelter of the gangway.

Then Buster Jim opened the cylinder cocks, started the steam bell ringer, began a series of spasmodic toots on the whistle and, with the pop valve emitting a demoniac, sputtering roar, started the two hundred and thirty-two forward. The noise was appalling, but it never feazed Mrs. Finnegan. With Charley it was different. With a wild half bark growl, he sprang at the advancing pilot and tore splinters from the wooden bars with his teeth until the thing came to a stop when it touched Mrs. Finnegan, who turned around and leaned comfortably back against the pilot.

Brakeman Shorty Olson came running up "What's the matter?" he inquired.

"Git that woman off the track," yelled Buster Jim.

Shorty dashed forward on his mission. Charley was so engrossed in his attack on the pilot that he did not notice Shorty until that gentleman was almost upon him. Charley promptly abandoned the pilot to charge the new foe. Shorty made record time on the return trip until he met Conductor Kingman, better known, because of his finicky tastes in matters of dress, as "Miss Georgie." Miss Georgie, who had been in time to see the charge and counter charge, called out in his sternest tones:—

"Git a coupling pin and brain that brute, and then help that woman off the track."

"Can't. I got to go back an' flag. Ye know sixteen follered us right out o' Pender."

"You're mighty busy all of a sudden," exclaimed baggageman Billy Byrnes as he sprang out of the side door of his car. "Now lemme show you how to handle a dog. All you got to do is to hold your hat out kind o' low and wave it slowly back and forth and look him straight in the eye, and no dog on earth'll dast to touch you."

Suiting his actions to his words, Billy gallantly advanced. Charley, regarding his conduct as a particularly aggravating affront, charged with great energy. The waving hat confused him so that he failed to spring for Billy's throat, as he had intended, but dashed between his legs instead, throwing the baggageman violently to the ground to the great delight of a score of passengers who had alighted in time to see the performance. Before Charley could check himself and return to the attack, the voice of his mistress rose above the roar of the two-hundred-and-thirty-two's pop calling him to her side. Being well-trained, he obeyed, though reluctantly. Mrs. Finnegan put her arms around Charley, holding him firmly to her side.

"Stay by me, da-arlin'," she said soothingly. "Yer place is right here."

Seeing the dog under restraint, Miss Georgie, Shorty, the express messenger, the mail clerk and several passengers ventured nearer.

"What are you doing there?" demanded Miss Georgie.

"En'jyin' meself."

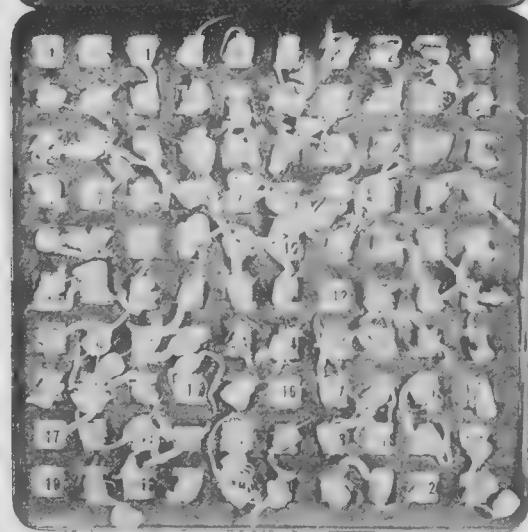
"Well, get out of the way, or we'll run over you."

"Ye'd bettther not try it. Ye've run over me old ma-an, an' ye've r-run over me poo-oor, de-car Rosie; but I ha-ardly think ye'll r-run over me, will he, Cha-arley?"

Charley licked his chops and glowered at Miss Georgie.

"She must be crazy," said Miss Georgie to a smooth-shaven, well-dressed, self-assertive gentleman who had come forward from the parlor car.

Now Fate has a habit of doing unex-



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About the Farm

Care of Brood Mares

By Grattan

Some horsemen utterly neglect the brood mare, while others err in giving too much attention. The latter forget that exercise is necessary and that strong, heavy foods are undesirable.

Exercise but Avoid Accidents

A mare in foal may be safely used to do ordinary farm work, as long as she is not asked to strain herself, as is usually the case when a snowdrift or a mud-hole makes it a difficult matter for a horse to avoid putting forth extreme muscular efforts in order to pull a load. Slipping on icy spots is a common cause for abortion, but many times mares are thoughtlessly turned out when ice abounds and less frequently they are driven on icy roads without being properly shod.

If more than two of the farm mares are in foal it is almost a foregone conclusion that some two of them will fight when turned out together. No surer method of causing trouble exists than a kick in the abdomen from another horse. It will be far better to give them their exercise in harness, doing such light tasks as may usually be provided about the farm.

If the mares are worked in winter when their feet are likely to become balled up with ice and snow, the balls should always be knocked out before they are driven in on to the stable floor, where there would be danger of their slipping.

Mares kept in box stalls sometimes get injured by being caught in a half-closed door going out or in the stall, according

things are making fair progress he should await developments.

In a very large percentage of cases the act of foaling in mares is naturally performed. Sometimes this does not occur, especially is this the case where the mare has led an idle life, and her muscles are in a flabby condition as a consequence. When things are all right, birth is the most rapid in horses of all domesticated animals. In cases where labor pains have been frequent and severe for a time and no progress is apparently being made toward delivery, the attendant must decide that some abnormal condition exists and the aid of the veterinarian should be had.

If the mare is kept in the stable, see that all the bedding is removed after the foal arrives; this, together with the after-birth, should be burned. Saturate the floor with a disinfectant solution and give dry bedding.

In some cases the mare is unnatural and vicious with her foal, and if not prevented will injure and probably destroy it. In this case the attendant should not leave her until her fear or dislike of the foal has been overcome and the youngster has sucked. If the foal be strong and smart and the mare is giving it the proper attention the less interference the better.

After Foaling

Give the mare bran mash for a day or two to reduce the fever incident to parturition and feed her on clean hay and oats. Reduce the oats and increase the bran if the foal shows evidence of constipation, but do not feed barley to the

exercise, clean water and comfortable quarters for the brood mares at all times, and the stables kept clean, well lighted and ventilated.

Cost of Production and Profit

In my opinion it is useless to try to increase the production of dairy products unless dairying can be made more attractive to the average farmer, and it will not be more attractive until it is more profitable. The average dairyman is losing money, and the future looks anything but bright. Washington is now producing about what dairy products are needed for home consumption. If we increase the production we must seek outside markets and compete with those states that are not only producing a better article, but are producing it cheaper, because of having cheaper land.

In our cow testing association of 24 herds there are 7 herds that gave an average of 418 lbs. of milk for the month of November at a cost of \$2 per 100 lbs. for feed. To this we must add about \$1.00 per 100 lbs. for care, depreciation, interest, taxes, etc., or \$3.00 per 100 lbs. Milk is worth from \$2 to \$2.40 at the farm, showing that these farmers are working for nothing and boarding themselves.

The best 7 herds in our association gave an average of 816 lbs. of milk per cow at a cost for feed of \$1.17 as compared with \$2 by the poorest 7 herds. Nearly every herd in the valley has more or less of these boarder cows that are not paying for their board. The object of this association is to pick out these boarders and help these farmers to keep and care for better cows.

If we have cows that produce 300 lbs. of fat we must have a 300-lb. man to feed and care for her. Simply buying a good cow and feeding her all she will eat does not mean successful dairying by a long way.

A successful dairyman must not only know how much to feed, but also what to feed to produce the best results with the different cows. Two brothers in our association have each a herd of cows. One produces milk at 80c per 100 lbs.; the other at \$1.60 per 100 for feed. The Poor Farm herd produces milk at \$1.06 per 100 while at the Soldiers' Home it costs \$2.50 for feed.

Whenever we find a profit producing herd of cows we will be likely to find a prosperous and contented farmer that is an asset to the community.

It is estimated that one-third of the cows in this state are making a profit for their owners, one-third are about breaking even, and the other third are making a loss. In my opinion the only way to make dairying successful in this valley with our high-priced land, is to cheapen the cost of producing milk by weeding out the boarders, and increasing the production of the better cows, and this to my mind resolves itself down to a matter of education, and that education must be taken to the farm, as the man that is keeping the unprofitable cows can be reached in no other way. He must be shown. He seldom reads dairy literature or attends dairy meetings.

Probably no other agency offers so good a chance to take the education to the right man as the cow testing association. If we can get these men to join the association, we can show what each cow produces and what she costs, and in this way may be able to convince the farmer that he is working for nothing when he keeps cows that do not pay for their board.

Some of the business men of Tacoma, believing that something ought to be done to build up the dairy industry near their city, conceived the idea of helping the farmer with small means to keep cows. This is a laudable undertaking and deserves success, but I cannot help but feel that they have begun at the wrong end and will fail to accomplish all that they are trying to do. They have employed a good man to buy the best grade cows to be had, and have sold them to the farmers on the installment plan, which is probably the only way these farmers can buy.

It seems to me that where this undertaking will fail, is in selling these good cows to the farmers and not sending the education along with them. Very few men who have not had a good deal of experience with cows will succeed at first. It seems to me that it would be a good plan to employ a man that thoroughly understands the feeding and care of cows to watch these cows carefully for a year

pected, illogical things, and it had pleased the eccentric goddess to decree, not only that the Old Man's special should be lying at Lyons waiting for number two, but that the general claim agent of the Indian Valley Railroad should be journeying southward on this same number two, now held up by Mrs. Finnegan and her dog. It was General Claim Agent Harrington whom Miss Georgie had addressed. Mr. Harrington now took command of the situation.

"Who is this woman?" he asked.

"Larry Finnegan's widow," answered Shorty, who knew everybody on the road.

"Why have you stopped the train, Mrs. Finnegan?" demanded Mr. Harrington.

"I want pay f'r the cow ye've kilt f'r me."

"Well, well, this is no way to get it. Send your claim to Omaha; and if it is just it will be paid in due time."

"Omehah! Omehah! Don't ye say Omehah to me. I went to Omehah an' the brick-topped blaggard there told me to go to a place that was invited an' set aside 'specially f'r r-railroad men. An' now I'm goin' to have pay f'r me poo-oor murdered R-roosie before I l'ave this spot."

Mr. Harrington found himself losing command of the situation.

"How do I know you had a cow killed?" he demanded, betrayed by his emotions into an appearance of negotiating.

"There's her grave over there, poo-oor thing," replied Mrs. Finnegan, pointing to a fresh mound of earth near the fence.

"We killed a cow, all right, coming up the other day," interposed Shorty.

"Well, well my good woman, tell me what she was worth, and I'll see what can be done about it when I get to Omaha."

"She was wort' fifty dollars, an' ye'll see about it before ye git a foot nearer Omehah than ye ar-re now, unless ye go be ha-and."

"Fifty dollars! Why, I could buy the best cow in the country for thirty-five dollars. Come, come, Mr. Kingman, remove that woman and let's get on."

Miss Georgie took a step forward. "Come on, boys," he called. His request being re-enforced by Mr. Harrington's urgings, Shorty and the express messenger supported Miss Georgie on either flank, though it must be said the advance was without enthusiasm.

"Watch 'em, Cha-arley," warned Mrs. Finnegan. Charley promptly showed a whole-hearted willingness to watch 'em by springing forward a step and emitting a series of ferocious growls and barks. The three hastily retired.

"Say! but you are a brave lot," sneered Mr. Harrington.

"P'raps you'd like the job yourself," retorted Shorty.

"O, confound it, I'd rather pay the fifty out of my own pocket than lay out the president's special any longer," said Mr. Harrington, ignoring Shorty's suggestion. "Here, Madame, here's your fifty dollars," he continued, peeling two twenties and a ten off a huge roll which he fished up from the depths of his trousers pocket.

"I said sixty dollars."

"Sixty dollars? Cows seem to be going up in your market, Mrs. Finnegan."

"Tis the beef trust."

"Well, for heaven's sake come and get your money and let us go on."

"Ye'll hand it to me like a gentleman."

"I'm not coming near that dog."

"He shan't hur-rt ye if ye behave yer-self," said Mrs. Finnegan, throwing her skirt over Charley's head and holding him tightly with one arm. Mr. Harrington grew purple in the face and breathed hard for a moment. Then he peeled another ten off the roll and handed it to Shorty, who cautiously advanced near enough to toss the little roll into the widow's lap. She took it, counted it twice with great deliberation, tied it in a handkerchief, deposited the handkerchief in a pocket which she found in her skirt after a long search, rose, brushed herself off with one hand and at last stepped aside.

"Now ye kin go," she said.

Not until they had reached Mrs. Finnegan's gate did Mrs. McGuigan find her tongue. Then, looking up with the adoration which humility pays to genius she exclaimed:—

"A-ah, Mrs. Finnegan! That wuz the time ye sco-ored wan."



A Happy Family, Enjoying Home Comforts. Taken on the Farm of Mr Geo. Ball, Gladstone.

to the direction in which the door opens, and sometimes a mare that is somewhat stubborn about being driven into the stall or the stable gets a bad fall by reason of getting a blow with a whip in the hands of the person trying to drive her. Such mares should never be driven into the stall or stable, but should be led.

Feed for the Brood Mares

In the matter of feeding almost any good sensible feed may be allowed. Smutty corn or rusty oats should not be fed under any consideration. Good oats, bran and well cured hay make a food that would be hard to improve on. It goes without saying that a mare should never be kept tied in an open stall as foaling time approaches, and a box stall is better at all times.

At Foaling Time

It will be well to keep as close a watch as possible for the arrival of the youngster, but do not press any more attention on the mare than is absolutely necessary. In most cases it is wise for the watcher to keep as quiet and as much out of sight of the mare as possible, but at the same time be in such a position that he can observe her actions and note the progress being made toward delivery. If the attendant has an intelligent idea of the act when it takes place in a normal manner, he will be able to recognize abnormal conditions, and if not able to rectify these he should send promptly for a veterinarian. A very important point with the attendant is to know when to interfere, as much harm is sometimes done by premature or irrational interference, as is at other times by being too tardy. He should not be anxious to render assistance, he should be content to allow nature a fair opportunity to perform her functions, and when

mare, as it is almost certain to cause diarrhoea in the foal.

Instinct is supposed to teach the mare to at once rupture the membranes, which very often encloses the foal when born, but experience has taught me that even when birth is easy and not preceded by great pain, she will generally lie for a few minutes after delivery, and in the meantime the colt may perish. When this happens the attendant should at once sever the membranes. In all cases in which the navel cord is not severed, he should tie it tightly with a strong, soft cord, about an inch from the abdomen, and sever it with a scraping motion of the knife about an inch below that. When the cord is cut in this manner, bleeding will not occur as it will if the cord be cut straight with a knife. Moisten the foal's navel with a solution of listerine creolin every day until the cord dries up and drops off, leaving no sore. If the foal's bowels do not move within a few hours inject a mixture of glycerine and water into the rectum with a rubber bulb syringe, repeat until a movement follows. With this stage reached, the foal will be started in life satisfactorily and its future welfare will depend upon the care it gets. It seems to me that there is always more danger of a foal being killed by kindness than by neglect. One of the most certain methods of causing disorders in young foals is to begin dosing as soon as the youngster is on his feet. I have raised quite a number of colts in my 30 years of farming and have yet to lose the first from navel ill. Many lose the foal from this evil for no other reason that I could ever see but carelessness in care and feed and lack of cleanliness of surroundings. I attribute my success with foals to following the method of giving good feed, gentle

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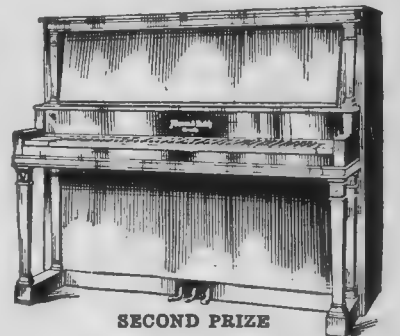


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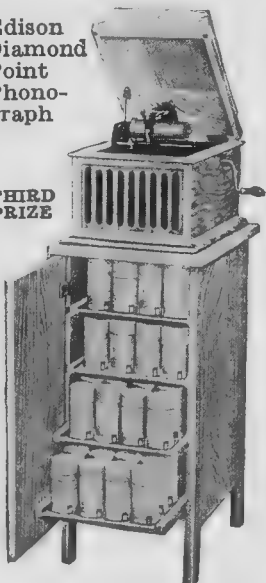
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THIRD PRIZE



The Wheat Sample

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How to Estimate

The persons who win these prizes will be those who use intelligence in estimating. Do not merely guess. A good way to do is to actually count out, say, one pound or half a pound of wheat. Do this with several representative samples, and from the average count you get, the approximate number of kernels in ten pounds may be easily estimated. There are a good many thousand kernels in ten pounds of wheat. A lot of people will be careless in estimating, so if you are careful you have a splendid chance of winning. These Big Rewards will be delivered to the respective winners F.O.B. their nearest stations.

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is the oldest farm paper in Western Canada. It is published in Winnipeg on the 5th and 20th of each month, and is edited by men who have learned agriculture by actual experience. They are men who have come from the farm and know farm conditions in the West as they actually are. The best farmers in the country also relate their experiences in the columns of **The Nor'-West Farmer**. Often do we receive letters from subscribers stating that the helpful information and advice in some one article has saved them more than the subscription price for the rest of their lives. Legal and veterinary advice is freely given through our columns to subscribers without charge. Regular departments are provided for the discussion of all questions relating to the farm, including Field, Live Stock, Dairy, Poultry, Garden and Forestry, and a regular fortnightly review of live stock and grain markets. The Home Circle conducted by our lady editor, a mother, and a farmer by instinct, will appeal to every woman in the land. No farmer's wife or daughter can read this department without getting a new vision of woman's place on the farm. Our Home Circle radiates enthusiasm that is contagious.

The Nor'-West Farmer Limited, Winnipeg, Man.

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or two and show the owners not only how to feed, but what to feed and how to take good care of them, and then see that they do it.—Extracts from an address by A. W. Langdon of Washington.

How I Kept a Record of My Cows

By George Aders

I entered the dairy club contest April the first. At this time we were milking twenty cows keeping daily records, and they were tested once each month by the tester in our cow testing association, who has done much towards the improvement of the herd. After the cows were tested in March, I selected the five best and began my work. Each cow's milk was weighed and the cows were fed according to the amount of milk produced. Special care was taken to see that they had plenty of water and salt, and were fed a mixture of three parts corn and two parts bran.

At the beginning of the test each received about seven pounds of grain, twelve pounds of hay, and thirty pounds of silage daily. Their feed was gradually increased as they responded. At the close of the first month their grain had been increased about twenty-five per cent, their production had increased 14 per cent, and the profit over the cost of feed had been increased 18 per cent.

The beginning of the second month I quit feeding silage and hay and turned them on bluegrass and white clover pasture and within a few days they began to show quite a little gain on their milk flow. At the same time I also began milking the Holstein three times per day, which accounts for her increase over the other four.

On the tenth of May, I began herding them on rye at spare times after milking in the evening. This also increased the milk flow considerably and affected the test very little if any. At the end of the test they were receiving about forty per cent more grain, giving about forty per cent more milk and testing about the same, which made an increase in profit of about thirty-three and one-third per cent.

During the sixty days previous to the contest they made a profit over the cost of feed of one hundred and nine dollars and fifty-one cents. During the sixty days in the contest, they made a net profit of one hundred and seventy-nine dollars and ninety-two cents, or an increase in profit of seventy dollars and forty-one cents.

The Stock Raising Way is Best

A Wisconsin subscriber writes us to say that he has tried shipping his milk to Chicago and Milwaukee and also in sending it to a neighboring condensery. That owing to the undue haste and desire for a change on the part of his neighbors and himself, they allowed the creamery to be closed up and now they are in the hands of parties who compel a constant fight to secure a square deal. He is very much dissatisfied with the result. He can see that he is obliged to keep just as much help to handle his milk as he did when he sent the cream to the creamery and kept the skimmilk at home. "Then," he says, "I raised each year a nice lot of hogs and calves and had a chance to sell several cows each year, which, together with the vealing of bull calves, brought me a nice revenue."

He has been following this method of sending the whole milk away from the farm for five years and he sees that his farm is suffering on account of it. Further, he is not satisfied with the effect on his mind and ambition to be a good farmer which now exists. There is almost a plaintive quality in the words that follow:

"I tell you I miss the stimulus that used to come to me, the pride and ambition that I felt when I was raising a nice lot of heifers and turning off each year a nice lot of fat hogs. I can see that I am not really making as much yearly profit as I did when we had the creamery here."

If our friend will hark back he will remember that Hoard's Dairyman has repeatedly warned its readers that there is loss in actual profit, loss in fertility, and loss in ambition as farmers, when they forsake the creamery. The good old Bible contains this passage: "There is a way that seemeth right to a man but the end thereof is death."

It is too bad that dairy farmers as a class are not better reasoners than they are; that they are caught so easily with superficial and unsound business policies. But so it is. When the farmers forsake the creameries they give themselves up

to a class of men who control the output of the farm to their own profit and the farmer is helpless. Just because it takes a little longer to bring results in the old way they abandon it. There is no way of keeping up a farm except you feed it, and you cannot feed it profitably except you keep as large an amount of live stock on it as it can carry. That kind of farming puts up the bars; keeps things snug and growing. You can see the effects of it when you look at the men who follow it faithfully. They have got something to show for their labor and thought and it makes a different class of men and farmers of them and that is worth a good deal.

We recognize that some farmers must supply the cities with milk. It is to be regretted, however, that too few of them appreciate that shipping milk demands somewhat different practice in the handling of their soil, the feeding of their calves, and the managing of their farm business in general. If they do not comprehend the difference between selling cream and whole milk they sooner or later meet with the same conditions as expressed by our subscriber.

Yes, that Bible quotation is everlastingly right.—Hoard's Dairyman.

The Cost of a Milk Service

Recently The Sun referred to the report of the Crescent Creamery in Winnipeg, which claimed that it cost that company 11c per quart to distribute milk in the Manitoba capital, allowing earnings of .28 cents per quart, which was claimed by the company to be cheaper than the largest and most reliable milk companies in many important centres in the U.S., including New York.

There appears to be a nigger in the wood pile somewhere. An investigating committee's accountant investigated the books of the "Big Five," in New York, the Borden, Sheffield Farms, Alexander Campbell, Clover Farms, and Mutual McDermott companies, and found that it cost these big companies 8.63 cents to produce and deliver a 9c or 10c quart of milk.

The cost of handling was found to be practically the same with each of the large concerns and the averages per quart are as follows:

Handling in country.....	\$.0029
Teaming in city.....	.0029
Pasteurizing.....	.0037
Bottle and cap.....	.0024
Delivery service.....	.0238
Freight.....	.0093
Office, advertising, etc.....	.0031
	\$.0481

The accountant added that the net average profit of the total amount of milk handled in one year, including the revenue from the by-products, such as butter, cheese, and from the milk wholesaled by the can to dealers, amounts to 27-100 of a cent a quart.

The sales of the largest of the "Big Five" in the past year were: raw milk—16,000,000 quart bottles, 6,000,000 pint bottles, 50,000 quarts in cans. Pasteurized milk—58,000,000 quart bottles, 11,000,000 pint bottles, 7,000,000 quarts in cans. The gross sales of the company were \$17,500,000.

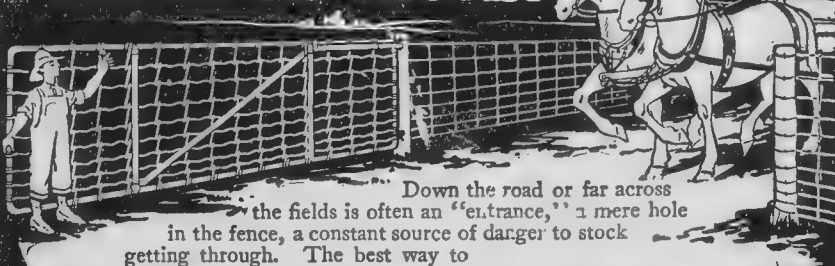
The witness estimated daily average sales of milk in the city of New York at 3,000,000 quarts on which a yearly net profit of \$3,650,000 is made. He said he had found no evidence in the books that there is a combination for the distribution of milk, or that the "competitive cost" of selling milk in New York is less than the average cost in other lines of business. Pasteurizing, he asserted, is cheaper in the country than in the city.—Weekly Sun.

Perfecting the Dairy Cow

Not long ago I stood in one of the finest barns it ever was my privilege to visit. Ranged along on either side of a wide passageway leading the whole length of the stable were a number of beautiful cows. Off at one side in a stall by herself a member of the herd was being milked. The man who was doing the work was a graduate of a state agricultural college who was receiving \$100 for the work he was doing in connection with that dairy.

As I stood there and watched this man milk the cow and took in the fine points of this splendid creature, I could not help thinking what a change has

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come over the dairy business in the past half century. Everything this man did was done as carefully as if the most important results depended upon him. The cow was at that time being tested. While her milk was being drawn she was eating a mess of grain that had been most skillfully prepared—so much of this kind of food, so much of that. She was not to be disturbed in any way during the process of eating and milking. When the operator spoke to me in answer to my questions, it was in a low tone of voice, so that the cow might not be distracted from the one thing which was engaging her attention at the moment. It certainly was a great object lesson to me in modern methods of dairy farming, and I learned that this was only one feature of the care and the accuracy and the perfectly devised system that was being observed on that farm.

As I look back now from the vantage ground of fifty years, it almost seems to me that then it was not so much the quality of the cows we kept or the manner of their keeping that counted with the farmers of those days as it was the number. I remember the cows my father had. He was a good feeder and he took the best care of his stock that anybody in the neighborhood did. His cows were very carefully groomed every day. I can remember now how sleek they looked; every hair seemed to lie in the right direction. And he fed grain together with his hay. He liked to have his cows give a good mess of milk, and he wished the cream to be deep on the old-fashioned pans in which the milk was set.

But never was anything said about weighing the milk of the different cows; neither did the thought enter into the minds of any of us that there was a way of knowing just how rich was the milk given by any cow, aside from the gauge of thickness on the pan. All these things have come since. We did not stop to ask what breed a cow was. So long as she was a good looking cow, not too old, and gave a good mess of milk, that was enough to recommend her if she were in the market.

Now the question is, have we come to the best in estimating the worth of our cows? Fifty years ago we could have bought four cows, and perhaps five or six, for what we must now pay for one. The price of good cows at the present time is certainly encouraging—for the man who has them to sell. For the man who buys it seems often quite prohibitive. Last week a sale of pure-bred cows was held in the city of Binghamton, N.Y., at which cows brought prices that would have seemed fabulous to the men of a few years ago. But we are at the zenith now? Have we the best cow to-day? Will we ever know higher prices than we do now? In short, are there any finer points to be attained in the dairy cow? If so, what are they?

I want to confine myself to that one phase of the subject now: Can we bring out any finer points in the cow of tomorrow? It is a question every breeder of fine stock is asking himself, for it does seem to be a fact that the better cows we have, the better we would like to have. The moment we come to a place where we are satisfied with present attainments, that moment we begin to slip backward. We have got to go forward; if we do not, a thousand things attack us to pull us down.

Better Masters, Better Cows

It seems to me to be true that our best work for the future will be in the way of perfecting types we now have. If we have cows with superior points, we cannot do better than to lay every possible stress upon developing those points until little or nothing remains to be done before we can say, "I have the most perfect cow in this particular the world ever saw." This will call for more careful, more accurate, more carefully considered work than we have been giving our business in the past. In other words, the day of loose, poorly digested work is done.

What is this but saying that from now on, the best work done in this field will be done in the man himself? It is the man who must be developed, and educated, and perfected. The cow which has a master whose life is carried on according to slipshod, careless, and haphazard plans will never have a cow with better points than he has now. To attain better results in our cows we must put

more of ourselves into every particular of the work we are doing. If we are not willing to do this, we may as well abandon all idea of ever doing anything that will contribute to the advancement of the dairy farming of our day.

But is it worth while to place so much emphasis on a businesslike dairying? Is it a thing a man may be proud of to bring out a cow with better points and more of them than any other man has done? Just this may be the answer: The man who does not think it worth the very best there is in him is not worthy to be engaged in the great enterprise of dairy farming. It is a thing to be proud of. We may all of us feel that when we are putting the very best there is in us into the minutest details of our work, we are contributing to the betterment of the world and our fellow men.

Poultry Chat

H. E. Vialoux, Charleswood

THE Twenty-seventh Annual Poultry Show at the Industrial Bureau, which took place on February 13th to 17th, was a signal success from every point of view. A display of truly magnificent birds, hatched and bred in royal purple—real aristocrats of poultrydom; keen competition in all classes and record-breaking crowds of visitors each day of the show.

The energetic Secretary, G. H. Vowles, and the Directors of the Poultry Association were highly gratified with the great exhibition of nearly 2,500 birds, and look forward to securing a larger building and better housing facilities in 1918.

The many beautiful buff orpingtons and white wyandottes were an outstanding feature of the show. The orpingtons numbered 115 birds, 70 of them cocks and cockerels, and "not a poor bird in the lot." McArthur, Hoffman & Crundwell, G. H. Vowles and J. Yellowlees won many prizes in this class.

Art Serviss' "Champion of the West" captured many prizes in wyandottes—birds of splendid shape, large size and snowy plumage. Restrict and Smart and Johnstone were also prize winners in this showy class, which were very much admired.

The leghorns were a large class, also. The Maple Leaf Poultry Yards taking many prizes on the little white beauties shown, and W. L. Purdie won best pen in Mediterranean class.

The barred rocks were not so large an exhibit, as they should have been this year, but the veteran breeder, "Wood," of Holland, showed some grand birds, winning most of the prizes in the farmer's favorite breed and sweepstakes for best utility pen in show.

There were exhibits of all the fancy breeds, including one new breed shown for the first time in Winnipeg. "The Golden Buttercups". Jas. Eaton won three first prizes on this exhibit. Turkeys, ducks and geese were numerous and of good quality. R. D. Laing, of Stonewall, won many trophies in all three classes. His first prize gobbler, weighing 42 pounds, was a feature of the show. Lachance, of St. Eustache, and Mrs. Dumbril also won prizes in turkeys. The display of pigeons and bantams was a splendid one. Five hundred were shown and drew forth much admiration. One hundred rabbits of all breeds and Belgian hares made an attractive exhibit for the children.

The new-laid eggs, brown and white, looked very tempting and were unusually large. One dozen weighed 26 ounces—sweepstakes won by A. M. Edgar for silver campine eggs.

Certainly the big show should stimulate the poultry industry and doubtless many of the visiting farmers made arrangements to secure some purebred stock for the coming spring.

Hatching will shortly be in full swing in the poultry yard, and a word in season in regard to the menace of lice and mites on the breeding stock will not be amiss. When real winter weather keeps the hens hustling to be comfortable, they are not very particular in making a daily toilet in the dust bath, and the vermin get numerous, therefore a good insect powder should be often used, and air-slaked lime freely sprinkled on and under the roosts. When the hen can bask in the rays of the spring sun she combs and brushes her feathers often. Sulphur in the dust boxes is a good insect-killer, mixed with wood ashes and soil. When lice and mites are done away with, both hens and chicks will flourish, in spite

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Gophers cause a loss of 25 cents each per year. An enormous loss when you consider the vast number of them.

Professor V. W. Jackson, of the Manitoba Agricultural College, states that on a careful survey in Manitoba "it was estimated that there are at least 9 million gophers in twenty-five townships (average 20 per acre) causing a loss of \$2,250,000." He estimates the loss at 25 cents per gopher.



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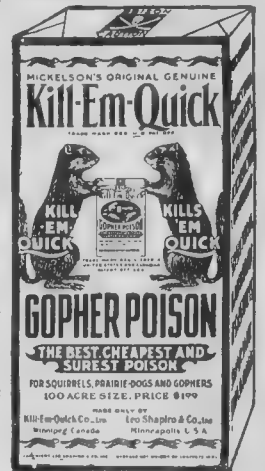
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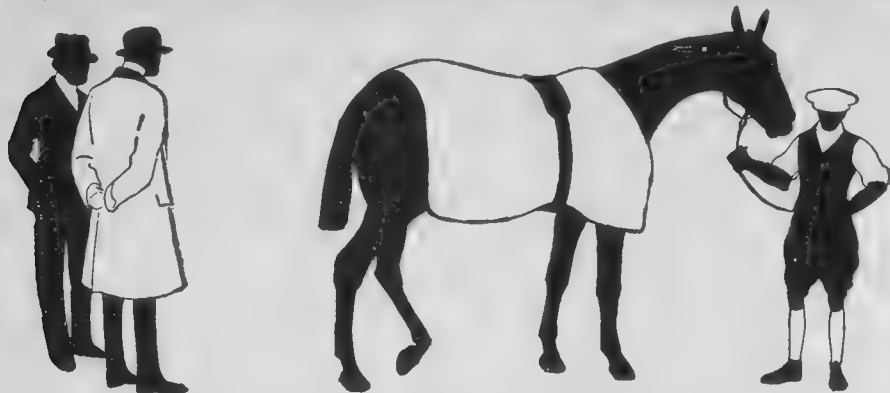


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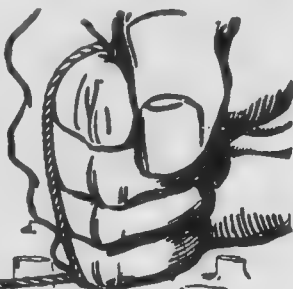
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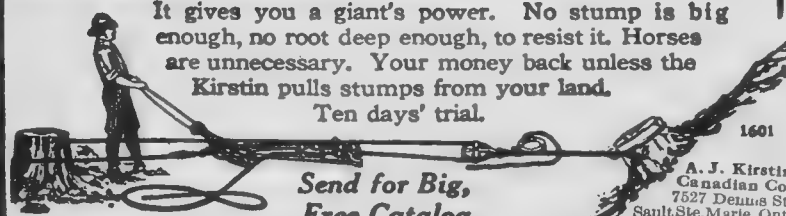
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of the heat of summer and the egg yield will be greatly increased.

Many hatches of eggs are lost in spring-time, simply because the poor broody hen is made restless with the miserable little red mites. They often cause the death of a setting hen on her nest of eggs.

Again the eternal question comes up: "Shall I use an incubator to hatch out chicks, or go on using hens as a hatching medium? If the farm has arrangements and room for more than 150 chicks get an incubator, by all means.

All incubators, nowadays, are sent out with very full directions as to the care and management required—so, even a novice should be able to run a good machine. Every farmer's son or daughter, who can manage to attend the short course in poultry raising at the College each winter should do so, if poultry is a favorite hobby. Lessons are given in incubation and rearing of chicks, "Care of Breeding Stock," and crate fattening as well as killing and dressing of poultry.

Incubators should always be run where there is an even temperature. Therefore, a good cellar or basement is ideal, but I have had fine success in a quiet corner in a kitchen, or in a store room with little heating. Cleanliness of machine and care of the lamp and wick is important. Use a new wick for each hatch and only the best oil in the lamp, which should be daily cleaned and filled. Always run the machine without eggs for a day or so, then set in the morning and gradually the temperature will come to 102. Keep it thus 101 to 102 for the first week, and start turning the eggs forty-eight hours

When the flock is not to exceed 150 birds, the hens can manage the incubation nicely, but for a large flock, artificial incubation becomes necessary.

"What make do you prefer and have you used the Cycle Hatcher?" Ans.—There are many good makes now on the market, including one of real Manitoban manufacture, made in Winnipeg. Write to W. H. Brett, Erin Street, Winnipeg, for catalogue. The Manitoba Agricultural College, uses the Cyphers Machien a great deal. The Cyphers is an old reliable American machine. The Cycle I have not used as yet, but hear so many good reports of the hatches turned out of this little hatcher made in Hamilton, Ont., I am tempted to try it myself very shortly. Mrs. Cooper, of Treesbank, one of our best known poultry women in the West, has discarded all her large incubators for the little 50-egg Cycle Hatcher, claiming she gets more chickens from them, as the eggs put in are fresher and the smaller brood can be handled in early spring with less loss.

I am a strong advocate of the colony house system of raising chickens, and a postcard to the nearest Agricultural College will bring you a useful bulletin free, giving all the details in regard to building, a colony house. The sight of dozens of the houses scattered about in plots of pasture or field peas and alfalfa at the Agricultural College, St. Vital, Man., is most interesting. Here, hundreds of chicken in various stages of growth are to be seen in springtime. Several thousand are annually raised there by Prof. Herner and his assistants. Each colony house



Keeping guard on hard working incubator.

after the hatch is set, and turn them morning and evening until piping sets in, then close the machine until the chicks are hatched. A good even hatch should be well over at the end of the 21st day. When hatching is on the machine will run to 105 or more. Keep the temperature up until the hatch is off, and avoid chilling chicks or eggs. I always darken the glass front of a machine when chicks are hatching, then the wee mites find their way down to the tray underneath, where they are safe for a day or so.

Poultry fanciers in the States are making a great fuss over a \$1,000 rooster, a jet black beauty of a new breed named Kokomo. He is only ten months old and weighs eleven pounds, and certainly seems to have a career before him. Fancy one thousand dollars in one bunch of feathers! In A Little Bit of Fluff.

I am only too pleased to answer any questions in regard to poultry raising. So many problems confront the beginner in the chicken and turkey business. Therefore, I hope The Western Home Monthly readers will write me.

One of the readers of the poultry page seeks information on several points: The name of a good magazine devoted exclusively to poultry? Ans.—"The Poultry Advocate", is well known and reliable, published in London, Ont.; "The Poultry Review," Toronto, Ont., also an excellent poultry paper.

"As I wish to raise fowl for market shall I get an incubator?" Ans.—Certainly, I should advise you to do so, as you can hatch many more chicks during the season,

shelters fifty young birds, which are kept grown, when all range possible is given them. In yards of mesh wire, until they are half grown.

"I wish to raise a heavy market fowl. Would you advise the light Brahma?"

The light Brahma is a fine stately creature, very handsome as a fancy fowl, but a very slow bird to mature and be fit for market in our Western country where the season at best, is short.

Try a good utility breed such as the Barred Rock, Wyandotte or Buff Orpington and Rhode Island Red.

Personally, I prefer the Barred Rock to all other breeds for market, and Prof. Herner, of the Manitoba Agricultural College, also advocates this breed for Western farmers.

The Barred Rock is easily raised, very hardy, a good shape and color when dressed, having clean legs, and a fine colored skin. Will crate fatten very easily indeed. If winter eggs are needed, no breed will average more eggs during the cold months. All the four breeds mentioned are large and suitable for market and much better layers than the Brahmas. Any of them will make good capons of immense size.

As poultry raising is to be taught some of the returned soldiers at Deer Lodge, donations were asked of pure-bred birds at the Show. The breeders made a splendid response to this appeal, and dozens of fine birds were sent out to form a flock of pure-bred breeding birds. Deer Lodge has a well-equipped poultry plant as regards houses and buildings. Chadwick, the former tenant of Deer Lodge, was a well-known fancier.—H. S. Vialoux.

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The Greenhorn and the Ambassador

By Edward Lucas White

THE greenhorn looked very green indeed. He was long and lean and lanky. He had very big, flat feet in very loose, old shoes, not at all tidy. His socks were red; an ugly, insistent red. His trousers were too short, as were his coat sleeves. The suit he wore was a marvel. It was of a loose-woven darkish green cloth, marked off into big squares by narrow stripes of a darkish yellow. At the intersections of the stripes were tufts of a more greenish yellow, like sun-dried grass, which gave a shaggy effect to the whole surface. It looked like the product of a weaver's nightmare, made up into clothes by the indiscreet whim of a freakish employee of some wholesale clothier, sold after repeated reductions at the last gasp of a clean-sweep sale. The greenhorn wore no cuffs, his shirt-sleeve bands were frayed, his low collar, two sizes too large for him, was even more frayed. His necktie was a stringy device of a bright and unpromising blue, which made his red-rimmed, watery blue eyes look entirely colorless.

His long face, boyishly smooth except for an incipient corn-silk moustache, had a vacuous expression. His wide mouth he kept not entirely shut. His skin was of a peculiar raw, scaly texture, as if universally and permanently chapped. He had a way of putting one or the other hand up to his towish yellow hair, a bewildered way, as if trying to remember something. And those hands were the most striking thing about him. Every part of him was long, but his hands were uncannily long, and had a clawlike, centipedish, daddy-longlegs-like motion to every joint of them. As one timidly waved an envelope and the other mechanically sought the side of his head they were very ugly indeed. And they moved in that way over and over again, as he sat in the waiting room of the legation.

A more hopelessly countrified specimen of a backwoods American the secretary thought he had never seen. He was an expert at protecting his chief from the intrusion of those countrymen of his who in a never-ending stream, without any shadow of a claim upon official or personal attention, sought to thrust themselves upon official time. The secretary was always suave and always seemed sympathetic. He now appeared especially regretful that the ambassador was not in. Mr. Medick would, perhaps, leave his letter to be transmitted by the secretary. The greenhorn used few words, but he conveyed unmistakably that he meant to deliver that letter in person. The secretary had no idea how long it might be before the ambassador would reach the legation. The greenhorn sat immovable; the secretary decided to let him sit a while.

"He'll soon get tired," he thought.

The greenhorn soon got very tired. But he kept his place, meditating on the way in which he proposed to win the ambassador's notice. He had been told that he would find him an old-fashioned man with old-fashioned ideas, a courteous and kind-hearted gentleman, most considerate of every one, but capable of overwhelming wrath if crossed in his pet notions, and prone to take an unalterable dislike to those who shocked his sense of the proprieties by beliefs or actions contrary to his views.

The greenhorn reflected as to what those views probably were. He had been told that the ambassador revered sweet, serene, domestic, home-keeping women, and abominated loud, self-assertive children; that he abhorred what he called the sordid scramble for mere lucre; that he anathematized the modern tendency to specialization and lauded the antique ideal of a well-rounded general education as the only fit training for all men; that he prided himself on his ability to read character at a glance.

Beyond these points the greenhorn had to resort to inference or conjecture. He tried to imagine himself a man born when the ambassador was born, in the same place and of the same kind of family, brought up similarly and influenced by similarities of education; to think of every conceivable subject and to conjure up a picture of how it would strike him. This mental exertion helped to while away the tedium of waiting, but he was weary in heart and

soul before the secretary again addressed him.

The secretary tried every device in his arsenal. The greenhorn would wait or would come back at any hour, to-day, to-morrow, or the next day or the day after that. He had a letter of introduction to the ambassador from an old friend. He would do nothing else but try to present it until he had presented it. After a while the secretary realized that he was beaten. Entering the ambassador's private room, he said:

"I fancy, sir, you would best have it over at once. He is worse than a horse leech."

"Show him in," said the ambassador wearily.

The secretary returned to the waiting room. The ambassador had reached the legation and was now at leisure. Would Mr. Medick walk in?

Where he was led the greenhorn followed, his heart thumping. The ambassador saw in the young man's face something the sleek, glib secretary had wholly missed. He rose, offered a warm, dry hand, and indicated a chair by his desk.

"Sit down, Mr. Medick," he said. "To what do I owe the pleasure of seeing you?"

"I have a letter of introduction, sir," said the greenhorn, "from the Honorable James Hollis, who was at the University of Virginia with you, sir."

"Jim Hollis!" exclaimed the ambassador. "Haven't heard of him for years. How is Jim?"

"He is the richest and most important man in our section, sir," said the greenhorn.

"Good for Jim!" said the ambassador. "He always had plenty of push."

"He has yet, sir," said the greenhorn. "Many alumni of the University of Virginia in your section?" the ambassador inquired.

"As far as I know, sir," said the greenhorn, "Judge Hollis is the only one, sir."

While the ambassador was reading the letter the greenhorn studied him, noted the silvery sheen of his iron-gray hair, the fresh pink of his wrinkled face, the clearness of his brown eyes, the decision of his mouth and chin. And particularly its points projecting beside the jaw, and he dwelt upon the high standing collar, upon the voluminous black cravat that swathed the throat.

"Hollis," the ambassador began, looking up from the letter, "tells me that you have come to Vienna to study. What are you studying?"

"Music, sir," replied the greenhorn.

The ambassador swept a glance over his visitor, conning the lack-lustre eyes, expressionless face, outlandish attire, and baboonish awkwardness of posture.

"Is your family musical?" he asked.

"Not at all, sir," answered the greenhorn. "I am the only one who ever cared for music, as far as I know, sir."

"Why do you care for it, then?"

"I have never cared for anything else, since I was born, sir," said the greenhorn simply.

"Do you take it up as an amusement or as a profession?" the ambassador queried.

"As a profession," the young man told him. "I mean to make my living by it, sir."

"Not a very remunerative profession, is it?" the ambassador inquired.

The greenhorn thought he saw his chance, and he was glad that he could reply with perfect sincerity, for he felt the penetrating power of those keen brown eyes.

"I think, sir," he said, "that it will be more profitable for me to spend my life doing what I love best, even if I have to stay poor, than to waste it doing something I care nothing for or even hate. That's the way it looks to me, sir."

"Not bad, not at all bad," said the ambassador.

"I think, sir," the greenhorn went on impetuously, "that to earn a little money pleasantly and at the same time cultivate my ability to enjoy it will be better than to aim at making much money, ruin my capacity to take pleasure in it, and perhaps fail to make it after all; that's my idea, sir."

The ambassador regarded the greenhorn. From his awkward appearance no one could have expected him to talk so

well. Perhaps here was, in spite of his exterior, a young man worth advising.

"Very good," said the ambassador, "very good indeed. But you must remember that to attain that ideal you must make yourself an all-round musician. You must not put too much time or energy upon any one phase of your art. You must study the history of music, the development of its methods. You must attain some measure of skill upon every known instrument. You must master theory and orchestration and composition. You must not make yourself one-sided."

"I should delight in all that, sir," said the greenhorn argumentatively. "But I am not independently well off. I have no property, no income at all. I have my living to make, sir."

"All the more reason for laying a broad foundation of solid knowledge," the ambassador maintained.

"But, sir," the greenhorn reasoned, "I must begin to make my living soon."

"Don't make it too soon," the ambassador warned him. "Superficiality and shallowness are the curse of our age; shallowness and superficiality and haste."

"All my natural bent, sir," the greenhorn asserted, with the air of one proving a proposition, "has been toward piano playing. All my best prospects seem to lie in the cultivation of those capacities. They tell me I have unusual hands, sir."

The ambassador eyed those certainly remarkable hands. He perceived their mobility, but was most struck by their hideousness. He flared up.

"That is the way with all of you young men," he broke out. "You want to cultivate one faculty to the exclusion of everything that makes the faculty worth having. You came here to study. Europe offers you the widest opportunities for acquiring variety of culture and breadth of character. Instead of making good physicians of yourselves you specialize on children's diseases, or eye and ear, gain a specious reputation, make a living easily and quickly, and never really amount to anything. Instead of learning Greek and Latin you mull over Doric dialectic case-endings, Samnite inscriptions, or hidden quantities; when you might become scholars you turn into moles, delving underground at the damp roots of literature. Even you artists specialize." He blinked and puffed, rolling himself in his chair.

"Leschetizky, sir, is not only the best piano instructor in the world," said the greenhorn, "but an all-round cultured musician, sir."

"A mere specialist," the ambassador said, dismissing the discussion with a wave of his hand. "You are one more sacrifice to Moloch, one more infant cast into the furnace of Baal."

"Perhaps you are right, sir," the greenhorn admitted deprecatingly.

"Certainly I am right," said the ambassador, with his I dare you to contradict me—air. "But you will pay no more attention than the others."

"I shall reflect upon what you say," said the greenhorn, with an attempt at a conciliatory tone.

The ambassador eyed him for a moment in silence, and then said:

"You have not yet told me why you came here. What can I do for you?"

"I have been told, sir, that if I can obtain a letter of recommendation from you to the director of music studies I can then procure free tickets to the performances of the opera at the Imperial Theatre, sir."

The ambassador puckered up his face, and replied testily:

"Oh, they clamor for such letters. I am eternally pestered for them. I give too many. I cannot give one to you. If you were a student of orchestration or composition I might stretch a point for you. But, being a pianist, I fail to see how you have a valid claim."

The greenhorn fixed upon the ambassador's face a gaze devoid of any glint of intelligence.

"It's queer, sir," he said softly, "how it works out. Against my will I am compelled to specialize. You, sir, tell me I am all wrong, and advise me to train myself musically in all possible ways. I grasp eagerly at an opportunity to broaden and strengthen my general knowledge of music. And you tell me I must forego it because I am a specialist, sir."

The greenhorn's look had in it just the

The Valley Between

By Owen Oliver

ghost of a smile, of a satisfied, comprehending smile.

The ambassador regarded him. "Caught," he said, "and I acknowledge it. You have caught me fairly. You have earned your recommendation—and you shall have it. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"If it is not asking too much, sir," said the greenhorn, "I should like another for a friend of mine."

"Also a pupil of Leschetizky?" the ambassador asked.

"Yes, sir," said the greenhorn. "And what is your friend's name?" asked the ambassador.

"Lucy Maitland, sir," the greenhorn replied, his raw complexion pinkish.

The ambassador coned his visitor afresh, viewing him with new eyes and pondering. How much foresight, economy, and saving, he wondered, how much pinching of himself and others had been necessary to equip the greenhorn with even that incongruous garb. Was not his uncouth appearance the result of poverty and privation rather than defects of personality? He imagined him well-fed, well-groomed, well-clad, and seemed to see a not impersonable being. Even in his uncouthness, except for his hands, he was not uncomely. The ambassador fancied he could see possibilities of winning expressiveness in the lustreless eyes. How much soul, after all, might not be hid behind that boyish face? It had given him no hint of the ingenuity of mind it masked. Perhaps it concealed potentialities of companionship unguesable from its owner's exterior. And of what witcheries of melody and harmony might not those spidery fingers be capable?

"Lucy Maitland," mused the ambassador. "Is she related to the Lucy Maitland who married Jim Hollis?"

"She is her niece, sir," said the greenhorn.

"Jack Maitland's daughter?" the ambassador inquired.

"Yes, sir," the greenhorn answered.

"Is she as pretty as her aunt?" the ambassador queried.

"Much prettier, I believe," said the greenhorn, his face unquestionably pink. "And has she a specialty, too?" asked the ambassador.

"If I have my way, sir," he said, "I am going to be her specialty, sir."

The ambassador beamed, chuckled, and stood up. The greenhorn, deferentially rising as his elder rose, felt his hand clasped in two warm, friendly ones.

"She shall have her card, too," said the kindly old man. "I congratulate you, and I congratulate her also. Since the world began a lover or a husband has been the ordained specialty for a woman. It is old-fashioned but natural; and not only human but divine. The right man is the only proper specialty for the right kind of woman."

THE Spur Mountains belonged to the Macdonalds, and the Lonnon Mountains to the McAllisters. The valley between them was no man's land, for they were too busy fighting over it to keep out the thieves from the hills. They had fought year in and year out for longer than the memory of man, and neither boasted long of advantage, till the days when Robert McAllister, seventh of the name, grew old. Then an ill time happened to the clan. His eldest son slipped over a crag and was killed. His second and third sons were slain, away in the wars; and the youngest son died in his bed of some womanish complaint—a hard fate for a brave man. Since Robert McAllister was too old for arms the name of the clan grew small, and the more daring of the tribesmen took service abroad under the King of France; for Mary McAllister had the spirit of a man, but only the body of a maid.

Alan, the young chief of the Macdonalds, had won great renown in arms, and he had the way of leading men; and those who are born for leading never lack men to lead. He drove the McAllisters from the valley, and built little fortresses there to hold it, and when he had held it for a full year he sent a message to Robert McAllister saying that further strife was vain, and offering terms of peace if they would own that the valley was his. Thereupon the McAllisters gathered together and made a great raid, taking away cattle and sheep in hundreds that were in the valley to graze, and razing one of the little forts to the ground. The week after, Alan Macdonald fell upon them and took back fourfold. And afterward he sent a piper with a letter, which read like this:—

"From Alan Macdonald to Robert McAllister, most courteous greetings.

"The fortune of war has given us advantage which you cannot resist. When strife is useless, strife should cease. If you will own that the valley is mine I shall be honored by your using it. It is said that good foes make good friends, and I am wishful to try; for there is none who honors your name more than I."

Robert McAllister, being a wise old man, was minded to consent.

"It is a generous offer from a gallant enemy," he said.

But his daughter pleaded with him in her dead brothers' names and prevailed. So he made answer thus:—

"Robert McAllister sends all courteous greetings to Alan Macdonald. The fortune of the moment changes. For those who come after, I hold to what I have held and my forefathers before me. If

our numbers are lessened our courage is not."

Then came another message from Alan Macdonald.

"If you rely on courage, let one of your tribe meet me in single combat, the valley to belong to the victor's clan."

"Alan Macdonald."

Many of the McAllisters volunteered for the fight; but there was no great man of arms among them, and the elders would not consent.

"It were giving Macdonald the land," they declared. "There is no man in Scotland who can stand before him." For he was a large, powerful man, and withal quick as smaller men are; and he had a curious cunning of fence which he had learnt in France.

So they sent no answer at all, and Mary McAllister locked herself in her room for two days, and brooded over the dishonor of her clan. Presently she made a deep plan, as women will, and rode out in the gray dawn to the castle on the Spur Mountains; and when Macdonald's outposts challenged her in the valley, she answered:—

"I am Mary McAllister, and I have come to answer the challenge of your chief." Then they sent a guide to conduct her the easiest way to the castle, and when the chief warder came to the gate and asked her pleasure, she made him the same answer as before.

After he had stared at her once for her daring, and twice for her beauty, he conducted her to the great hall; and Alan Macdonald rose and came to meet her, and set a chair, and stood with his cap in hand marveling that any woman should be so fair; for she had pale-blue eyes and red-gold hair, and her face was like a wild spring flower.

"You honor me greatly," he told her. "Have no fear." She laughed carelessly.

"I had no fear," she said, and he bowed.

"Fair lady, you honor me more."

"It was not for your honor that I came, but for the honor of my clan, and my own." He bowed again.

"There is no dishonor in peace," he said.

"Neither have I come in peace." He caught a look in her eyes that he had seen in the face of a foe before, and he knew that she spoke no light word. Wherefore he became very grave.

"War is not for women," he told her. "I had not come if any of my brothers had lived; but perchance"—she tossed back her hair that was like red-gold—"you had not challenged us then?"

He flushed hotly. "Think you so?"

Their eyes met for a moment, and she smiled suddenly. There was a year's

spring, it seemed to him, in her smile.

"Nay," she owned. "I think not so. Alan Macdonald, you fear no man." He laughed a soft laugh.

"I have feared no woman till now." She put her head back and looked up at him.

"Fear you me?"

"As a man may fear."

"Fear you my challenge?" He knitted his brows in thought before he spoke.

"Name what champion you will," he said, at last. "I will meet him, if he is not your lover. Believe me"—there was a sudden depth in his voice—"I would not earn your hate." She laughed scornfully.

"Is it yet to earn?"

"His blood be upon your head," he said sternly. "I will meet him." She laughed.

"I have no lover. The challenge is my own."

There was a quick murmur of laughter among the retainers, but their chief checked it with a glance.

"I am dull-witted, lady; help my lack of brains."

She drew a deep breath.

"You sent a challenge to our clan, that one should contend with you. It was not an equal wager, yet there were those who would have died, had they not been over-ruled." Her eyes flashed.

"Also I took the risk," he reminded her.

"It was not an equal risk, as you knew." He frowned.

"Who shall deny his strength to the stronger man?" he asked.

"Shall he use it against a weaker?" she demanded. He frowned again.

"It is the way of these things."

"That he should take advantage against the weak? Would he then use his strength against a woman?"

"No!" said Macdonald heartily. "Surely not."

"Wherefore," said she, "I bring to you an equal challenge." She looked him straight in the eyes.

"If your challenge is such as a man may meet," he answered steadily, "I accept it unheeded."

"It is an even risk," she said calmly. "Your life against mine."

"Never!" She shrugged her shoulders. "It is not your habit to fight on equal terms?"

"It is not my habit to fight with a woman on any terms at all." She laughed scornfully.

"A woman is not so much to fear!"

The gray-bearded Hector, who was reckoned wise, rested his trembling old hands on the table and leaned forward.

"A woman of all things is most to fear," he said.

She turned haughtily to Alan.

"Before age has brought wisdom, do you fear?"

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"Aye," he said, "I fear greatly."
 "The risk is only equal." He shook his head.
 "A woman's life is more to a man than his own."
 "My life is naught to you," she told him. He looked her in the face boldly.
 "Try me, lady," he said; and the thought crossed her mind that Alan Macdonald had been good to have as a friend; but she bit her lip and answered coldly.
 "Such as my life is, I dare risk it."
 She put her hand in her bosom and drew out two quaint phials of colored glass, with stoppers of dull wrought gold.
 "Will you drink a toast with me?" she asked.
 "Surely," he answered, "if it is such as a man may." But he looked at the strange vessels and liked them not.
 "It is an innocent toast enough, and harmless—if you drink the one."
 "And if I drink the other?"
 "It is only death!"
 "There are worse things," he told her. She pushed the phials smilingly towards him.

"Choose. I will drain the other."
 "And then?"
 "One of us will gain the valley, and the other will feel no loss."

He took up the phials and held them in the sunlight that streamed through an open casement on to the floor. Then he put them down again.

"I pray you send some other challenger," he begged.

"The challenge is mine," she insisted. "If you are no coward, choose now." He shook his head, and she rose from her chair. "I will go to my father and tell him that Alan Macdonald was afraid."

The young chief flushed rosy red as a girl blushes.

"Send a man to tell me so," he cried fiercely.

"One less strong, and less skilled in arms?" There was an angry sound among the men at the table, but he quelled it with a wave of the hand. "Come," she tempted him. "Death is not so much to dread. Give me one, and I will drink first."

He lifted the little vessels again and watched them sparkle against the sunbeams. It was awesome, he thought, that death should come in such a guise; and he was angry with himself, because he feared that he feared.

"Dare you not?" she asked tauntingly. "Aye," he said. "I dare. Give me which you will."

The wise man moved as if he would speak, but stopped at the look in her eyes.

"I should give you death," she answered. "For I know." Alan Macdonald looked hard at her, and saw that truly she was passing fair.

"Give me death, if you will."

The wise man leaned forward again, and again he said naught.

"I take no odds," she said. "Neither would I have the death of so generous a foe on my soul. For your honor, Alan Macdonald, choose."

He bowed and looked at the phials once more. One was green and one was pink, and either flashed in the sun.

"It were better to share one," he said. "Aye," muttered the sage, "woman and man were made to live together or die together."

"When they are foes," said Mary McAllister, "one is better dead."

Her foeman turned to Bruce Macdonald who was second in the clan.

"See that the lady is escorted home with all honor," he commanded, "if I die;" and before any could stay him he had drained the green phial. "Your health, madam!"

Mary McAllister rose steadily and put out her hand for the pink vessel.

"Your health, sir," she pledged him. "You have won."

He saw that her color faded somewhat, her hand trembled slightly and her bosom heaved as she raised death to her lips, and suddenly he dashed the vessel from her hand on to the floor, and shivered it into fragments.

"I pray you live," he begged, "and have me at your command."

Mary McAllister sank in the chair and buried her face in her hands for nearly a minute by the great clock that ticked on, as if life and death were nothing at all. When she looked up she was ashy pale, and she accepted her foeman's arm to rise.

"You are a very brave man, Alan Macdonald," she told him, in a slow, hushed voice. "Suffer me now to go."

So he led her to the gateway in silence, and held her foot when she mounted.

"Friend or foe?" he asked under his breath. She looked down at him with her great blue eyes.

"Foe," she whispered hoarsely, "but—I honor you greatly."

Then she rode away into the mist that hung over the valley below, and he gazed after her till she was lost to view.

"There was never her like in all Scotland," he vowed. "She would have drunk her death."

"Aye," said the sage, who was standing near him. "She would have taken it, and—perchance she has more of the poison at home!"

The young chief stared at him for a moment, then gave a great shout.

"My horse! Bring my horse!"

He ran to meet them as they came, leaped on his great black charger and rode down into the mist as if his senses were not in him.

"If harm should come to her!" he

of listening for the distant crash below. Alan Macdonald rode straight for the ravine. When he came to the edge he looked till he found a plot of level grass, and there he rested his horse for a moment, and patted his neck and whispered in his ear.

"Now, boy, now," he cried. The horse sprang forward over the even ground, gathered himself together on the edge of the abyss and flew into the air.

"Live together or die together," said Alan Macdonald under his breath.

Then he saw his horse falling short of the black rock—felt him strike against it—was hurled forward with a crash—clutched at something hanging from above and held dazedly to it—caught the sound of a woman's cry—clung mechanically to something, he did not know what—heard a dull thud. That must be his horse fallen below—he would follow in a moment—his hand seemed unclosing—he was going, going—. Then he remembered no more for a time.

When he found the world again he was lying in some long grass, he thought, and there was something yet

over the ravine, but he found two soft hands holding his arms.

"You are not there now," she assured him. "You are safe, quite safe." He roused again.

"How—did it—happen?"

"You were hanging by a dead branch. [—I lifted you here.]

"I owe my life to you." He smiled as if the thought pleased him. "My foe!"

"I do not think," she whispered, "we are foes any more. You must not move."

"You saved my life."

"You had saved mine."

"You were not going to take the poison at home?"

She shivered, and suddenly he knew that his head was upon her lap. "Let me see your face again," he entreated, "in case I should die."

"You shall not die," she vowed passionately, and bent over and let him see her face; and the tears were running down it, and one fell on his cheek.

"The—the poison," he asked. "You would not have taken it?"

"Yes," she said, "I would."

"You will not now?—for the love of Heaven, dear lady?"

"Why did you take the leap?" He smiled faintly. "For you."

"Why do you care so much for my life?"

Because he was dazed, the fine speeches that he had tried to fashion would not shape themselves to an end. So he said simply, "I love you."

"Then," she said, "since you won my life, keep it, and do with it as you will"; and he turned to look up at her without a moan at the pain.

"If I rise a whole man," he said, "I will give you my whole heart." She looked at him with a glitter in her eyes. "And if you do not," she said, "I will take it!"

And because he was so helpless and his eyes pleaded with her so, she bent down her head and let him kiss her red lips.

"To live together or die together," she vowed.

So when the leech came with his herbs and bandages, she whispered to him to use all his skill.

"For," she said, "you hold two lives in your hand."

Some said it was the leech's craft that saved him, and some said it was the gentle nursing of Mary McAllister, and some said it was his own great strength, and some said it was the strength of his love for her; but Hector, who was old and wise, put it all to the mercy of God. And when Alan Macdonald was recovered, the clans went down from the mountains, with white favors in their bonnets, and married them in the valley between.

Colic—A teaspoon each of salt and finely pulverized black pepper in a glass of cold water will almost always give relief. Then give a dose of rhubarb. Also applying hot cloths to the abdomen, and giving warm water injections are useful.

Corns—These are caused by the friction of ill-fitting shoes. Hard corns may be killed by binding on at night a piece of lemon, half a cranberry, or some cracker crumbs soaked in strong vinegar; leave on all night and pare off the corn in the morning. Apply two or three times if needed.

A wise counsellor tells tired women that it is not the work they do that tires them, it is the way they do it. The woman whose work is never out of her mind is the one who is always tired. The wife doing a week's work in her imagination after she goes to bed; the bookkeeper searching in her dreams through columns of figures for an obstinate balance; the schoolgirl shivering in anticipation of an examination; the dressmaker always apprehensive of displeased customers—all these are tired because they do not know what it is to have a mind at ease. A story is told of a conscientious worrier, who hurrying about her work, slipped and fell. The result, a broken hip, placed her for weeks out of reach of "the things which must be done." Weeks of lonely rest brought her a new perspective of life, and a conviction that peace of mind is more than pies and cakes, and showed her in proper proportion the claims of her own nature as well as the appetites of her hungry family and the profits of the farm. Realizing at last that the worst enemy of good work is worry, she afterwards said, with a peaceful smile "my broken hip saved my life and soul."



Pleased with her kindly act.

muttered. "Good God, if harm should come to her!"

He stroked his horse's mane, and called it by every pet name to make it gallop faster. They rushed on, over hedges and ditches, and gray stone walls that grew suddenly out of the fog. He peered through the gloom with his eyes burning like fire, and saw nothing. He bent forward to listen for the sound of her horse's hoofs and heard nothing. Only as he rode up Mount Lonnon and the mist lifted a little, he caught a glimpse of some one riding far above and knew that he could never catch her by the way that she went. He drew a long breath and turned his horse aside from the track.

"A woman's life is more than a man's," he said, under his breath.

From the foot of the mountain to the castle high above, the bridge path runs a long way round; and between bend and bend lies a great ravine that neither man nor beast had crossed, forty feet at the narrowest from side to side. The edges overhang so that the bottom is not seen; and when a stone falls one grows tired

softer under his head. He could see nothing at first but the mist and the swaying tops of the trees. He was not sure whether he was dead or alive till he tried to stir and groaned for the pain. Then a woman's face hung over him, framed in the mist—the face of Mary McAllister.

"I thought," he said, in a faint voice unlike his own, "I was dead." He lost the face again and heard no answer. "Perhaps," he muttered, "I am." He tried to raise himself and barely stifled another groan.

"You must not move," said a very gentle voice. "You are badly hurt, very badly, I fear."

"I do not fear for myself," he answered, "only—are you Mary McAllister?"

"Yes." He tried to look round at her. "Only be still," she entreated. "I have sent for men to carry you. They will come soon."

"Soon," he murmured. Then he began to wander in his mind and clutched at the air, dreaming that he was hanging

Father Christmas Playing a Return Engagement

THAT'S how someone has described Easter. The good old practice of exchanging gifts at Easter, just as at Christmas, has become more popular each succeeding year, until now it is almost universally observed.

The gift need not be expensive; usually it is some simple bit of Silverware, some novelty, or a dainty piece of jewellery.

A specially selected assortment of gifts suitable for Easter, and others quite as suitable for Spring wedding gifts, are included in a booklet that is now being printed.

Send us your name and we will reserve a copy for you. A post card will do—send it to-day.

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Shareholders received 7 per cent.—5 per cent. went to reserve account to produce further earnings and increase the value of the stock.

The Western Homes Limited, incorporated in 1914—in business the past 14 years as Investment Agents, well known and well thought of—loans money on first mortgages—one of the safest forms of investment known—buys mortgages and agreements for sale at advantageous discounts, and builds homes for clients, accepting mortgages thereon as security.

The officers and directors are men of sterling integrity—men you may know personally or have heard of.

Shares in this perfectly reliable corporation are still for sale at par (\$100 per share), although over half the capital stock of \$500,000 has already been eagerly subscribed for. Five-year terms given, no interest; but no more than 50 shares will be allotted to one subscriber. It was voted at the last shareholders' meeting that no Company shares would be sold after this year for less than \$110.

Investigate this splendid investment opportunity at once. Full information willingly given. Write, or if in Winnipeg, make a personal call at our offices.

Western Homes Limited
707-708 Confederation Life Building
M. WILLIS ARGUE
President and Manager

Aunt Jane's Love Letters

By Rae Lunn

AS a child I had often wondered how a man could have loved her enough to want to marry her. Aunt Jane had described John Whitcomb to me so frequently and so vividly, and his picture—life-size—which hung at the end of the long hall ever since I could remember, had caused his handsome features to be etched on my childish brain. I have spent many, many worshipping hours before it and shed tears of bitter grief that this kindly, benevolent-looking man should have been stricken down in the flower of his youth. How he would have lightened my childhood days! Oft have I lain awake thinking of the kites and whirl-a-gigs that he would have made for me—the jack-knives, tops, pop-guns and the what-not of things that he would have bought me.

The stacks of love letters—hers and his—lay locked in the middle, lower drawer of the old secretary. I have seen Aunt Jane wipe away the fast flowing tears as she read and reread them, until it seemed to me, that she must have known them by heart.

Aunt Jane was—well, the homeliest woman that of my forty-four years, I have ever known. Her disposition was as acid as cider vinegar and short in temper as her flaky pie crust. Tall, broad of shoulder as an athlete, bony—a chin that protruded several inches over her upper jaw; teeth, crooked and long—real muskrat ones—and hair, thin, fiery-red and wiry. Freckles, some as large as American silver dollars, covered her face, neck and arms and one black and spongy like a mole, sat on the tip of her eagle-crooked nose. Her eyes were of piercing sharpness, small and of an amber color.

Last week Aunt Jane died, making me her sole heir. Her only wish was: that I am to read her love letters—and his—and then, before I open the wax-sealed missive on which she has penned: "To be read by my nephew, John Whitcomb Scott, after my last wish has been fulfilled by him," I am to reduce them to ashes with the life-size portrait of the man, whose name I bear. The silver-framed miniature of him, which has always held a place on Aunt Jane's secretary is to meet a like fate. The ring that she always wore and the watch charm, which bore a lock of her hair and her photograph, I am to have as keepsakes.

Everybody in Denfield knew that these were the trinkets that John Whitcomb had handed to a comrade for Aunt Jane when he had felt Death's hand upon him, forty-four years ago.

"The whim of a homely, lonely, old maid, who has been cheated out of the pleasures of life by grim Fate," I mused as I slipped the faded, lavender ribbon from the bunch of letters that bore Aunt Jane's large, mannish scrawl. The last one was dated November 24th, 1875. The day that John Whitcomb died from yellow-fever.

I have it stamped on my memory, because at that hour for the fifteen years that I spent under Aunt Jane's vigil, she always donned me in my Sunday best and taking me by the hand, as she precisely did every Sunday morning at a quarter to ten, she went to the little chapel at the end of the street, and spent a full hour at the foot of the altar.

I unfolded the yellowed sheet and read:

"My Life. The morning mail brought me your daily letter. I kiss you good morning. . . . My darling, if you could feel the throbs that your words send through my veins, when I see it in your dear, dear hand that you will be with me this week night. Silly one, as though my trousseau has not been ready and waiting this six—nay, this ten months, and as though if it wasn't that I should put off our wedding for such pilfering trifles. I kiss your dear lips a thousand times for the kind thought of my comfort. . . .

"How happy I am, having your love and knowing that so many, many girls—handsome, accomplished and vibrating with womanly charm—would throw themselves at your feet. . . . I count the minutes until you shall be with me,

never to be parted until Death—my love, that word, I know not why, sends a shiver through my bones like these northern winds will to your south-tempered body.

"That also reminds me, my dearest, that I am by this mail sending you a shirt—knit by my own hands—for you to put on when you reach New York. You see, my dear John (how I thrill at that name) that already I feel as though you were mine. I wake at night full of fear lest something befall thee.

"My sister Letty has a little boy. I have requested her to name it after you. She is not at all sprightly. . . .

"My love, my life, my all, I look for thee so! Already my pen has put a mark through another day on my calendar, thus bringing you one day nearer to me. I kiss your sweet picture that stands in its own place on my secretary, where my eyes can feast on it every morning on my awakening. My pen refuses to stop, although Old Pete has been at the gate for five minutes. Your wife of a week from to-day sends you her life and awaits your coming with what pleasure I cannot express on this paper. A million kisses. Good-bye, your gawky, homely, Jane."

Tears dimmed my eyes and coursed down my cheeks. "Poor Aunt Jane," I murmured, "with the death of my mother and this terrible blow—for this one letter can make my very soul to feel what you must have suffered—the tortures, the sleepless nights, the heart-aches—" and I buried my face in my hands, my thoughts travelling back to my boyhood days when I had inwardly rebelled at Aunt Jane's sourness.

Musedly, I wondered why she had always been so ready to strike a death blow on my youthful love affairs, nipping them in the bud as severely as she pruned her geraniums in August. In fact it was only of recent years that she had overlooked my marriage enough to pay me a short, yearly visit. My wife called her "a dog in the manger."

John Whitcomb's letters were those of a lover calling his mate. As I read their age-tinted pages my heart suffered that heavy, dull ache that I had suffered as a child. "I really do not wonder that Aunt Jane found any other man distasteful to her. It was this great, overwhelming sorrow that made her so acrid—so peppery," I meditated as I regretfully cut the canvas from its frame and proceeded to carry out her bidding.

"She no doubt had not the heart to leaving the portrait of one so sacred to do it herself, and did not wish to die her, to be treated lightly by strangers," I mused as I watched the flames lick over the strong, high-bred features. When the cinders of destruction had ceased to glow, I took my penknife and gently broke the seal of Aunt Jane's last earthly message.

A creepy sensation swept over me. Have you ever opened such a missive at the dead of night and in a house that is alive with the stillness that smells of death amid the resurrections of childhood memories? I could hear Aunt Jane's stentorian voice calling me to go to bed.

Nervously, I unfolded the sheet of crackling paper and read:

"John,—You can laugh at me now, but I cannot die without confessing to someone. It is terrible—only those who are unfortunate enough to be like me can know what it is to be so homely and with such a temper and disposition. One of the three is bad enough—but all of them!

"I have got much comfort from these letters, for people took pity on me. I wrote them myself. His with my left hand. The miniature I found when at boarding school and I had the painting made from it. The ring and locket were your mother's. Jane Griffith."

Somehow, I could not smile—I wept.

Our Frontispiece

The fine illustration in two colors on the front page of this issue of The Western Home Monthly is from a photograph by Abbe J. P. Bell Co., photographers, Lynchburg, Va., U.S.A.

The Infelicity of Roguish Tobacco

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University)

Pernicious weed! What atrocities are committed in your name. For the sake of tobacco, many persons would do anything but die. It is loved and hated in the same breath, and is both a man's mistress and his weed. Rudyard Kipling in "The Betrothed" put it thus:

For Maggie has written a letter to give me
My choice between
The wee little whimpering Love and the
Great god Nick O'Teen.

Bulliven-Lytton, in the sixth chapter of the first book of "What Will He Do With It?" declares: "Woman in this scale, the weed in that; Jupiter, hang out thy balance, and weigh them both, and if thou give the preference to woman, all I can say is, the next time Juno ruffles thee—O Jupiter! try the weed."

Such perverse advice in literature as well as by word of mouth, is an abomination. Whether through tipped amber, mellow, rich, and ripe; whether from a moslem's ottoman, or a Goth's pipe, tobacco in any way, shape or form is a pernicious and insinuating Pandora's box of ills.

Sooth to say, like Circe and other enchantresses, it may mollify an inordinate craving of one sort or another. True enough, it will assuage your injured emotions, after you have been justly taken to task by wife, sister, sweetheart, mother or the world itself.

Such artificial comfort, however, is to rob Peter to pay Paul. It is the balm in Gilead which gives fillip to future trouble.

Why girls leave home, is a simple problem compared with the one, "Why many boys use tobacco." Various answers are now at hand, others will spring to mind like the dragon teeth of Cadmus, fully armed.

Next to the genus, monkey, the human child is perhaps the most imitative of animals. When a child repeats precise words heard, it is not by any means a shock to find that it yearns to duplicate the steamboat and locomotive act of its father or other men, namely, to put a miniature smokestack in its mouth, and puff out noble (?) columns of smoke flame and heat.

Every man, who smokes, injures not only himself, but serves unhappily as a horrible example to imitative little boys and girls, who, like many older mortals, mistake the veneer and outward flashes of fictitious pomposity, for true and simple dignity.

Other sources of this wasteful habit of smoking is to be found in the fault of mothers and guardians of children, who persist in "giving a taste" of hot soups, tea, coffee, mustards, peppers, condiments, and various other over seasoned victuals and drink to little ones. Too little sleep is another origin.

The irritable, cross, restless, excitable, spasmodic emotional unrest of youngsters, occasionally finds false, yet none the less real, comfort in tobacco.

John is six years old. He is a bright, active, neurotic emotional child. In part, this has its reason in the mother's irritability; in another measure it is consequent to highly seasoned foods and late hours. Instead of being snugly tucked into bed every night at 7 p.m. as is just and meet, despite his obstinate objections, Johnnie has his way. He plays around aggressively until nine or later.

Johnnie is high strung and excitable. One day an older, thoughtless boy gives him a lighted cigarette. Johnnie puffs a few puffs.

Perchance he wobbles a bit or really grows ill. Be either as it may, Johnnie finds he is calmer thereafter. He has been narcotized. The irritable symptoms, which prove that he is not raised healthfully with correct food and enough sleep are now as completely hidden as the dangerous warning signals of appendicitis are when concealed with morphine.

It is idle to blame liquor drinking for cigarette or the other tobacco habits. Coffee, tea, soups, and other highly seasoned rations incite a craving, soothed by tobacco, which far exceeds alcoholic drinks.

The tobacco habit is cured mostly by the will to stop it. A man differs from the brute by his will. If you do not wish to be numbered among the latter, prove that you have the will now and cease to smoke, or forever hold to the weed in peace.

Dr. D. H. Kress, of Melrose, Massachusetts, is an enthusiastic teacher of the application of weak watery solutions of nitrate of silver to create a distaste for tobacco. He maintains that a one-quarter of a one per cent solution of nitrate of silver rinsed into the mouth after each meal for three weeks, will go far towards the elimination of the tobacco habit. In my service, a ten per cent solution of tannic acid does as well.

Whenever the desire to smoke returns between meals, chewing slippery elm, cardamom, or gentian root with the saliva from these things gulped down, makes for a final cessation of the craving. A triple effervescent bromide tablet in a glassful of water calms the ruffled tissues.

New Way to Cure Earache

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University)

Earache is one of the most painful and distressing of human ailments. If it is not gone in a very short time—say an hour or two, an ear specialist should be summoned at once.

Professor Anton Lorenzi, of Naples, proposes a new way in which to treat aches and pains of the ear, if you are sure there is no serious internal trouble or complications present.

This method is one of manual manipulation, but it has nothing to do with the famous Dr. Lorenz, of Vienna, and his bloodless surgery, although Professor Lorenzi has almost a similar name.

First he warns against the general and dangerous practice of putting oil or anything oily in the ear. This is responsible for much deafness and mastoid disease.

Then he describes his ingenious method of relief. It is to place the palm of one hand under the jaw and to press firmly upward. With the other palm of the right hand pushing steadily, but gently downwards against the side of the earache.

He avers that if the doctor will perform this carefully without injuring the delicate, soft bones of a child's skull, with the sufferer's head resting sideways on a pillow to minimize the pressure of the operation, nearly all earaches of grown people, and a few of larger children will be greatly benefitted, without the use of the knife or of drugs.

Pressure should never be exerted brutally or with strength enough to crush the delicate parts, but just enough to stretch the membrane or drum of the ear and thus relieve it of the tension which causes the pain.

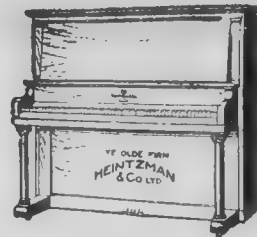
The ear drum is responsible for the pain of earache. It is caused by overstretching this sheep-skin-like membrane or bladder. Whenever the drum becomes congested with blood or inflammation or matter and pus press hard upon it from disease in the middle ear, the little strands and fibres which compose it are put severely to a strain.

The result of this is a pull on the sensitive nerves with the ache which follows.

The Lorenzi method of pressure is applied with this knowledge of physiology. It is intended to relax the pull on the drum membrane by squeezing the bones, muscles and ligaments in such a manner as to loosen and relax that structure.

The relaxation releases the strain and sprained parts, and this in turn is shown by the comfort and freedom from pain. It is not osteopathy, vitapathy, or any of those "systems" of manipulation and massage. It is a logical treatment of a pathological condition. If you are capable of making the sure diagnosis that the earache is not due to mastoid disease or worse, you are also in a position to understand the underlying anatomy and physiology which guides you to cure simple earache by means of pressure.

Choking—(1) A marble or similar article in a child's throat may be dislodged by turning him heels upwards and shaking him. (2) Simple cases of choking are often relieved by merely striking on the back between the shoulders. (3) A hairpin quickly straightened and bent at one end in the shape of a hook will sometimes serve to extract food, etc. (4) For a fish-bone or other substance in the throat at once insert a finger and press upon the root of the tongue so as to induce vomiting. If this fails let the patient swallow a piece of soft bread. Send for a physician at once. Repeatedly sucking lemons will help to dissolve a bone.



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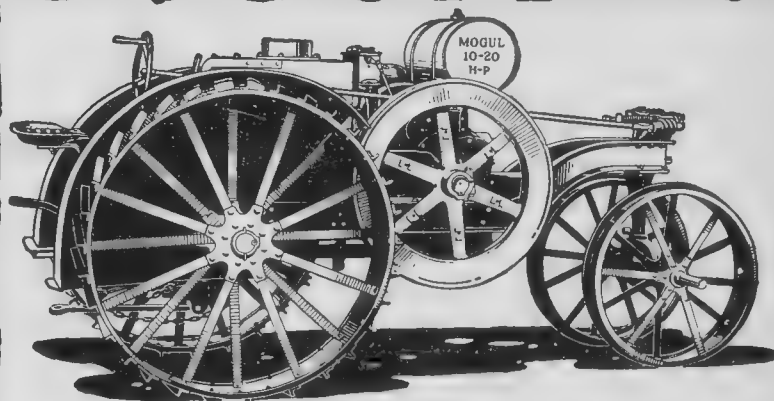


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Here's the New Kerosene Mogul!

OUT of the good work Mogul tractors have been doing on hundreds of West Canada farms has now grown Mogul 10-20, the kerosene tractor that is best suited for every need of the average farmer. It is of the popular size—its 10-H. P. at the drawbar and 20-H. P. at the belt take care of the heavy rush work of seed bed preparation, harvesting, threshing, plowing, etc., and give enough and not too much power for between-times belt work, hauling, etc.

Mogul 10-20's big economy feature is this—it works on kerosene, the cheapest of engine fuels. Day in and day out, while there is work for it to do, it turns common coal oil into the most efficient power. Mogul 10-20 is designed and built from the ground up to run on kerosene—to stand the extra strains in kerosene burning.

Every part of Mogul 10-20 construction is calculated to give you satisfactory power. Keep on time with all your farm work. If you require a larger tractor own a Mogul 12-25 or one larger still. Here are kerosene tractors ranging up to 30-60 H. P. Mogul power costs about half as much as gasoline power and about one-third as much as animal power.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Limited

BRANCH HOUSES

WEST—Brandon, Man., Calgary, Alta., Edmonton, Alta., Estevan, Sask., Lethbridge, Alta., N. Battleford, Sask., Regina, Sask., Saskatoon, Sask., Winnipeg, Man., Yorkton, Sask.

EAST—Hamilton, Ont., London, Ont., Montreal, Que., Ottawa, Ont., Quebec, Que., St. John, N. B.

Children

Western Homes Limited

We beg to draw the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Western Homes Limited, which appears on another page of this issue. The annual meeting was held in Winnipeg last month, and it was shown that for a comparatively new company remarkable headway has been made during the past two years.

Western Homes Limited were organized in 1914 and began doing business in the name of the Company at the beginning of the year 1915, and they have, therefore, just completed their second year in business. The subscribed capital as at January 1st, 1916, was \$182,800.00, and the paid-up capital \$24,581.43. During the year the subscribed capital has been increased by \$68,600.00, and the paid-up capital by \$22,777.98.

The capital has been invested in securities selected by the directors, who have considered only those that offered ample security and desirable covenants. Safety has been the first consideration in making each investment.



M. W. Argue
President of Western Homes Limited

The auditor's statement shows that after reserving \$4,026.50 to provide for unearned profits, and after providing for all fees due the management for care and oversight of the investments, they have a net profit of \$4,045.05, which represents a return of approximately 12 per cent on the capital employed.

A 7 per cent dividend for the year 1915 was paid in February, 1916. A second dividend at 7 per cent per annum for the six months ending June 30th was paid in July, 1916, and the directors have now declared a third dividend for the half-year ending December 30th, 1916, at the same rate.

The Home

When the children come in at the gate,
With a clatter of tongue or ball,
Down goes my work—down with a jerk,
And I hasten to meet them all.
A little while only a child,
And a long, long time a man!
So as I am mother and queen of the home,
I brighten it all I can.

When the children go out at the gate,
With flowers, rice, laughter and tears,
Farewell I wave, looking so brave,
And hasten to smother my fears.
A little while only a bride,
And a long, long time a wife;
So I counsel gravely, work well and bravely,
And love will dwell in your life.

When the children go out at the gate,
All hidden by death's solemn pall,
My heart nigh breaks, with sorrow aches;
And yet I must comfort them all.
A little while only in death,
And a long, long time in bliss!
So, as I am mother and queen of the home,
I solace my grief with this.

Never depend on a stuttering man
He'll break his word.

"Is she wearing black for her last husband?"
"No, for her next. She looks stunning in it."

The Song of The Piper

By Eleanor Hammack Northcross

Reading one night together a volume of
vagrant rime,
We came to the song of a piper—a lilt of
summer time:
He went down a road of silver that led to
the old world's end,
He sang to linnet and sea flower, and he
knew each man his friend;
A basket of tunes for luggage, a kindly
wish for all,
He passed and left men merry when he
heard the summer call.
'Twas the song of an Irish singer, and the
witching melody
Deepened the voice of the reader with its
subtle harmony.

A voice broke the pulsing silence when the
liquid verse was done;
It came from the floor and his playthings—
the voice of our three years' son.
We had not dreamed of his heeding—the
words were beyond his ken—
But he felt the spell of the music: "O
daddy, sing it again!"
And then again on the morrow he came
from his romping play.
"Please, muddie, sing me the piper, the
one that went away."
Over and over we read it, awed by the
dream in his eyes;
A moment later the awe was gone, dis-
pelled by his merry cries,
For our dreaming fay was a romping boy—
and we smiled in our paradise.

But one day Death came trumpeting: he
spared the old and sad
To call from his play and his dawning
dreams our radiant little lad.
So he took his pipes and went away where
we could not follow him,
So steep the path, so strange the road, and
our poor eyes were so dim.
Our way that of old was a-shimmer with
hope and dreams and joy
Is sombre and dull and lonely for want of
our little boy.
Is he piping somewhere yonder in a land of
summer and song?
Oh, little lad, our little lad, the gray years
are long!

The Wonder-Box

By Annie Willis McCullough

"Good-bye, little maid! Take good
care of mamma, and have as nice a time
as you can. And oh, that reminds me!
Here is a box that grandma and the aunts
sent for you. They said it was a wonder-
box."

Papa kissed Maidie, embraced mamma,
put a package done up in dark red wrap-
ping-paper down on the seat, and hurried
out, just as the cars began to steam away
on their long, long journey from New
York to California. Mother and Maidie
rather dreaded the long days before them.

"A wonder-box, mamma!" cried Maidie.
She had waved good-bye and kissed her
hand to papa, and now was reminded of
the box because she tried to sit down on
it. "What can that be?"

"A box to wonder about, I should
say," replied mamma. She was thinking
of the tiresome journey, and decided that
the surprise-box should not be opened
until Maidie grew very weary, in the
late afternoon. She had always tried
to teach her little daughter to splice out
her joys and make them last as long as
possible.

"It will keep us busy wondering all
day, I think. Let us guess what is in
it before we open it, dear. It will be
all the nicer if you wait a while, and you've
got your new doll to play with. You
must get acquainted with her, you know."

So while Maidie examined her new
doll's clothing, they talked and wondered
and guessed what could be in the wonder-
box.

"Anyway, it's something nice, I know,"
said Maidie, "for grandma and the
aunts always do have such fine sur-
prises."

Then her mother would call her atten-
tion to the beautiful things to be seen
from the window, and so the hours flew
past.

By the time the new doll was named,
and Maidie had guessed every single thing
she could think of, from doughnuts to
story-books, it was lunch-time. They
had a gay meal out of the lunch-box
mamma had prepared. Then Maidie

had a nap, and woke up much refreshed

"I don't think travelling is so tiresome
as you said, mamma," she remarked,
several times. But about four o'clock
in the afternoon she asked, wearily,
"Have we got to be on the train forever,
mamma?"

Then mamma reached up and got the
wonder-box and Maidie clapped her
hands, for she had forgotten all about it.

Inside the red paper was a heavy paste-
board box, holding several smaller boxes
and bundles. On the top lay a letter
telling that the wonder-box contained
a gift for each of the six days of their
journey. It was called a wonder-box
because grandma and the aunts knew
how Maidie would wonder and guess
each day about what was in the next
day's package. Each was numbered, and
on no account was a package to be opened
until the right day!

The first day's gift was a blank book,
made by sewing some sheets of thick
white paper together, making large
square pages. The book was sewed into
a blue Bristol-board cover on which had
been pasted the picture of a train of cars.
Under this was printed in gilt, "A Little
Traveller's Diary," and at the head of
each of the six leaves a date had been
written. A pencil was tied to this book
with a long blue ribbon.

"It is to hold the record of your journey,
dear," said mamma. "What clever aunts
my little girl has! You can write down
all about our trip in this book. It will be
something pleasant to do every day, and
if I were you I'd begin now, because to-day
is almost gone."

So Maidie, with mamma's help, put
into the book all the things that had
happened since morning in the car: how
she had got acquainted with a little boy
and girl there; how she had treated them
to some of the fruit papa had got for her;
how at one station where the train stopped
a big dog jumped from a carriage and
tried to follow his master and mistress
on the train, and how sad he seemed
when the coachman caught him and put
him back into the carriage. Ever so
many things had happened that Maidie
wanted to put into her diary.

The next day she found that her wonder-
box package held blunt-end scissors and
paper, and sheets of dolls and furniture
to cut out. So she spent a busy and
happy day. The third day's package held
a book-slate, with pencil attached, and
a box of colored crayons. Then "playing
school" was the great game, and Maidie's
new friends knew just how to help at
that. The only trouble was that the
little boy always wanted to be the "prin-
cipal," and he would punish the dolls
too often.

The fourth day was spent mostly in
reading, for that day's gift from the
wonder-box was marked "a traveller's
roll." It was a strip of Manila paper
as wide as a magazine page, and two or
three yards long when unrolled. On it
were pasted stories, verses, pictures and
puzzles from children's magazines. As
Maidie read them she rolled the part she
had read, so the paper need be open only
the space of a page or so.

The fifth day's package was a little box
full of travelling things for Maidie's
doll—a tin, towel and wash-cloth tied
round a little square of soap, a silk hand-
bag with a cunning handkerchief in it, a
tiny Japanese fan, dolly size, and a scrap
of a bottle containing cologne water.

The last day's gift was the best of all,
so Maidie thought. It was a doll's
folding bed, with a little doll in it, and was
made out of a spool-box covered over
with plain paper. If you try to open one
at one end, holding the lid and box to-
gether at the other, you will see what a
nice doll's folding bed it makes. And
inside were a tiny mattress, sheets and
blanket, and the doll was dressed in a
flannel lounging-robe.

When Maidie and mamma reached San
Francisco, you may be sure that they
carried the wonder-box carefully from the
train with them.

Maidie called it her "magic box," for
it had made the long-dreaded six days
seem like three.

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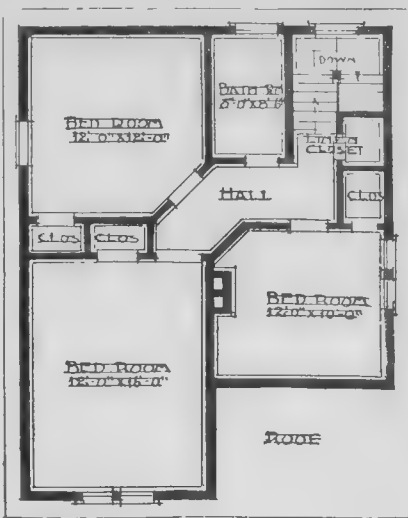
Plans and Specifications

Drawn for The Western Home Monthly by V. W. Horwood.

This is a well arranged house, suitable for a country home. The size is 26 ft. 6 in. by 33 ft. 6 in. over all.

The living room is entered directly from a large verandah, and has a cosy fireplace. This is a very handsome room, and with a pressed brick mantel, would make an ideal living place. It is connected with the dining room, and from the dining-room direct entrance is into the spacious kitchen, which is fitted up with dresser containing cupboards, bins for flour, sugar and bulky articles, and has a pantry. This pantry could be made into a wash room off the rear entrance if preferred. The stairway is in this portion of the house, and can be used directly from the kitchen, living room, or rear entry, and can be made private for each of these when necessary by its unique planning. Coming into entry one step above ground level, there is direct communication with the cellar, and all roots and ashes can be taken out without disturbing the rest of the house. The entry also connects directly to hall and kitchen and living room, and the kitchen to basement.

Going upstairs, the planning is very

FIRST FLOOR
SCALE 1/4" = 1'-0"

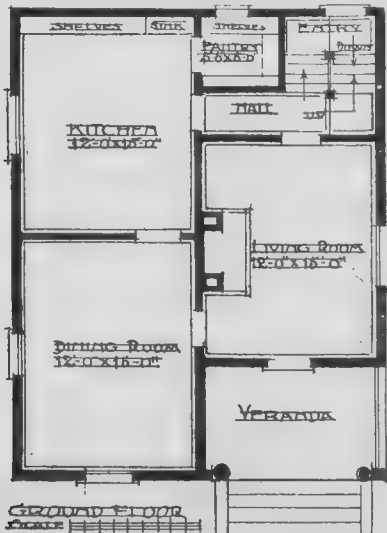
sizes and mouldings, doing away with a great expense if special sizes are used. The basement to be of stone or con-



economical. On the landing is a window, and at the top of the stairs is a linen closet. The bathroom is conveniently situated with its plumbing over that of the kitchen fixtures, and off the hall are the bedrooms, each with its own ample clothes closet.

The house could be heated with either hot air or hot water furnace.

The interior finish could be of fir, edge grain for floors, so as not to splinter, and fir trim and doors. All material for this house could be selected from stock

GROUND FLOOR
SCALE 1/4" = 1'-0"

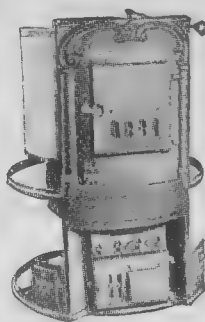
crete. If gravel and sand are near, it would pay to build of concrete. Put in concrete floor to keep out vermin. Have a good height for the basement, 7 ft. 6 in., to obtain best results from the heating plant.

The outside to be sheathed with siding, and paper and 7/8 in. shiplap put on 2 by 4 studding, then a heavy building paper. Be sure of the paper. It keeps out the weather. Then strap with 1 by 2 and lath and plaster, two coats. The inside sheathing could be omitted and plaster on the studs, but it is not economy, as the fuel bill will be increased. The roof is shingled and would look well stained green or brown. Outside painted white with green trimmings. Verandah posts and trim white.

Estimate of Hot Water Heating for Residence

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Air cell pipe covering	20.00
	\$379.92
Labor	80.00
Total	\$459.92

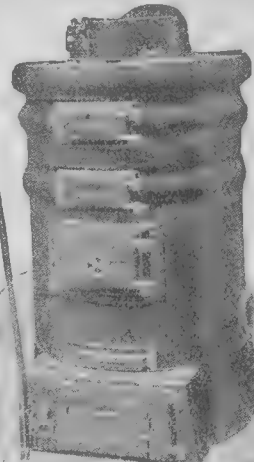
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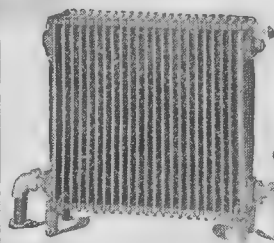
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A rude person thinks of himself so much that he forgets others.

What characteristics have the rude? Thoughtlessness, selfishness, unkindness, conceit, ignorance.

Good manners are acquired by imitation of the best methods, by steady practice.

The Royal Naval Canadian Volunteer Reserve

There is a body of men engaged upon naval war service, known as the Royal Naval Canadian Volunteer Reserve. This fine force has not been much in the public eye, but they were the first in Canada to respond to the call. Secrecy, of course, of a necessity, surrounds the great senior service of the Empire; The Imperial Royal Navy, and all the naval forces connected therewith; consequently, little is known of these Canadian naval volunteers, outside of their immediate sphere of action, but now the R.N.C.V.R., as this force is designated, is urgently in need of recruits for service in the Imperial Royal Navy.

Our king has some brand new warships, and is asking for some brand new men to man them, and looks to the young men of Canada to volunteer for this purpose, and the R.N.C.V.R. has paved the way.

Young men of Canada, you now have before you the grand opportunity of serving your king and country, by volunteering for service in the Imperial Royal Navy, and do not stand aside, if you have had no previous training. This is not essential, and previous experience is unnecessary, for you will be sent immediately to one of the great naval training depots, in England. The British tar will be glad to see you, and you will receive a warm welcome at the naval barracks. You will receive every assistance, and will be speedily trained, and before long you will be a full-fledged sailor, serving on board a British man-o'-war. This is no far-fetched fantasy, but an actual fact, for the navy is always training and classes are always going on.

The present position of the Kaiser, reminds me of a maverick, which has horned his evil way, into a peaceful community, and committed depredation after depredation, until he is at length lassoed by one of the inhabitants and picketed on the prairie on a stout rope. The navy may be compared, so to speak, to that rope. The British sailor thinks the brute has too much rope, and he puts in a bowline on a bight, thus shortening his radius of operation, and lessening his food supply. Then despite his pawing and bellowing and threatening attitude, the sailor further shortens the rope, until the brute is in danger of starvation, and although pitying him, the sailor thinks he is too dangerous an animal to be at large, and grimly again shortens the rope.

Now, a British sailor would be the last man to starve a dumb brute, but he is gradually and surely starving the Kaiser.

The British Navy has a strangle hold on Germany, and in order to maintain this supremacy, has built new warships, and as all the available men to man these have in England been conscripted for the Army, so the Navy looks to Canada for volunteers for these new men-of-war.

Think of the glorious traditions of this fine service. Think of the men of Devon, of Frobisher, Raleigh, Hawke and Drake. Think of Nelson and Trafalgar, and do not hesitate.

"This day England expects every man to do his duty," so ran Nelson's famous signal, at Trafalgar. How applicable these words to the Empire at large to-day; and young Canadians cannot, in any manner, render greater service to the Empire than by joining the Royal Naval Canadian Volunteer Reserve.

The Kaiser has too much rope. You may be the sailor to shorten it. Put in a bowline on a bight. Life in the navy is never lonesome. It has its picturesque side. The R.N.C.V.R. pays and looks after its men in the best possible manner. A free kit is furnished, and right here I have a few words to say about the natty, baggy, picturesque, blue uniform of a British Jack Tar. Plenty of cloth is used in its make-up. The blue collar, with the three white stripes thereon, is traditional, and was worn in days of yore, when those gallant sea warriors of Devon fought and won England's battles on the high seas. The three white stripes on the collar mean three battles, Nile, Copenhagen and Trafalgar.

"Jolly Jack Tar" is no misnomer. They are the merriest and most jovial of men. Amusements and games, as well as duty, are carried on in the navy. Young Canadian, join the R.N.C.V.R. You will never regret it. Canadians will form a distinct

division, and will wear a distinguishing badge.

Carry the Maple Leaf into the Imperial Royal Navy.—Edmund Bruce Mallett, Lamont, Alta.

The Gentle Art of Being Kind

When Elizabeth Fry visited Newgate prison in London, where the women were packed in one room like cattle, without the slightest attention to sanitation, she was much interested in a girl who had committed a terrible crime. One of the London ladies engaged in philanthropic work, asked her what crime the girl had committed. "I do not know," she replied. "I never asked her." How different from most of us! The thing that we are chiefly interested in, in others, is their shortcoming or sin; the thing that interests us least is our opportunity to love them. All that Elizabeth Fry wanted to know was that this poor unfortunate had made a mistake, and that she needed love and help.

The root of mercy to others is the keen sense of our need of it for ourselves. A shamefaced employee was summoned to the office of the senior partner to hear his doom. The least he could expect was a blistering dismissal; he might be sent to prison for years. The old man called his name, and asked him if he were guilty. The clerk stammered out that he had no defense. "I shall not send you to prison," said the old man. "If I take you back, can I trust you?" When the surprised and broken clerk had given assurance and was about to leave, the senior partner continued: "You are the second man who has fallen and been pardoned in this business. I was the first. What you have done, I did. The mercy you have received, I received. God help us all."

A newsboy fell asleep in an elevated car, in New York. Two young women entered and took seats opposite him. His feet were bare and his hat had fallen off. One of the young girls leaned over and put her muff under the little fellow's dirty cheek. An old gentleman smiled at the act and held out a quarter, with a nod toward the boy; another silently offered a dime; a woman held out some pennies, and before she knew it the girl, with flaming cheeks, had taken money from every passenger in that end of the car. She quietly slipped the money into the sleeping lad's pocket, and without arousing him, gently removed the muff and got off at Twenty-third Street, nodding her thanks and good-bye to the passengers.

Is courtesy artificial? No. It should spring from the heart.

Courtesy—What is it? An expression of thoughtfulness for others.

The fine spirit of courtesy is caught largely from association with those whose ideals are noble.

Determination, a kindly spirit, and a love of the right make politeness habitual.

Habitual, I say. Company manners can be detected by others.

In England, there is a National Guild of Courtesy.

A president of a New York bank, said:

"If I could command the speech of twenty nations I would preach politeness to them all—courtesy is one of the prime factors in the building up of any career."

The gentle art of being kind is all this old world needs.

Why He Cut His Hair

There is a certain surgeon in Boston who had, some months ago, a very splendid crop of hair. Although the surgeon is not old, his hair is snow-white, and he is very proud of its beauty. He wore it parted in the middle and rather long, and it fluffed luxuriantly on either side of the part. The impulse toward a change in hairdressing came to the surgeon in this manner:

He had operated upon a woman, and was bending over her as she began to come out of the ether. She opened her eyes for a moment, and then closed them again. Then with a long sigh and in a rapt voice she said, "What a beautiful white chrysanthemum!" The students present exploded, and now the surgeon wears his hair cut as close as a gentleman may.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

HAPPY WOMEN

Good, hard thought in any subject produces greater power of thought on every subject. One who does not think deeply does not grow mentally.

Proper food, exercise, rest, bathing—all habits of life that give tone to the general health—help the mind also, and when the mind is in a healthful, cheerful state, the bodily conditions are better than when worry, grief, anger or jealousy are lowering the mental tone with their depressing influences.

One time my mother was ill. An acquaintance, full of cheerful stories, came to see her, and when she left my mother was greatly improved. The next day a woman with a face of gloom visited her and told her of the people she had known who had the same malady and everyone of them died. For several days after this visit my mother was much worse.

A young girl once said: "It doesn't pay for me to get angry, for I always have a dreadful cold as a consequence. A girl who worries is taking poison. She should say to herself, 'I will succeed,' instead of saying, 'I hope I shall not fail.'" She should look for goodness, health, cheer, and prosperity and keep her thoughts as much as possible from wickedness, sickness, gloom, and degradation. There are great pleasures all about one if one only has the mental eyes with which to see them. Recreation is needed by every girl—but the kind is that which tends to produce "a strong mind in a strong body." Disipation is not recreation.

There never was a time so full of opportunities for women. New fields are continually opening up to women and it is the girl who develops mental, moral and physical power who will have a chance to take her place in the honorable army of workers.

Every girl should try to master thoroughly the work in which she is engaged. Her knowledge of her work should be deep, broad, and very accurate in detail. I have watched girls climb to the top in just this way. About eight years ago a young woman of about thirty came to me deeply discouraged because she had lost her position. She was getting a salary of eighty dollars a month. She said: "You know I am past the age to begin a new line of work. There is no future for me now." I urged her to cheer up. Her dismissal might be an opportunity—the greatest opportunity of her life. For two years she struggled along on little. Then she had a chance to go in a farm machinery firm as a stenographer. That girl studied machinery until she became very valuable in the firm. They sent her to the head office. Promotion after promotion followed until this winter she was given a position at a salary of nearly three thousand dollars a year. It is such experiences as this that give me such great faith in business girls.

A short time ago I found a table showing the possibilities of girls in different kinds of work. A position as bookkeeper affords training in the knowledge of financial transactions, business system, quickness and correctness in calculating until a bookkeeper can become an expert accountant, public auditor, broker or investment banker. A cashier develops skill in handling currency, knowledge of human nature, skill on the adding machine, all of which may lead to a position of bank assistant, head of credit department or an adding machine agent.

A children's nurse may become efficient in treating child ailments, she can increase her acquaintanceship among families, her training in amusing children and knowledge of child nature may lead her to the occupation of trained nurse, playground supervisor, director of children's entertainments or caterer for children's parties. A cook who learns to be skilful in food preparation and the knowledge of food cost may become a cateress or a head of institution kitchens. A dressmaker has an opportunity of learning about textiles, design, skill in buying and business acquaintance—all of which may lead to the occupation of professional designer, textile demonstrator, head of fashion shop, or professional shopper. The position of domestic af-

fords training in skill in household management, skill in buying food, textiles and other supplies leading to the occupations of matron of institution, hotel housekeeper, manager of private hotel or linen manufacturer's agent. The stenographer who tries to attain a working knowledge of her employer's business, who forms the habit of concentration, who cultivates acquaintanceship with business methods and becomes skilled in shorthand and as a typist has a training leading to the following occupations: head of stenographic bureau, head of business similar to employer's, head attorney, notary public, court stenographer, private secretary or typewriter demonstrator and many others, for if these places are not open to women now they will be.

The clerk, by learning the nature and history of the goods she sells and by close study of human nature, can become the buying or selling agent of that kind of goods. The clerk in the book department may become a librarian.

Then there is the teacher, she who learns the habit of systematic planning, who learns of historical, geographical and literary facts, who cultivates the habit of careful judgment, accumulates a knowledge of human nature with a special knowledge of children, may become a journalist, a lecturer, a writer of text books, or the head of extension schools maintained by large industries. These are only a few possibilities for the business girl. I simply mention them to encourage the business girl who is ambitious. The life of a typical, high-minded girl worker is an enviable one. She cultivates memory, habits of accurate observation, concentration of attention, reasoning power, judgment until her mind is so full of useful ideas that there is no room for gloom. "Happiness is not a circumstance nor a set of circumstances; it's only a light and we may keep it burning if we will. We deliberately make nearly all our unhappiness with our own unreasonable discontent, and nothing will ever make us happy, except the spirit within. The only way to win happiness is to give it. The more we give the more we have."

A CLUB OF GIRLS

It was my pleasure to visit a very interesting club of girls during the past month in the Jewish Synagogue. This club of girls is known as the Free Loan Society. They meet once a week to make loans and receive the money loaned. They have helped their people by making loans for buying groceries, paying rent or other bills through periods of reverses and they often help their friends by starting them in business. They have a systematic programme governing the return of the loans. After the business hour the girls enjoy a pleasant social hour, an interesting part of which is spent in musical contributions by their own members. The club is a large one and is rapidly increasing in size. One recalls to mind that wonderful organization of Jewish girls in London—an organization of six hundred girls, the leader of which keeps in touch with every member. She never allows a girl to leave for another city without sending word to their people in that city—and when the girl reaches her destination, good friends are there to meet her and find her a position. While talking with one of these girls who had belonged to this London club, I was greatly impressed with the far-reaching results of such service to girls.

SCALES THAT DO NOT BALANCE

Activity means growth and development. Inactivity means decay and death. The girl who has no useful work to do will sometimes express herself in wrongdoing, for restlessness must be satisfied. I must say that a feeling of indignation rises in me when I hear so much of the mistakes of wage-earning girls, but very little—in fact, nothing regarding society girls. The wage-earning girl comes in for attacks of criticism always. As a matter of fact the average working girl is too busy to get into mischief.

Sometimes, because of fear of losing her position, she is caught in the trap

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set by a beastly manager, by that I mean one of those sleek fellows who has a habit of pawing—so I think the word beastly is the only adjective that will express my meaning. I am sure the average manager is a gentleman in every sense of the word but the other kind—the beastly ones—do exist and when a girl is unfortunate enough to be under this type, she lives a life of torture between fear of losing her position and anxiety regarding her own safety. I know girls who are helping support their parents in the Old Country, who feel they must endure much for the sake of holding positions, that they may keep their parents from the workhouse. Then again there are men and women who hang around watching for times when girls are dismissed from places of work or when they are down to the last cent. These men and women are always ready to offer them flattering positions where work is easy and wages high (?). I often wonder why good men and women do not make special effort at these times to come to a girl's rescue. For example—do christian institutions keep in mind the times when, after a business rush, scores of girls are dismissed? Do they realize that beasts of prey regard these times their harvest season?

"She seemed so nice, and I was with the crowd of girls who were let out after the Christmas rush, so I went to her home to work. Another girl who worked there told me it was a nice place, so I thought it would be all right," a girl explained to me last year. She had been

in a house that was raided. Poor girl—the other kind of woman was not there to look after the girls who were let out. But the trapper is always on hand.

We have seen girls fight through and come out courageously successful. We have seen others break down under the awful strain. We have learned valuable lessons from their self-sacrifice and their brave surmounting of difficulties.

The girls who seek work are the highest type of womanhood. They are not the kind who smoke cigarettes around a game of bridge in the home or at a table in a fashionable tea room. I wonder if these timekillers ever wonder what passes through the minds of waitresses who serve these girls and women? They have described their feeling of humiliation to me. Others have told me how the immodest dress of society girls and women at balls has made them ashamed of their sex. When one considers the example the wage-earning girl sees in many women and girls who do not need to work and who feel above the working girl, one marvels at the good common sense and splendid character of the average business girl. We sometimes see women pose as reformers in a sort of patronizing manner—in the "It's so good of me to notice you" style. They reach out with a ten-foot pole and bring them within sight of their commanding personality. I am often amused at the remarks of girls concerning this type of charity. As a matter of fact, girls do not need reforming—they need love—the love that pours from one soul to another.



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An Appreciation of Good Music

The advent of Easter once more reminds us that here in Winnipeg we sadly lack an adequate symphony orchestra.

At the close of one of the concerts by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, given two or three years ago in this city, a well-known public-spirited citizen turned to me and said: "It is a great pity we could not have an organization like this in our own city. All the people should have music of this kind. It should be easy enough to get money from men of means to guard against financial failure."

After enjoying the excellent presentation of "Elijah" recently, I found myself repeating those words: "All the people should hear this. Surely there are men of means in the city who would make it possible for such music to be brought within the reach of all."

It is needless to point out the value of such music. It ennobles and purifies thoughts; it creates genuine religious feelings; it lifts the listeners out of the commonplace. It provides culture of the purest and richest type. The same is true of good orchestral music.

Music For All

Such music should be within reach of all, for it can be appreciated by all. It is the universal language. The very poor are on the same level with the rich. The gift of song and musical appreciation is for no special class, caste, creed or race. Nor is it possible in a community for a few to receive a high degree of musical culture. Appreciation of the best is possible only in a community where good music is "common coin."

It should be quite possible in this city to give such support to an oratorio society and to an orchestral society that even the poorest might enjoy the production. There will be no difficulty on the artistic side. There are good singers in plenty, and they will become more numerous as they are educated. We are singularly fortunate in having had in our city such music lovers as the late Mr. James Tees, Mr. George Bowles, and the present leader of the Oratorio Society, Mr. Moncrieff. We are always able to get orchestral leaders and players. The story of the Appollo Club and its successors, and of the Barrowclough band, make it quite clear that there would be no difficulty in getting together men and women who could lead the city in musical art.

We cannot build up strong choirs and amateur orchestras unless we have the leadership of a well-endowed oratorio society and a well-endowed symphony orchestra. These should be developed, probably in this order.

I feel sure that we have in Winnipeg a few men of means who could assist in supporting musical organizations of the kind mentioned. The time is ripe for action. Any one who visits a city such as Minneapolis or Toronto and who observes what a strong, capable organization has done for the elevation of musical taste will surely agree that it is time for the very efficient unorganized forces of the city to be drawn together. In no respect should we be behind other cities in this department of culture.—K. L. R.

It Must Be So

It must be so—the flowers must bloom to die,
And clouds must gather in the brightest sky;

It must be so, that Youth, with footsteps fleet,
Will haste till Age comes on, with weary feet.

It must be so—Life's twilight must displace
Youth's garland, which lent sunshine to the face;

It must be so, though years may bring renown,
Regret attends, for the lost vernal crown.

It must be so—the loved ones of to-day,
To-morrow from our lives afar must stray;
It must be so, and yet 'tis hard to think
Love's golden chain must sever link by link.

It must be so—there must go on, within.
The needful work—God's loving discipline;
And as it must be so, let's try to bear,
With cheerful hearts, God's love-sent sorrow and care!

—Veni McDonald Porges.

Christina's Sin-Scarred Heritage

By Miriam Elston

I WISH I could understand you, Christina," Mrs. Torrance said, as she poised the cut-glass salt-sifter above her poached egg. "You are perfectly satisfied with the way I've used you, yet you want to leave me at little more than a moment's notice, and go on a wild goose chase after some other situation, where you may not be well used, and which may not be at all satisfactory. I hope you don't blame me if I admit that I'm entirely mystified."

"It's only a dream," Christina faltered.

"But that is ridiculous, Christina. I've no doubt Norway is a very fine country, indeed I cannot for a moment doubt it when it has sent us such creditable specimens of humanity as you. Nevertheless it must be a very inconvenient place to work when compared with this flat. You shouldn't be sentimental, Christina. You are really too sensible a girl for that. And, at any rate, you don't intend to go back to Norway, and even if you get another situation where there is a garden and lawn attached to the house, it may not satisfy you as you imagine. You may dream of Norway again. The only reasonable way is for you to forget your dream. It is fully two weeks since you told me about it before. If you had only made a real effort to forget it, you would have done so long ago."

"I did my best, but last night I dreamed of it once again."

"Well, probably you will never do so again. Bring me some hot cocoa, Christina. I've talked till this is stone cold."

Christina turned to the kitchen with a feeling of desperation at her heart. Her mistress spoke with that air of finality that proclaimed the subject dismissed. In the same way she had dismissed the subject two weeks previously. Would she always continue to do so? If so, what could she do? In order that she should leave the flat it almost seemed necessary to come to some arrangement to that effect with her mistress.

As Christina entered the kitchen an odor of spring stole through the open window, and greeted the girl's nostrils. She looked out of the kitchen window on the stained, grey walls of another building. As she returned to the dining-room she looked out of the dining-room window. This commanded a view of the court at the entrance to the apartment house. Here, a large circular flower bed, centred by an iron statue of some goddess unknown to Christina, seemed moored in a dead sea of asphalt. There was nothing more to be seen saving the red brick walls of the apartment house, with its rows of lace-draped windows.

Why Christina looked out of the windows it would be hard to say. She knew that to do so would only increase her sense of imprisonment, and that sense of imprisonment seemed as a dead weight crushing her. For the space of a few seconds she stood as one spellbound, gazing out on the court.

And as she gazed her dream of the previous night came back to her. Spring had come to her native land. The dark green of the firs was a background for the feathery whiteness of the wild cherry blossom. The flush of spring was on the boles of the birches, and their sprouting leaves looked like a mist of shimmering green hovering here and there on the landscape. She stood on the rugged, barren rock that hung above the fiord, and looked down into the profoundly quiet waters. A thin stream, that found its source in some fir-shaded crevice of the rocks, where ice had formed, zigzagged along the face of the rock, and fell, drop by drop, into the waters beneath. The echo of its faint drip, drip, sounded plainly where the girl stood. It was as though some fairy hand wrought upon nature, and made her harmonies audible. A breeze stirred in the firs, and their pungent breath came to Christina, mingled with that indescribably cool, clean odor of nature in the open. It was the hour of sunset. Already the restful haze of the coming twilight was beginning to hover over the land. The sun had just sunk behind a rugged headland, and the dark firs, tipped with gold, stood out vividly against the deepening blue of the sky. And in her dream Christina had never

known the grim realities of a modern suite, Norway was still her home.

"How would it be if you would bring me that cocoa before it, too, is cold?"

Mrs. Torrance's voice was full of a half tolerant rebuke.

A flood of color surged from Christina's throat to her brow.

"I can't help it, Mrs. Torrance," she said, as she set down the cup. "There's been a pain at my heart for weeks when I think of Norway. I want to smell the odor of the firs. I want to row the boats on the fiord, and to feel the wet winds sting my face and hands. I want to wear my old cap and coat, and go out and help to draw in the fish nets. And then I look out of the window and see nothing but brick, and stone, and asphalt, and something just seems to well right up in my heart and choke me. 'Twill never be any better while I'm in this flat. When a smell of spring comes in at the window, it makes my longing unbearable. I can't stay."

Mrs. Torrance shoved back her cocoa untasted. Her manner was suddenly cold and haughty.

"Very well, Christina, I shan't ask you to stay any longer. You may pack your things at once. You don't expect a recommend, of course, leaving me in the lurch like this."

The hour that was occupied by her packing was a rather distressing one. But when Christina, carrying her heavy bag, was really on the street, she breathed easier.

But trouble loomed up again at the employment agency. The rather grim faced female in charge looked up at Christina laid a dollar on the desk.

"Where was your last situation?"

"With Mrs. Torrance, in the Arlington Apartments."

"How long were you with her?"

"Fourteen months."

"You have a recommend?"

"No; she did not give me one."

"Why?"

"Because I left rather suddenly."

"Why did you leave suddenly?"

"Because I was so lonely I couldn't stay any longer."

The woman eyed her a moment in evident suspicion.

"That sounds strange. You'd better explain further."

But Christina floundered before this last interrogation. How could she make this grim-faced female understand the feelings that had prompted her hasty action? As the girl hesitated, the woman's face got grimmer. She picked up the dollar, and put it in a drawer. Then she motioned her to a seat with an air that proclaimed the subject dismissed.

A woman came in, in search of a servant. She threw her glance along the line of applicants, and Christina felt it come back and rest in approval on herself. Then she went forward to the woman at the desk, and a conversation took place in lowered tones. The woman looked back at her again, as though in unwilling disappointment, and then a second conversation took place, and the woman, with still another lingering look, turned and left the room.

An hour passed, spent by Christina in staring out of the window, and considering the probabilities of the future. What would it lead to if she did secure another position? The warm breath of spring that came in through the open window, brought back her dream persistently. She longed to shut her eyes, and put her hands over her ears, and thus, obliterating the present, allow herself to revel in the scenes amongst which she had spent a not far distant childhood. But the already disapproving female at the desk would be the further scandalized by such a proceeding, and she could imagine the gaping curiosity of the occupants of the chairs. At last she could bear it no longer. Without a word to the woman at the desk, or a glance at those around her, Christina picked up her bag, and disappeared through the open doorway.

A man was mounting the stairs. The short corduroy top coat, and peaked cap and heavy boots he wore proclaimed him to be a denizen of the open. He did not glance at Christina as they passed on the stairs, but Christina looked at him eagerly. His face was morose, the girl

decided, but not unkind. He was already three steps above her when Christina found voice.

"Are you looking for a servant girl?"

The man turned, and for a moment stood looking at her without speaking. Apparently the scrutiny was satisfactory.

"But I'm from the country," he said, "from far out in the country."

"I thought you were," the girl replied, "that's why I spoke to you."

Again there was the moment of quiet scrutiny on the part of the man.

"It's pretty quiet out there," he said at last.

"I don't care how quiet it is," the girl answered, her breath coming faster as she spoke. "I can't stay in the city any longer. I feel as though it would stifle me. I want to get out where there's a whole sky above me, and sunsets, and winds, and I never want to hear the sounds of the city again."

The same quiet scrutiny for a longer period than before. This time it was broken by a question that startled Christina.

"Do you believe in God?"

It was the girl's turn to study the man for a short space before speaking. She answered by a counter question.

"Don't you?"

There was a touch of wonder in her tone that seemed to satisfy the man.

"I've a little one for you to take care of," he said, in a harsh tone, "and you'll have to tell him Bible stories, and hear him say his prayers."

"I won't mind that," Christina replied. "My mother used to tell me Bible stories. Anyone would like to tell again the stories their mother taught them."

A dull, slow red crept from the man's brow to throat. His eyes avoided Christina's, but he took her bag, and started to descend the stairs.

"When can you come?" he queried, over his shoulder.

"Any time," she told him. "I'm ready now."

"I'll give you whatever you've been getting here," he said, as they reached the street.

In the deepening twilight of the same evening, Christina followed Emmett Brooks up the short path that led from the wagon road to the house. It was a much more pretentious house than any they had passed on their twelve-mile drive from the station, and was built with some regard for the laws of beauty in its proportion and finish. In front of the house a flower garden had evidently once flourished, but this spring's growth was struggling up through a dense tangle of last year's weeds, and on a little rustic summer house new vines were mounting on the ragged remains of last year's verdure.

Within the house a lamp, with a cracked and dirty glass, gave forth a faint light. An old Indian woman, wrapped in the inevitable shawl, came forward. Her dark face, and the almost noiseless shuffle of her moccasins encased feet made her seem like some palpable form of the darkness. Emmett Brooks began to speak, but his words were drowned in the shrill outcry of a child.

The child's cry sent a strange thrill of awe through Christina. It was not the cry of an infant, neither was it the normal cry of an older child. Emmett Brooks dropped Christina's bag, and went towards a cot that became visible to her as her eyes became accustomed to the light. He lifted the child in his arms, and a conversation took place between the two. The child's words were unintelligible to Christina, but she got the drift of their talk from the man's part in the conversation.

"I have brought a nice lady to hear you say your prayers. I must go to the horses now."

"But Victor should be asleep. It is an hour after bed-time."

"Then I'll hear them, and put away the horses afterwards."

And then the man repeated a prayer, and the child, in halting, imperfect speech, followed.

Before a day had passed, Christina was absorbed into the life of the home. Emmett Brooks laid only one command upon her. It was given during the progress of breakfast on the following morning.

"You'll tell the child Bible stories whenever you have time, and hear his prayers night and morning. Do you know the prayer he said last night?"

He spoke without glancing up, evidently intent on cutting a piece of bacon. "Yes."

"You noticed the ending?"

Christina repeated it.

"God bless mamma, and papa, and Victor, and bring mamma safe home to her boy."

"Never forget to add that."

Within a week Christina had made considerable headway in establishing friendly relations between herself and the dwarfed child. At first he had shed tears when she related Bible stories to him, and had utterly refused to follow her lead when she repeated his prayers, calling out in a frightened voice for his father, who intentionally absented himself from the house at such hours. And when the father did return, the boy had cried out for him to come and hear him say his prayers. At such times Christina noted that the man's voice broke often, as though in pain.

But before a second week had passed, the child had once followed her lead in prayer, and then gone to sleep in evident contentment. And on that occasion the man had dropped into a chair, and sat for a long time with head bowed on his breast, and even to Christina's unimaginative mind he seemed to be sunk in utter dejection.

It seemed a strange world into which Christina had come. Emmett Brooks seldom looked at her or spoke to her. The old woman squatted, silent, on doorstep or floor, and answered Christina's attempts at conversation merely by a succession of clucks and grunts. The child's weird attempts at conversation were as yet altogether unintelligible to her.

But, though Christina held little converse with the human beings around her, she revelled in communion with Mother Earth. The oppression of the city had dropped from her. This was the land of sunset and sunrise, of free roving winds, of daylight that faded into dusk, and of dusk that settled into quiet night. As she went about her humble tasks, the pure, fragrant breath of growing verdure greeted her nostrils. This was not the country as Christina had known it in her childhood, here Mother Earth wore another countenance, but it was the country, and here Christina was familiar, here her surroundings did not depress her, here she felt superior, as queen of this goodly realm.

Christina had been two months in the country before she met another woman. Then Mrs. Haddow came to call on her.

Christina was busy training vines on the summer-house when she arrived.

"I calculate he never told you to do that?" the woman interrogated, when the brief greetings were over.

"No," Christina admitted, "he did not." And then because the woman's tones had been full of insinuation, she questioned, "Wouldn't he wish me to?"

"Oh, I don't know, only he built it for her, and I reckon he doesn't take any more stock in things he once did for her."

But Christina was not a female of the inquisitive type, and Mrs. Haddow had to seek another opening.

"I reckon you hear the young un say his prayers?"

"Yes."

"Emmett Brooks told the preacher last winter that he heard the young un his prayers because now his mother had gone an' left 'em, all the pleasure the child had was in prayin' for her return. But he said he wouldn't never do it if there was only someone else to do it. As for himself, he said he'd never have any faith in God now she turned out like she did. An' she left 'em so kind o' heartless like. She just 'llowed she was goin' to the city for a few weeks, an' she would send 'em word when to come an' fetch her. An' when the days passed, and the weeks passed, an' she didn't send word, Emmett Brooks went to the city to find out, an' he found out she didn't ever intend to come back. She had gone clean away to some other country with some man. I 'llow Emmett Brooks jest worshipped the ground she walked on, an' when he found out she wasn't good, he jest said there wasn't no sech thing as goodness. But Emmett Brooks has been wonderfully tender to the child. Some say as how the woman died since, but we don't rightly know. I asked him pint blank last fall, but he only says to me, stern like, Missus Haddow, she's been dead to me ever since I knew that she could desert her own helpless flesh and blood. An' though that might satisfy another man, it doesn't jest naturally satisfy a woman. I 'llow perhaps he told you."

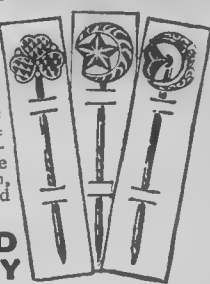
"No."

Christina's lone monosyllable proclaimed her utter distaste for the subject, but that did not mean that Mrs. Haddow would discontinue it. However, she had frequent rests while Mrs. Haddow talked to the Indian woman in her native tongue. The squaw replied in a series of angry grunts.

When Mrs. Haddow was leaving, she

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
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met Emmett Brooks by the garden gate. Christina heard the man speak as they parted.

"You're the sum of the vituperation that soils the earth in this place."

Christina's ordinarily adequate English left her at sea regarding the man's meaning. But Emmett Brook's face was white and his eyes had an angry gleam in them as he came into the house.

It was in the early autumn that a great unrest began to take possession of Christina. She was so solitary, and this world she was in was so large. Miles away, across the level stretches of yellowing prairie, were the darker specks

on the landscape that indicated the dwelling of some human beings. She wondered if there was anyone there who wished for companionship as she did. This was the oppression of vast unbroken spaces that held her in its grasp.

In the early fall, Ed. Carter called at the house. He was a homesteader who lived some ten miles away. His first two visits were a fortnight apart. Then he came again in a week, and after that at the end of three days. The day following this visit, Emmett Brooks asked Christina to marry him.

"I can see that you love the little one as well as I do," he finished, as though

he sought to justify himself.

"But where's she? You can't marry me," Christina replied.

"She died nearly two years ago," he answered harshly.

Christina saw a sudden perspiration bead his brow.

A great fear clutched at Christina's heart. She turned hot and cold by spells. She felt as though fate laid a husk at her feet, and bade her accept it. And instinctively she knew that the husk belonged to her. It should have belonged to her in its full fruition, but the workings of fate are not always kind. Someone else had stolen the golden grain, and left her only a worthless husk. But such as it was it was her own. She feared to spurn it, lest in doing so she reaped a still greater sorrow.

And, as his wife, life would be changed. She would share the attentions that now he lavished only on the child. She would always know that someone else had spilled the wine that should have made her life glad, and yet she would go on bravely, accepting the decree of fate, and making no murmur.

"Yes, I'll marry you," she answered. "I love the child."

"It might as well be at once, then," he said. "The minister is due in the neighborhood to-morrow. I'll get the license, and we can be married on Thursday."

Mrs. Haddow made the house three days after the marriage.

"I reckoned Emmett Brooks wouldn't marry again," she volunteered, before she was well inside the door. "He told the preacher once that he had no faith left in God nor man. She was a pertty little thing, with brown eyes, and brown hair curlin' round her face, an' I guess her beauty took his eye, an' he didn't see any deeper. Not but you're mighty good lookin', child, I didn't mean that. Ed. Carter was minded to marry you. He told my old man he intended to ask you as soon as it seemed probable to do so. I reckon Emmett Brooks sensed he was thinkin' o' doin' it, an' he wanted you fer to take care o' the young un, an' hear him say his prayers. Emmett Brooks 'llowed it made his life most as hard as everlastin' fire to hear those prayers."

Christina was enough a daughter of Eve to look at herself long and earnestly in the little mirror when Mrs. Haddow was gone. But brown eyes and curling brown hair were the things on which Mrs. Haddow had put a premium. The clear, earnest grey eyes that looked out of a womanly face, crowned with the heavy braids of golden hair, were in another catalogue. Christina had not heard them classed as beauty. Neither did she class them as that herself. The small mirror revealed nothing of a form that was moulded on heroic lines. Neither would she have set a high value on such if she had been able to see it. She told herself as she turned away that she was but poorly dowered in the line of beauty. And though she had thought little on the subject before, it saddened her now. If she had possessed beauty, it might have proved a winning card.

After Mrs. Haddow's visit, the days seemed continually grey. Christina worked feverishly at the work within doors, and when the child was taking his afternoon nap, she took long tramps across the prairie. It was the same in all directions, an earth whose mantle of verdure was turning to a dull, weather-beaten grey. The shrubs were now merely naked branches, and the crackling leaves rustled uneasily in the wind that swept the ground. On the sloughs the ducks swam forth in families. Sometimes they congregated in groups on the reedy edges of the sloughs and gossiped sociably.

Christina dumbly envied the placid fowl their well-defined family ties, their congenial, neighborly groupings. Her family ties did not seem to bind. Her husband was as silent towards her as he had been in the first days. To Christina it seemed that the silence had grown, under the new relationship, merely a more definite one. And as for congenial, neighborly groupings—Christina knew no neighbor save Mrs. Haddow, and that woman's tongue was an instrument of torture that Christina had learned to dread, since she seemed unable to silence it.

Under these conditions Christina's longings again reached out to Norway, the land where her father and mother

slept their last sleep. She remembered the smiling good cheer that had warmed her childhood's home. The memory made her present surroundings the more intolerable. In Norway the blue dome of Heaven hung above one's own fiord. The stars came out at night and reflected on the quiet waters, and Heaven somehow seemed very near. The sun rose and set just behind the headlands that were only a few miles away. Christina's father had been to them and had told her as a child how that when one got there the sunset was behind another headland, still farther off. And then she had known that God had provided that sunset just for the people that lived by that fiord. And then God had seemed very near indeed.

But to the girl whose tenderest recollections were of the fir-locked fiords the endless level prairie, with its far-removed sunrises and sunsets, was as a great barrenness. It came to her that it was as a symbol of this new life that was hers.

A hunger grew within Christina that seemed to gnaw at her very vitals. A breath of the air of her native fiord would, she felt sure, somewhat ease this ceaseless craving. A glimpse of a sunset just behind the firs a few miles away would surely bring God near again. Sometimes she put forth grasping hands as though to draw these fleeting visions of a happier day closer to her. But the visions vanished as a thin cloud disturbed by a summer breeze. And then the sunsets were farther off than before.

The winter days lengthened and spring was in the air. The snow, still powdery dry, disappeared before the spring winds, and left no trace of moisture behind it. Emmett Brooks remarked that it was a likely season for prairie fires, and plowed anew the fire guards around the buildings.

The water in the well failed, and Christina had to carry water from the stream that ran through a ravine that was gouged out of the level prairie only a distance of a hundred feet from the foot of the garden.

Christina had grown to like the spot. The bushes that grew on the side of the ravine were beginning to put forth their first faint showings of green, silver-furred buds of the crocus were beginning to push their way through the fragrant mould. Spring in the ravine was slightly in advance of spring on the prairie. Christina was wont to linger here for a few minutes when she came for her pails of water. Here she was with nature, but the vastness of the prairie was banished.

One day, when she had lingered a few moments longer than usual, she was startled by the sudden dimming of the brilliant sunshine. Looking up, she saw that a dense cloud of black smoke was rolling over the ravine. Instantly she knew what had happened. They were surrounded by a prairie fire. She thought of the boy in the house. It was likely he was safe. The fire would scarcely jump the fire-guards. She was safe enough in the ravine.

But she did not stop to consider the matter of safety for herself. She began to scramble up the zig-zag path. A sudden gust of wind rolled a small bundle of dried vegetation over the mouth of the ravine, and it fell at the girl's feet. Fire was eating its way through it, but she recognized it as the plants she had gathered from the garden beds.

With a sickening sense of fear, she realized that the wind that had carried it considerably more than a hundred feet might likewise carry other burning vegetation within the fireguard. Even now the house where the helpless child was might be in danger. A sense of horror seemed to weigh her down as she struggled up the path.

The dense black smoke on the level blinded Christina. The first sea of flames that sweeps the prairie at whirlwind speed had passed by and was now racing the wind a good half mile to the eastward. Christina could not see the buildings for the black smoke that rose from the smouldering grass on the low ground surrounding the slough, and swept the intervening space in a dense cloud.

In the horror of the moment, Christina thought that the smoke must come from straw burning in the yard.

Between Christina and the fireguard lay something better than a hundred feet of smoking sod, with little tongues of flame feeding on the blackened tufts of grass. Christina did not pause to consider what were the probabilities of attempting a passage. In the house was a helpless child, cruelly frightened, if not in actual danger. The fact of a not fully developed reason always made its sufferings through fear abnormal. The little face seemed to look out through the smoke, and lead her as she plunged across the fiery, smoking ground.

A gasp of relief escaped from Christina when she reached the fire-guard and found that the ground within had not been burned. And then, in the twinkling of an eye, Christina's cotton dress burst into flames.

The flames seemed to be all over her skirt at once. She endeavored to stifle the fire by gathering the blazing material closely to her. But it burned her hands cruelly, and now the fire was catching on to her sleeves, now she could feel its hot breath on her face. Then someone threw a coat around her shoulders and was beating out the flames.

There are moments in the life of every mortal that are so pregnant of the greater things of this existence that the fetters of the mortal seem to fall from us, and we stand forth before another as a naked soul in the full glare of the white light of a perfect understanding. It is never the moment of glib speech. Emmett Brooks was silent, nor did Christina speak. They stood looking into each other's eyes for perhaps the space of a second, or perhaps it was a much longer period. They could never have told you. But Emmet Brooks understood as by a flash of inspiration, that in sinning against the woman before him he had sinned against his own happiness. The love that the Infinite intended for him was still his, but, during the process of healing, the wounds he had left on this heart would often ache. The love that Christina bore for him would henceforth be a saddened one.

The fact of his own love for the woman before him swept over him as the surging tide. Why had he never wakened to it before? He had spent the months in denying the existence of love, and God had punished him by sending the revelation of the crowning love of his life in pain instead of in joy.

Emmett Brooks did not tell Christina in so many words the fact of his new-found love for her. Moments of such understanding between two hearts are absolute. He knew that her assurance was deeper than any assurance of words. Some other time, when their hearts were not so deeply stirred, words would come easier.

In the evening they sat in the doorway, and watched the sun dip behind the western horizon. A low-lying cloud turned to crimson, then deepened to purple and faded to grey. The child was in Emmett Brooks' arms, but he coaxed for Christina to take him.

But Christina's arms, heavily bandaged from elbow to finger tips, lay helpless in her lap.

"You'll have to learn patience, young man," Emmett Brooks said to the child. It will be several days before your mother can take you."

It was the first time that Emmett Brooks had so defined the relationship. A strange new joy surged through Christina's heart.

"The sunset seems to be nearer to-night than usual," Christina said, breaking an intimate silence. "I wonder if it is the cloud that makes the difference?"

of slides in about four inches of water. I mention this depth, because if the set is made where it is shallow, the fur bearer is liable to be taken by the short and weak front legs, instead of the long and strong hind ones. When this is done, the trap usually breaks the bones and the animal escapes to die, no doubt, in some hole where the trapper will never find it.

The muskrat is most active in the fall of the year when it is preparing its winter quarters and storing the food. While some imagine there are two distinct species, namely, the house builders and the den rats, they are mistaken. In lakes, swamps, etc., the muskrat invariably builds a house, but in streams where the current is more or less rapid it lives in the bank. While I have seen houses in streams and dens in lakes, this is the exception rather than the rule.

Often shallow runways between two ponds close together may be discovered, which this animal uses. Traps set at each entrance will always prove effective.

Incline a board at an angle of about forty-five degrees in shallow water, one end of which is stuck in the mud and the other supported by a brace so it is just above the surface. A few inches below the water, arrange two nails so as to hold the trap in position. On the top of the board place some vegetable, such as an apple or parsnip. The muskrat in climbing this board for the decoy is sure to be caught.

A very successful method is by staking a pumpkin or head of cabbage in shallow water, not far from the shore, and surrounding it with a number of traps.

When dens are discovered in deep water, use a Sabo trap. Employ no lure of any kind, as the animals in swimming to the feeding ground are sure to be caught. In the winter time, when the weather is extremely cold, the animal mentioned in this article is not very active. Trappers often make their sets within the houses by chopping out a portion and arranging a Hector or Hopper in such a manner as to take whatever enters. At springs, or the mouths of flowing tiles, are good places for winter sets also.

In shallow water, on inclined sticks, place some vegetable such as I have already named. Under these arrange sets. It is best, when after this fur bearer, to fasten all traps in deep water. When this is done, the animal in attempting to escape will invariably tangle the chain and be unable to reach shore; consequently it will drown.

At the beginning of the fur season, when the streams are just commencing to freeze and ice is forming at the foot of slides thick enough to hold the weight of the muskrat, often the slides may be kept open by placing a small quantity of coarse salt in a sack at the foot of them. Arrange a trap on the top of the salt.

The 'coon is much harder to trap than the muskrat. It has a keen sense of smell and, like its larger brother, the bear, always seems hungry and may be lured by almost any kind of bait.

When after this fur bearer, employ nothing smaller than a No. 1½ trap. It is very strong and often pulls out even when fastened permanently. Instead of using a stake, it is best to wire the chain to a rock weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds.

Even the amateur will have no trouble in distinguishing the track of the 'coon. The imprint resembles that of a human foot, only much smaller. Generally speaking, this animal is never found far from timber country; usually near water.

In shallow water, not far from shore, build three-sided pens of rocks. In the back part place some honey just above the water, or a small fish. Guard this decoy with one or more traps. When the stream is clear and clams may be found, open a number of them and surround with four or five Hector traps, the springs of which should be placed nearest the bait.

Of course, land sets may be made for this animal also, concealed in runways or similar to those I have described for taking the skunk. Ordinarily, however, the novice will get more fur if he uses water sets entirely.

The raccoon is the only one of the smaller animals which should be skinned

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open; that is, cut down the belly. The pelts should be removed similarly to the manner in which the hide of a cow is taken off, and stretched flesh side out.

Trapping Skunks

By Fred Storey

The skunk is the first of the smaller animals to become prime in the fall. It is one of the easiest to trap. As a rule, skunks prefer stony ground for its den, but they are found almost anywhere, under barns, houses, and similar places. They show no fear of man.

The simplest method of trapping is to locate a den and conceal a set at the mouth of it. No covering is necessary when after the skunk, yet the amateur will find much practice in concealing the traps. To do this properly, scoop out a small excavation just large enough for the trap. The depth should be so that the pan is slightly below the surface of the ground. As a covering, use that natural to the place. For instance, if there are dried leaves at the mouth of the hole, employ dried leaves; if grass, use grass. It is advisable to place a small wad of cotton under the pan of the trap so that nothing can get under it—such as dirt, etc.—and prevent the set springing. The material used for covering should not be too heavy nor too light. In the former case, often the jaws are clogged and the fur bearer is able to escape; in the latter, frequently the exposed trap will warn the animals. This latter may be ignored when trapping the skunk, but should a wandering mink come along, as is frequently the case, it would speedily locate the trap and pass by. On the other hand, should the set be well hidden, the chances are that the pelt would be taken. I have added many a skin of the mink in concealed sets for skunk.

The beginner need have no difficulty in telling whether a skunk den is inhabited or not. Examine the dirt taken from the path leading into the hole and also the sides of the burrow. In case the fur bearer occupies it, you are almost sure to find long black or black and white hairs.

Where there are indications of the skunk, dig small holes about three inches deep. In the bottom of these set traps. Over the traps place a small pile of grass. Light the covering and feed into the flames small bits of meat. The smell of the burning flesh will attract the animals and in digging in the ashes for it, the fur bearers are sure to be taken.

Some pelt hunters prefer to scoop out shallow dens in the sides of banks, in the back part of which a bait is placed. The lure, of course, is protected with traps.

Frequently small wooden culverts can be found in which there is no water, and according to indications, dry most of the year. If one will examine the entrances closely, often signs of skunks can be seen. Even though there are no indications of the animals passing through and there are some in the vicinity, place a large piece of meat in the culvert and traps at each entrance. These ought to be well concealed for a set of this kind often is responsible for the capture of much more important game. For this

reason when No. 1 traps are employed, it is advisable to place two at each end of the bridge.

There are many methods of killing the skunk without odor, each championed by various trappers. I have tried them all, from stabbing to drowning, but have found none so good as shooting the captured fur bearers just back of the head with a small caliber rifle, so that the bullet cuts the spine and renders them powerless to eject their fluid. In approaching, care should be taken that the animal is not unduly excited. Should, however, an accident happen and the smell be got either on the clothes or hands, washing in gasoline once or twice will remove it. This operation should take place out of doors to avoid the danger of fire.

In skinning the skunk, one should remember that the scent glands are at the root of the tail. Cut around these, leaving the small patch of fur. This practice is followed by most professional trappers and does not lessen the value of the hides.

Smoking Out Skunks

The trapper or hunter who succeeds in locating the den or hiding place of any fur bearer should count himself fortunate, as he is often able to catch half a dozen or more animals in one haul. When a den is found and it is reasonably certain that the occupants are "at home," all openings should be immediately blocked until the smoking-out process can begin. Smoking out is by far the most satisfactory method of taking animals, as the trapper has the privilege of selecting only those that are of value to him at the time and letting poorly-furred creatures, females and kits go until their pelts are marketable. He can also secure, uninjured, such as he may desire for the purpose of selling alive or keeping in captivity until their furs are of greatest value.

There are several good smokers on the market which can be bought for a nominal sum. Possibly the best is made in three detachable sections, consisting of a bellows, smoke chamber and nozzle. This smoker is very light and can be carried easily, and when long distances must be traversed these two features are of prime importance. To operate, the smoke chamber is loaded with a piece of ordinary burlap sacking, old rags, cotton, corn cobs or any other inflammable stuff that will make smoke, and a little sulphur or cayenne pepper added will increase the efficacy of the fumes. The load is set afire, and with the aid of the bellows a suffocating spray of heavy smoke can be projected into every nook and cranny of the hiding place.

In from ten to twenty minutes, depending on the size of the den, the animals will be forced to come out for fresh air, and they are so weakened and dazed by the fumes that they can be easily caught alive in traps, nets or slip noose, or they can be killed with a club or rifle.

Such animals as are undesirable for any reason can be permitted to escape until some future time when they are in marketable condition. In this way the experienced trapper conserves the fur-

Trapping the Muskrat and the Coon

By George J. Thiessen

A small army traps the muskrat every season. More go after its pelt than all the other fur-bearing animals put together. As stated before, it is the only one which exists entirely upon vegetable matter, and this is the reason why the skins of the far north, where the long, cold winters are responsible for the scanty vegetation, are of inferior quality. Owing to the fact that the hides of this little animal have proven so popular, especially in the making of imitation seal, the demand for them has steadily grown. This season high prices may be expected for all the pelts taken.

The simplest method of taking the muskrat is by placing traps at the foot

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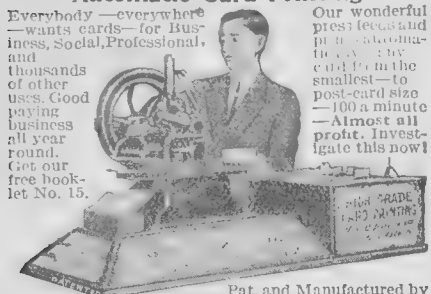
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Some Favorite Recipes

Frozen Pineapple—Make a syrup of sugar and water. To a pint of syrup add a pint of grated pineapple, the juice of two lemons and the grated rind of one. Strain through a flannel bag. Freeze. When half frozen stir into the ice small bits of pineapple cut in the form of stars; continue to stir until the ice is frozen solid. Then mould in fancy moulds and pack in ice and salt. The frozen pineapple may be colored if desired. A dainty shade of green may be obtained with a few drops of spinach juice, and a clear yellow with saffron extract.

Pineapple Fritters—Pare the pineapple, cut it into thin slices and soak them in lemon juice and sugar for two hours. Make a batter by beating four eggs, the yolks and whites separately. Stir with the yolks a cupful of flour and a little salt; beat the batter well and add two tablespoonfuls of cream. Lastly, stir in the well-beaten whites of the eggs. The batter, to be of the proper consistency, should be thick enough to drop from a spoon. When the batter is ready dip in the pieces of pineapple and fry in boiling lard; turn them when sufficiently brown, and when done drain on blotting-paper. Serve piled on a white doily with pulverized sugar and slices of lemon. Pineapple fritters make a delicious finish to a breakfast.

Apple Custard—Take one pint stewed apples, sweetened and cooled; one pint sweet milk, four eggs beaten well. Mix the apples, milk and eggs, put in baking dish, grate a little nutmeg over the top and bake one-half hour.

Note—A very plain custard can be made with one egg to a pint of milk and a good one with three eggs. One tablespoon of sugar is allowed to each egg. Various dishes can be made by pouring boiled custard over bananas, oranges, raspberries, peaches.

Baked Apples—To bake in their skins, wash and wipe, and place in earthenware or graniteware baking dishes, as tin and iron injures the flavor of the fruit. They should be baked until they form a frothy, pulpy mass, and if there is any danger of the juice burning on the baking dish, add a little water. Eaten with cream they form a delicious dessert.

Or they can be peeled and cored and the centres filled with spiced sugar and a small piece of butter. Pour a little water in the baking pan, and a rich juice is formed, which can be used for basting them.

Crystallized Pineapple—Pare the pineapple; cut into slices and then into cubes, stars or triangles. Simmer in water until tender; remove and drain. Place one pound of granulated sugar in a saucepan, add to it a gill of water, and place on the stove to boil. Do not stir after the sugar is dissolved. Keep it boiling until the sugar snaps when dropped in a cup of ice water. It must be brittle without being sticky. Squeeze in a little lemon juice. Place the fruit in a deep dish and pour over it the boiling syrup; press down with a plate to keep the fruit submerged, and let it remain over night. The next morning drain off the syrup, heat it and repeat the process. Do this for eight

days, renewing the syrup if necessary. At the end of this time drain the fruit from the syrup and place on a sieve to dry, turning it frequently. When well candied and dry, pack in layers between sheets of waxed paper. Place in a dry, cool place and it will keep for months. Crystallized pineapple is a very dainty confection.

Pineapple Shortcake—For the cake make rich but rather soft paste, divide into equal parts, press one-half into a buttered pie-plate, spread liberally with butter and place the other half of the paste on top. Bake in a quick oven. Several hours before serving take a very ripe, finely flavored pineapple, peel and shave it in thin slices, sprinkle with sugar and the juice of one or two lemons; then cover it close. When it is time to serve the shortcake split the cake in half, spread the prepared pineapple between the layers and on top of the cake, and serve with sweetened whipped cream.

Candies

Butter Scotch—Three cups molasses, one and one-half cup water, one and one-half cup sugar, one-half cup butter. Boil till it hardens in cold water.

Cream Candy—One pound white sugar, one-fourth cup vinegar, one tumbler water, vanilla. Boil one-half hour and pull.

Chocolate Caramels—One cup grated chocolate, two cups brown sugar, one cup molasses, one cup milk or cream, butter the size of an egg. Boil until thick, almost brittle, stirring constantly. Turn it on to butter plates and when it begins to stiffen mark it into small squares so that it will break easily when cold. Add one tablespoonful of vanilla.

Fudges—Three cups sugar, one cup milk or cream, one-third cup butter, two squares chocolate. Cook fifteen minutes. Pour into pan and let cool. When cool stir until candy begins to set.

Bitter Sweets—Make white fudges without butter and put on a coating of clear, bitter chocolate.

Caramels (Chocolate)—Take four cups of brown sugar, two cups New Orleans molasses, one-half cup of milk, two cups Baker's chocolate (grated), and butter the size of an egg; stir all together, and boil slowly over a slow fire until it cracks in water (the "soft crack" degree); add vanilla flavor and turn it about one-half inch deep, into large, flat, well-greased tins; when nearly cold, mark it deeply into squares with a greased knife. Break apart when cold, and wrap in waxed paper.

Maple Caramels—Take four cups granulated sugar, one cup crushed maple sugar, one cup sweet cream; bring to a boil and add one tablespoon of butter and a pinch of cream tartar; cook slowly, with constant stirring, to the "soft crack" degree, and finish as directed for chocolate caramels.

Nut Caramels—Make the same as chocolate caramels and when it is cooked (to the "crack" degree) stir in about one pound of nuts, chopped fine; use walnuts, or walnuts and almonds mixed; then finish as with the chocolate caramels.

Vanilla Caramels—Cream two table-spoons of butter, and work in one cup brown sugar; then mix in one cup cream and one cup New Orleans molasses, and treat as directed for chocolate caramels, flavoring with one teaspoon of vanilla just before pouring out to cool.

This can be made into strawberry caramel by flavoring with strawberry instead of vanilla, and working in a little red coloring.

An Incident at the Front

Mr. John Davies, who is in charge of one of the Soldiers' Christian Association camp homes somewhere in France, writes: "We had a visitor last Sunday. He was speaking elsewhere, and one of our Christian lads, not long converted, went over after the service and asked him to come and see the S.C.A. hut, where he was 'born again'. He came, and found a band of Christian lads in the devotional room. He took a seat and listened to their interesting conversation; one man was telling his comrades that a few days ago he was travelling with thirty-four other men in a railway truck when the language of the men was so bad that he was compelled to kneel down and silently pray. There came a hush over the men, and when he rose to his feet the leader came to him and apologised for his and their conduct. God gave him the victory and made him 'more than conqueror

"On going away the minister said, 'That is the best thing I have met since I have been in France, and I will never forget it, but pass it on to others.' He said he had never heard of the S. C. A., and did not know what it was, but he got an object-lesson that night."

Wide Diamond Lace

Cast on 31 stitches, knit across plain.
1st Row.—Knit 8, narrow, over 1, knit 3, over, narrow, knit 9, narrow, over, knit 3, seam 1, over, knit 1.

2nd Row.—Knit 2, over, knit 5, over, narrow, knit 7, narrow, over, knit 5, over, narrow, knit 7.

3rd Row.—Knit 6, narrow, over, knit 7, over, narrow, knit 5, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1, seam 1, over, knit 1.

4th Row.—Knit 2, over, knit 1, narrow, over, knit 3, over, narrow, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over, knit 9, over, narrow, knit 5.

5th Row.—Knit 4, narrow, over, knit 11, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, knit 5, over, narrow, knit 1, seam 1, over, knit 1.

6th Row.—Knit 2, over, knit 1, narrow, over, knit 3, over, narrow, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 1, over, knit 3 together, over, knit 13, over, narrow, knit 3.

7th Row.—Knit 5, over, narrow, knit 9, narrow, over, knit 3, over, narrow, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow.

8th Row.—Bind off 1, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow, over, knit 5, over, narrow, knit 7, narrow, over, knit 6.

9th Row.—Knit 7, over, narrow, knit 5, narrow, over, knit 7, over, narrow, knit 1, over, slip 1, narrow, throw the slipped stitch over the narrowed one, over, knit 1, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow.

10th Row.—Bind off 1, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over, knit 9, over, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over, knit 8.

11th Row.—Knit 9, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow over, knit 11, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, knit 1, narrow.

12th Row.—Bind off 1, knit 1, over, knit 3 together, over, knit 13, over, knit 3 together, over, knit 10.

Fox Breeding

Since the war fox prices in Prince Edward Island have been much lower. The average value of a fox is now about \$250, a few years ago values as high as ten or fifteen thousand dollars were placed on the black species. In several ranches, where the foxes are black, or nearly so, and are vigorous and well grown, the average value is several times higher and, in a few instances, the skins of individual animals will exceed \$1,000.00. They are of higher value than the average wild fox because they are killed when prime, and are darker colored.

Mr. A. V. Fraser, a noted fur expert, recently investigated the industry in Prince Edward Island and has given his opinions thereon. He believes that, to rear foxes successfully, the farmer must be a prime stock feeder and keep his animals growing thriftily from birth to maturity. The practice in many ranches of restricting feed until the foxes are four to five months old he considers harmful. He states that any defects in the food will be evident in the skin structures first, and the skin of any animal is the evidence of its feeding.

The stability of the industry was considered doubtful when the skins were placed upon the London market some years ago. Leading fur houses formerly held the opinion that, unless wild fox blood was continually introduced, the skins would deteriorate. Mr. Fraser is now convinced that no new blood is required as several ranchers had their foxes in uniformly excellent condition, and of an average size in excess of wild foxes, while the color was very much superior to that of any wild animal.

A Home Blessing

"Now blessings be upon your house,
Your roof and hearth and walls.
May there be lights to welcome you,
When evening shadow falls.
The love that, like a guiding star,
Still signals while you roam,
A book, a friend, these be the things
That make a house a home."

Myrtle Reed.

bearing animals in his district until it is worth his while to take them. The indiscriminate slaughter of fur bearers is the source of some needless loss to men engaged in the fur business, and by killing only those that have a marketable value a much greater final profit can be made.

Hints on Catching Coyotes

The experience of old hunters is that the use of fetid scents is very valuable in attracting coyotes to poisonous bait or to traps. Below we give directions for making this fetid bait as recommended by the United States Biological Survey and endorsed by experienced hunters: "Place a half-pound of raw beef in a wide-mouthed bottle and let it stand in a warm place, but not in the sun, for two to six weeks, or until it is thoroughly decayed and the odor has become as offensive as possible. When decomposition has reached the proper stage, add a quart of sperm oil or any liquid animal oil. Lard oil may be used, but prairie dog oil is better. Then add one ounce of pulverized asafetida and one ounce of tincture of Siberian musk or Tonquin musk. If this cannot be secured, use in its place one ounce of dry, pulverized castoreum (beaver castor) or one ounce of the common musk sold as perfumery. Mix well and bottle securely until used.

"After setting the traps, apply the scent with stick or straw or by pouring from the bottle to the grass, weeds or ground on the side of the trap opposite that from which the wolf would naturally approach. Never put the scent on the trap, as the first impulse of the wolf after sniffing the scent is to roll on it."

Household Suggestions

Nut Bread—The nicest bread I ever ate and one that is easy to prepare is nut bread. To make two loaves take 3 cups white flour, 3 cups unsifted graham, 3 cups lukewarm water in which a cake of compressed yeast has been dissolved. One and one-half teaspoons salt, a heaping mixing spoon sugar, one-quarter teaspoon soda and one and one-half cups chopped hickory or English walnut meats.

Mix the ingredients thoroughly at night, set in a warm place to rise, then in the morning mix it out into loaves with but little kneading. Use as little flour as possible, only sufficient to keep it from sticking to the molding board, as the bread is much more moist and tender than when made too stiff with flour.

Let it rise till light and do not be worried when the loaves do not rise round in the middle like other bread; they are sure to remain level on the top, but when touched with the finger the dough gives beneath it and comes immediately back into shape again, the bread is of the proper consistency and ready for the oven. Bake slowly for about an hour, the slow baking bringing out the nutty flavor so much liked by everyone.

This bread can be cut before it is cold if one so desires, but to have the slices clean cut and with no torn appearance, the knife should be warmed to about the same temperature as the bread. It makes fine sandwiches, and attracts attention wherever seen on account of its peculiar color, being the darkest bread I have ever seen, except Boston brown bread.

How to Serve Canned Meats—Nearly everything in the meat line is now put up in cans, and if one wishes to use the contents cold they are ready for the table. All this meat is thoroughly cooked, therefore if one desires to serve it hot it must be cooked only enough to make it hot. Chicken and other white meats may be heated in a brown or white sauce and served with rice, macaroni or potatoes. Any of the white or dark meats may be served in a curry. The bones and trimmings from a can of meat may be used in a soup.

Canned Meat in White Sauce—Make the sauce the same as brown sauce, but do not let the butter and flour brown.

Canned Meat with Tomato Sauce—Put a pint of stewed tomatoes in a sauce pan and on the fire. Beat together one tablespoonful of butter, one heaping teaspoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper. Stir this into the hot tomatoes. Simmer for ten minutes, then rub through a strainer. Heat one pint and a half of meat in this. Serve with boiled rice or boiled macaroni.

Sweet drippings may be substituted for butter in all sauces except cream sauce.

Value of Beans, Peas and Lentils—Peas, beans and lentils are rich in nitrogenous matter, and can therefore, in a measure, replace meat in the dietary. These vegetables require careful cooking to make them easy of digestion. Whether green or dried they should always be well ventilated during the process of cooking. They require a generous amount of fat either in the form of butter, pork, bacon or sweet drippings. The dried vegetables should be washed, then soaked in cold water for twelve hours. The cooking of the dried vegetables should be long and slow.

Dried peas and lentils are particularly valuable for soup. Dried beans are useful for stewing, baking and soups. The most delicately flavored beans are the limas. They may be employed for baking, for soups and as a vegetable.

Baked Beans, New York Style—Wash and soak one quart of beans over night. In the morning pour off the water and put on to boil with three quarts of cold water. When the beans begin to boil pour off the water and add three quarts of boiling water. Let them simmer gently until they begin to crack. Pour off the water, which should be saved for soup. Wash and score one pound of mixed salt pork. Into a granite or tin pan, that will hold three or four quarts, put a layer of beans. Put the pork in the centre of the dish, having the rind side up. Mix together two teaspoonfuls of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper, sprinkle a little of this over each layer of beans as they are put in the dish. Add enough hot water to cover the beans. Bake in a slow oven for eight or ten hours. Add a little hot

water from time to time. Serve from the dish in which they are baked.

Dried Lima Beans in White Sauce—Soak one pint of beans over night. About two hours and a half before dinner-time pour off the water. Put the beans on to boil in two quarts of boiling water; simmer gently for two hours. Pour off the water, which save for soup. Beat together one generous tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. Stir this into a pint of hot milk. Season the beans with a little pepper and a level teaspoonful of salt. Add the sauce and simmer gently for twenty minutes.

Savory Beans—Cook the beans as for white sauce. Fry two ounces of salt pork or smoked bacon. Take up the pork and into the fat put one tablespoonful of chopped onion. Cook for five minutes, then add the beans, one tablespoonful of salt and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper. Cook for fifteen minutes, stirring frequently with a fork. Just before serving add a teaspoonful of minced parsley if you have it. Serve in a hot dish and garnish with the slices of pork.

Bean Soup—Take one pint of beans, wash and soak them over night. Put them on to boil with two quarts of cold water. When the water boils pour off and add two quarts of boiling water. Cook slowly for three hours. The last hour add a spray of dried celery leaves. Put into a stewpan two tablespoonfuls of sweet drippings and one large onion minced fine. Cook slowly for twenty minutes, then add one tablespoonful of flour. Pour the water from the beans on this, stirring all the while. Mash the beans into a paste and add to the other ingredients. Season with one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper and two teaspoonfuls of salt. Rub through a sieve. Return to the fire. When the soup boils up add one pint of hot milk and one tablespoonful of butter. Soup may be made from beans left over from the baked or stewed beans and the water in which they were boiled. Double the amount of onion given may be used if desired.

Dried pea and lentil soups may be made the same as bean soup.

Scalloped Apples—Two cups stale bread crumbs; two tablespoons butter; two cups sliced apples; two tablespoons sugar; grated rind and juice of one-half of a lemon.

Butter pudding dish and cover with bread crumbs, then put in a layer of apples, sprinkle with sugar, lemon rind and juice and dot with butter, repeat till dish is full, finishing with bread crumbs. Cover when first put in the oven to prevent crumbs browning too rapidly.

Steamed Apple Pudding—Two cups of flour; four teaspoons baking powder; one-half teaspoon of salt; two tablespoons butter; three-quarters of a cup of milk; four apples cut in eighths.

Mix and sift dry ingredients; work in butter with tips of fingers, add milk gradually, mixing with knife; toss on floured board, roll out, place apples on middle of dough and sprinkle with sugar, bring dough around apples and carefully lift into buttered mould, cover closely and steam one hour and twenty minutes.

Jellied Apples—Pare and slice thin a dozen or more tart apples. Place in a pudding dish alternate layers of apples and sugar, add a dust of cinnamon. When the dish has been filled in this way, pour over it half a cup of water. Lay a buttered plate over the top and cook slowly for three hours. Set in a cool place, and when ready turn out in a glass dish. Served with whipped cream or boiled custard.

Brown Betty—Alternate layers of sliced apples and dry bread crumbs; put enough crumbs to cover the apples, add wee bits of butter, sugar and ground cinnamon; repeat this until the pudding dish is full, having crumbs on the top; pour half cup molasses or milk and half cup water over. Set the dish in a pan of boiling water and bake in a moderate oven for an hour. Serve with cream.

Do it Now.—Disorders of the digestive apparatus should be dealt with at once before complications arise that may be difficult to cope with. The surest remedy to this end and one that is within reach of all, is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, the best laxative and sedative on the market. Do not delay, but try them now. One trial will convince anyone that they are the best stomach regulator that can be got.



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Recent Discoveries about Goitres

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (John Hopkins University).

HAVE you a goitre? Most persons will at once be inclined to answer in the negative. Yet Sir William Osler's emphatic repetition of Virchow's discovery 20 years ago that nearly "ninety-nine individuals in every hundred have tuberculosis" is less startling than Professor Kocher's news, to wit, that every woman has a potential goitre, and four in every five men have them.

That is to say practically everyone is on the verge of having a goitre and does have one in abeyance. It is more or less accidental whether she or he develops a miniature one, a saucer-shaped one, or a larger pumpkin, pear-formation.

If you will, even as a non-medical man, examine the throats of every young girl and see, a distant kind of "fatness" will be discernible in the front of her neck. The thyroid gland which is supposed to be small, impalpable and tucked in snugly at this point has become a bit bumptious.

It has swollen and bulged a bit. The tissue of thyroid gland makes many things for the human body. It manufactures those liquids—liquid nerves—which cause the hair to stand on end like the quills of the fretful porcupine it pours the juices of fear, of anger, of sweat, of muscular trembles, and many other things, among which is iodine, into the blood.

A substance which looks like transparent glass or crystal gelatine, called colloid, is present in the thyroid gland. When young men and women reach the age of discretion, the colloid is apt to be over-profeced. It is nature's preparation for the marital state.

This excess of material is what at certain ages gives everybody a goitre. By virtue of the prospective maternal function in girls, the goitre-like thyroid gland is always bigger in fair maids between the ages of 14 and 19, as well as up to the age of 29, than in men.

Whether these "physiological" goitres shall become permanent or not depends according to these new discoveries, upon the future life and accidents of the women as well as upon infectious diseases and inheritance.

Marriage and correct medical attention when children are about to bless the matrimonial state, is almost insurance against permanent life-long goitres of a certain kind.

It has been found that one sort of goitre is due to an over activity of the thyroid gland, due to "allowing nature to take its course". That is to say, obstetrical misattention by faith-healers, mid-wives, religious fanaticism, talismen, charms and other savageries, may all seem to be well enough at the time that the child is brought into the world.

Later, when a goitre begins to become prominent, disorders in the internal organs and tissues of the woman are never thought of in connection with it. Yet this causes many goitres.

Show me a goitre on the neck of a woman, be it large or small, and exclude infection, inheritance, and injury as a cause, and in the majority of instances, I'll show you some disorder or other with the structures peculiar to the sex.

It used to be thought by physicians that when a great number of goitres occurred in one neighborhood, the water must be at fault. It has been recently proved, however, that the water has nothing to do with it. In some districts in Switzerland, where goitres are as large as watermelons and as thick as fleas on a dog, or as red as ants at a picnic, all sorts of different varieties of water are used. Thus water was proved innocent. This same process of elimination excluded animalculae in water as a cause.

Sometimes goitres are due to deficient iodine in the "colloid" substance. My friend, E. Howard Tunison, the distinguished dietetic chemist, has just worked upon this important aspect of these goitres. The only mistake made by the "give-'em-iodine" doctors, is that many goitres are also present, when there is too much iodine in them.

Mr. Tunison says that the poorer colloid is in iodine, the weaker and larger will be the thyroid body. The one with this kind of goitre unwittingly denied himself this iodine, by eating products of the white-flour variety, which contains no trace of

the element—the universal meat-potato-white-bread-coffee-refined-sugar-diet.

When herbivorous or vegetarian and meat-eating animals have their thyroid glands extracted, and are fed their accustomed diets, the meat-eating animals die decidedly quicker than the vegetarian animals. Professor E. Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, has supplied us with a possible explanation for this phenomenon. He used two test-tubes and two rabbits for this experiment. Into one test tube he put a mixture of chopped meat, water and feces taken from a meat-eating animal. In the other tube he placed a mixture of chopped vegetables, water and the same kind of excrement. After letting these two mixtures stand for a day or two, he drained off the water from each and injected samples of each of these in turn into each of his two rabbits. The rabbit which received the solution from test tube number one died—the other rabbit was unaffected by the second solution. This is proof positive that meat foods, when allowed to stagnate, as they do in the intestines and colon (large bowel) manufacture fatal poisons (ptomaines) from which we are protected only by our ductless glands. Another experiment proves this beyond a question of doubt. Dogs having had their glands removed, were fed a diet of bread and milk. They prospered. But the moment they were given meat they sickened and died.

A strictly non-flesh diet is indicated for the individual who suffers in manner from the incompetency of his thyroid gland, whether it be a goitre mild or severe, or approach to myxoma. Foods especially rich in iodine should be given the preference, also foods rich in calcium salts, for it has been noted by chemical means that calcium is lost rather freely in the course of thyroid difficulties.

Foods rich in iodine are: Asparagus, garlic, pineapple, carrots, cabbage, oatmeal, whole-wheat bread, strawberries, kidney-beans (red or white), green peas, potatoes (baked), leeks, pears, grapes, unpolished rice, lettuce, tomatoes, eggplant, cucumbers, pumpkins, melons, radishes, turnips, spinach, parsley and artichokes.

Foods abounding in calcium salts are: Lemons, oranges, strawberries, gooseberries, pineapples, figs, brown sugar, rhubarb, pine nuts, red or white cabbage, cauliflower, onions, radishes, leeks, carrots, turnips, endive, celery, chive, asparagus, spinach, kohlrabi, lettuce, romaine, eggs, sweet milk, buttermilk, cream, butter, ordinary cheese, Parmesan cheese and Swiss cheese.

Goitres are very apt to appear in later life in women who refuse to nurse their babies at the breast. Indeed, I have seen several goitres present in women while single, enlarged after the birth of a baby, and if the woman persisted in nursing the babies even upon an apparently milkless breast, the milk in a few weeks began to flow and, presto, the goitres disappeared.

There is a definite relation between child-birth, the breasts, nursing infants, and goitres. Moreover, goitres are larger and more noticeable in those married women without children, or whose children were bottle fed. Single girls practically all have goitres.

Persons who live upon meats, who neglect to eat green vegetables, or who in the winter months are prone to live upon oils and fats to the exclusion of herbs and fresh vegetables, need not be surprised to find goitres enlarging around their necks. The cure of such goitres, plainly is to eat fresh green garden products.

Indeed dietetic and physical measures applied with an eye to what has just been written will cure as many applied as the knife itself. Plenty of rest and sleep, frequent cleansing, gentle massage of the throat with olive oil, using the fingers for manipulation, regular application of soothing compresses to the parts made by wringing out small, doubly folded cloths in cold water, placing on neck and covering with dry bandages, dry skin, rubs with a coarse Turkish towel or friction brush every morning, in a room filled with fresh air, cold baths each day for those who can tolerate them (for those who can't—lukewarm baths at the start, gradually educating to enjoy colder and colder water) and all the outdoor exercise possible, not forgetting vigorous aeration of the lungs through deep breathing. Frequent, short fruit juices fasts will aid materially and food laxatives.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS

The sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at any Dominion Lands Agency (but not Sub-Agency), on certain conditions.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required except where residence is performed in the vicinity.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre.

Duties—Six months' residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation. Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead patent, on certain conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

The area of cultivation is subject to reduction in case of rough scrubby or stony land. Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

W. W. CORY, C.M.G.,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

When writing advertisers, please mention
The Western Home Monthly

Malt in excess, pepper, mustard and spices, tea, or coffee, whiskey, beer and wine, and tobacco are enemies of the ductless glands. The ductless glands of a heavy drinker or smoker cannot render him much good service. Drinking men are poor fighters of disease. They always "cash in" quickly under severe attack as in pneumonia.

Tobacco and smoke even from wood and paper injure the thyroid gland so that it is apt to attempt a "compensation" by overgrowing at one part. Goitres of this kind are cured by country life and the abandonment of tobacco.

Injuries to the Abdomen

So many important organs of the body lie within the abdominal walls that an injury to that part of the body is likely to be very serious. Injuries to the abdomen may be of two kinds: first, open wounds, made by any penetrating instrument, or by a bullet; and second, contusions and bruises of all sorts, or rupture of the muscles by some unusual exertion.

An open wound of the abdomen that does not reach any of the internal organs is generally a simple matter, and heals quickly with the proper treatment; but when the wound is deep enough to injure the liver, or the kidneys, or the spleen, it becomes a very serious matter. There is a physical and nervous shock that of itself may kill the patient. That shock is the first thing for the physician to deal with, especially if it is complicated with severe hemorrhage, which is very likely to be the case.

When the sufferer has rallied and the bleeding has been checked, there is still the menace of peritonitis, or acute inflammation of the peritoneum, which is the membrane that lines the abdominal walls. When peritonitis is confined to one part of the abdomen, it usually produces adhesions that shut off the affected part from the rest of the peritoneum, and thus helps to prevent the spread of the inflammation.

But the infection that spreads quickly over the whole peritoneum is generally fatal. The inflammation is always the result of germs that produce pus, and the germs usually enter from without, when the wound is produced by an infected knife or bullet; although the infection is sometimes of internal origin, from ruptured intestines.

When a person has a bad wound of the abdomen, the shock and the hemorrhage call for immediate treatment, together with attention to the open wound, and a doctor cannot be called too quickly. If he cannot come at once, it cannot do any harm to elevate the foot of the bed and maintain the body heat by artificial means, such as hot bottles, mustard applied over the heart, and so on. It is also a good plan to give the sufferer a drink of hot coffee with or without other stimulants. By these means the patient can be helped to rally, so that when the doctor arrives he may be able to stand more vigorous treatment.

Baby's Milk

Milk has long been deemed the ideal food for the young. This is true if for cow's milk we specify calves. In the case of an infant any food other than its mother's own milk at once introduces an element of danger, but this danger is least when the substitute food is new cow's milk. The Medical Council says: With ever increasing frequency infants are bovine parasites. In too many instances this rather grim alternative is accepted after small, if any, protest. The infant that can by any possibility nurse from the maternal breast at least a week or ten days should never be deprived of this considerable advantage.

The very principles in milk that give it character also give it low-keeping power. The immense value of the former outweighs the latter two to one. It is true that in any deterioration of milk, however slight, these super-principles are always first to suffer. But over against this is the fact that with proper care as to cleanliness these very elements effect a degree of self-preservation. But best of all, they resist all degrees of cold.

Stale milk, cooked milk, preserved milk and any milk overrun with myriads of bacteria is void of these super-principles and worse than useless for infant feeding. Milk that must be cooked to be safe is worse than disgraceful in a nursing bottle when new fresh milk is possible.

All else being equal, the shorter the time element and the fewer the unavoidable incidentals between drawing the milk and feeding the infant, the greater is the essential value of the milk and the feeding.

In these days of nervous strain, some children from the very first are so highly strung and intensely sensitive that they shrink from a sharp word more than a healthy child would from the sting of the whip. A curt reprimand will bring the tears welling to their eyes and a sob to the throat. It is no good to get angry with such children for the weakness. Children are like flowers; each one needs individual treatment, and for nervous natures like this, care, kindness and affection will do far more than scoldings. By this it is not meant that they should be given way to and spoiled, but that reproof should be administered with discretion, and faults pointed out gravely and kindly, so that the child may realize that you are not angry, but only sorry.

Addison's Disease

This disease got its name from the physician who first recognized it, an Englishman named Addison. It is sometimes called "bronzed skin disease," because one of its conspicuous symptoms is a darkening of the skin, which ranges from yellow to a very dark brown in different cases. Besides this curious coloring of the skin, the principal symptoms are a progressive loss of appetite, with anaemia, great languor and debility, a very feeble action of the heart, and an irritable stomach. The disorder is caused by a diseased condition, often tuberculous, of the suprarenal glands, which lie directly over the kidneys.

Males are more subject to Addison's disease than females, and since it is often caused by tuberculosis of the glands, a great number of the cases are of the tuberculous age, that is to say, between twenty and forty. At the same time it may be caused by other degenerative processes, and therefore cases occur at all ages.

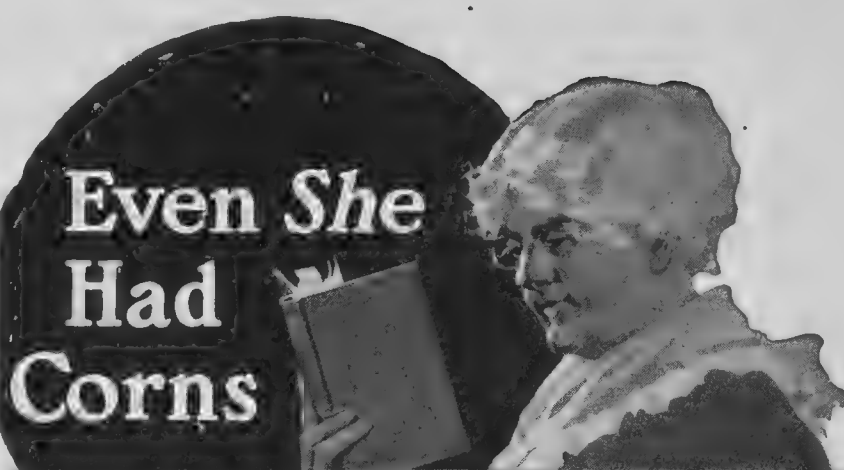
Apart from the darkening of the skin and the mucous membranes, the first thing that the patient notices is the extraordinary weakness. That is so great that the patient must abandon all work that involves muscular effort. The action of the heart is so feeble that he becomes exhausted by the smallest exertion, and may even go into a condition of collapse with any effort, however slight, such as coughing, vomiting, or an attempt to hurry. There are often paroxysms of nausea and vomiting without apparent cause, and there is also great tenderness to pressure over the abdomen.

Although a sufferer from Addison's disease tends to grow gradually worse, there are in most cases periods of improvement of longer or shorter duration. The administration of adrenal extract, obtained from the glands of the sheep, is often very helpful, especially if it is given early in the case. Indeed, under this treatment some of the less severe cases may go on to recovery.

In the way of general treatment, the most important thing is for the patient to stop all work and stay in bed. Patients who are compelled to work, and who fight against the increasing weakness, fail rapidly. Tonic treatment is called for, with a light but nutritious diet, and very often remedies must be given to quiet the irritable stomach. Feeding with the gland extract must of course be carried out under the supervision of the physician in charge.

Chilblains—These are usually caused by abrupt transitions from cold to heat. Do not warm very cold feet at the fire at once, but bathe them first in cold water. When chilblains appear rub them with a lotion made of 1 oz. of iodine in 3 oz. rectified spirits of wine; apply with a brush not more than once a day. Apply tincture of myrrh in water to broken or ulcerated chilblains. Protect inflamed chilblains from the friction of boots and shoes.

Freedom from Asthma.—Asthma is one of the most distressing troubles, sudden in its attacks and prolonged in its agonies. Frequently many things are tried, but nothing seems to give hope of relief. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is the one help which can be depended upon. If you have tried other remedies without success, do not fail to get at once a package of this uniformly successful preparation.



Until a little while ago she thought them unavoidable. If you have corns don't blame yourself too much. Many an old person has had them fifty years.

YET they have done what you do—pared them and used old-time, useless treatments.

But what folly it is when nowadays about half the world keeps free.

The chemist who invented Blue-jay made corns forever needless.

Last year some 17 million corns were ended in this simple, easy way.

Just try one corn.

Apply a Blue-jay plaster in a jiffy. Then forget it. It will never pain again.

In two days take the plaster off. The corn will disappear. Only one corn in ten needs another application.

You will laugh at the old ways when you try Blue-jay. You will wonder why people ever let corns hurt. Please start tonight. You have suffered long enough.

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The *D & A Good Shape Brassieres* are scientifically designed from perfect standard to fit the figure faultlessly, and they are made in such a wide variety of styles that there is a model perfectly suited to every figure.

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Makers of the Celebrated *D & A* and *La Diva* Corsets

Believes She Was Saved From Stroke of Paralysis

**All One Side Was Cold and Powerless When She
Began Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food**

A dead nerve cell can never be replaced. In this way it is different to other cells of the human body. But feeble, wasted nerve cells can be restored, and herein lies hope.

In this fact is also a warning to take note of such symptoms as sleeplessness and loss of energy and ambition, and restore the vitality to the nervous system before some form of helplessness results.

Nervous prostration, locomotor ataxia and paralysis are the natural results of neglecting to keep the nerves in healthful condition. The use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, when you suspect there is something wrong, will soon restore vitality to the nervous system, and thereby prevent serious developments.

Mrs. Merritt Nichols, R. R. No. 3, Dundalk, Ont., writes: "I take pleasure in writing to tell you the great benefit I

have derived from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I was so nervous I could not sleep, and found it hard to get my work done at all, but, having no help at the time, had to do the best I could. Finally my left arm became powerless and cold, and this continued to get worse until my whole side was affected, head and all. I decided to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and the first box helped me so much that I used several, and believe that this treatment saved me from having a paralytic stroke. It has built me up wonderfully, and I can recommend it most heartily, believing that if more Nerve Food were used there would be much less sickness."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures in nature's way by nourishing the feeble wasted nerves back to health and vigor. Fifty cents a box, all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

"Astonishing how my

Strength and Fitness

**came back," says Mr. Inman, a Winnipeg
business man, cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.**

"It was astonishing how my strength and fitness came back," says **Mr. G. C. INMAN, of 330, HARGOURT STREET, STURGEON CREEK, WINNIPEG,** for many years a well-known man in the business life of Canada. Mr. Inman continues:

"It is about three years now since I first used Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I was terribly run-down and weak. Sometimes I felt I should have to leave off altogether, my work was such an effort to me, I ate little, I had no appetite, and I suffered if I forced myself to eat.

"My nerves of course were in a bad way, and my sleep very disturbed. Everything, in

fact, pointed to a nervous breakdown. It was then a friend told me about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and I got some to try.

The first result was that I could sleep at nights, and then my health rapidly improved. It was really astonishing how my strength and fitness came back.

"I may add that some time ago my mother was very ill with pernicious anæmia. I urged her to take Dr. Cassell's Tablets, but she would not, so I crushed them down and gave them in food without her knowing. She was confined to bed before she had the Tablets, and now is about again well and bright."



Mr. G. C. Inman.

Mr. Inman is now in England, having had to return there some little time ago to take control of the well-known firm of A. W. Inman and Son, Printers and Publishers, Leeds. Letters will reach him there.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

FREE SAMPLE.

On receipt of 5 cents to cover mailing and packing, a generous free sample will be sent at once. Address: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul-street, Toronto.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alternative, and Anti-Spasmodic, and the recognised remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Sleeplessness	Mal-nutrition
Nerve Paralysis	Anæmia	Wasting Diseases
Infantile Weakness	Kidney Trouble	Palpitation
Neurasthenia	Dyspepsia	Vital Exhaustion

Specially valuable for nursing mothers and during the Critical Periods of life.

Sold by Druggists and Storekeepers throughout Canada. Prices: One tube, 50 cents; six tubes for the price of five War tax, 2 cents per tube extra.

Sole Proprietors: Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, Eng.

Sunday Reading

Will Ye Also Go Away?

By the Rev. Dr. F. B. Meyer

Text: The whole of John vi.

The synagogue was crowded when Jesus began to speak. It was empty when He had finished.

Every effort had been made on the part of His enemies to bring His ministry to an end. He had selected twelve men to be a kind of break-water around Him, and to carry on the tidings of the Gospel after He had gone. He was absolutely certain that His light would be extinguished, and that other tapers lit from His torch would burn and shine when He had passed home to the Father. As He had itinerated from parish to parish, town to town, multitudes had received new impulse to their spiritual life. Indeed, there must have been a movement almost threatening the stability of the Pharisees' influence. The Pharisees felt the people getting away from their hold, and indeed there would have been ultimately such a popular movement as would have threatened the very stability of the Empire of the Caesars.

This had gone on, and people who had looked at the sublime aspects of Christ's work said one to another, "It is Isaiah!" Those who looked upon the more pitiful side of Christ's word said, "It is Jeremiah!" Those who loved to dwell upon Him as being the forerunner and pioneer of the coming kingdom said, "It is Elijah!" But no set of people had yet come to the conclusion that He was the Messiah. It may have been whispered here and there, but no general movement had taken place.

The episode with which we are now dealing was the climax of twelve months' itinerating ministry, twelve months of miracles, twelve months of healing. John the Baptist was stricken down by Herod's sword. His disciples having buried him, came and told Jesus, and Jesus was profoundly affected. He knew this was the premonition of His own end. He told His disciples the news, and said, "We will go across the lake for refreshment, and quiet, and prayer." So the little boat put forth. People got wind of it, and

night in prayer before He chose the apostles. This popular tumult would never save the world. It would be hard to stop the popular enthusiasm. Men have said of my Lord that He was a fanatic, a dreamer, a mere enthusiast. I tell you no fanatic or enthusiast could have torn himself from the popular clamour of believing people. There is a

Calm, Cool Sanity

with which our Lord dealt with the situation, which shows that He was no will o' the wisp, no fanatic, no hare-brained enthusiast swept by passion. Alone with the Father He fought the issue to a conclusion. He saw the Father's plan and the Father's will. He knew His course from that moment would be in the dark. It was a great surrender. It was laying down what is so precious to us, the faith and trust and hope of people, trampling on it as a garland of flowers, facing the loneliness and desertion of the Cross.

It was a great decision. He would not be a god of armies. He must be the Saviour of all. Therefore, deliberately taking the crown which loving hands, though mistaken, would have woven round His brow, He put it from Him and again in His career He embraced the Cross.

You know what happened. From this coign of vantage on the mountain He saw in the broken moonlight a boat making its difficult pathway over the waters, and He knew that was just an indication of His own life henceforth. He knew the disciples needed Him, and when morning broke He came to them walking on the waters. Later, in the synagogue, He put down the crown that had been offered. "You want," He said, "a bread king. I am not a king of that nature. I am prepared to die for the world, but not to be its demi-god."

Then the storm rose. First there was a murmuring criticism. The people whispered, then angry, disappointed, they departed. There is nothing so terrible as the disappointment of a mob of enthusiasts. They

Went Growling Down the Street

Maybe there were still a hundred or two of His disciples left when the crowd had gone, and to these He went on speaking, winnowing them out with His words, as He spoke still about death. "My flesh I will give for the life of the world"—and the disciples could not bear it. "Flesh?—eat His flesh? Does He mean to die? Let us be off before He dies! We want no association with the shambles, with martyrdom. Let us begone!" Can't you hear their shuffling feet as they make for the door and go arguing down the street?

Then the twelve are left. "And do you want to go, too?" Peter, of course, must be the spokesman, and he gave a sorry reason for stopping. "The fact is, Master, there is nobody else to go to." Just as though a big family living in a village where there was a very primitive medical man always sent for a doctor from town, but one night had to send for the village quack because they could get nobody else. It was a pity Peter blurted it out just like that. "Lord, to whom shall we go? We may as well stop. Thou hast the words of eternal life."

Now here I was going to open a parenthesis, but probably I need not, because you are thoughtful and careful enough to investigate it for yourselves. I wanted to use this chapter as a revelation of the inner life of Christ. The synoptics speak of Him as a busy itinerant. John draws aside the veil and reveals the Son, the Word of God. The Lord knew He had been sent on an errand, a

Far-travelling Beam of Deity

clothing itself in mortality for a certain purpose. He knew He had come down. Wordsworth speaks about a child that trails glory as he descends from heaven, the eternal home. This is a literal fact with Christ. He came down as manna when He came down out of heaven—as angels' food for men. The Father sent Him, and He lived by constant reception of the Father. He knew He was to die. He knew He was to rise again.

Oh, always when you read the synoptics, think about this deep chapter revealing the heart of Christ. Remember, after all, you make a profound mistake, young man, if you are always talking about the Man of Nazareth; always talking about Christ as a great teacher. He is more than that. He was the Word of God. He became

flesh. His way of saving men is by dying for them. You are to eat of His words as you would of bread, to be nourished by the words of Christ, you are to feed upon Him and incorporate Him, and by faith appropriate Him. In the human body the alimentary canal, by secret chemistry, draws out of the full tide of liquid food that passes whatever it needs for nutriment, so that the nails, the hair, the teeth, and other parts are severally nourished, and the whole body is constantly changing. So you are always to be drawing from Jesus Christ, Who died, Who rose again, Who ascended, Who still lives, and is with you to heal you; you are to get purity for your passion, you are to get strength for your daily duty, you are to get sweetness for your human relations. Whatever part of your spiritual nature is needing to be recruited and strengthened you are to obtain that strength from Him in Whom is the life of God.

And, of course, you never forget, do you, that the reason why food acts in this way is that there is life in it. It is not merely because it is solid. It is because in the grinding of the corn, the essential property, the germ of life has not been killed. It is because the ox eats the grass in which there is life that ultimately its flesh gives you and me strength. It is because the golden grain absorbs life that it becomes wheat for our sustenance. It is the life of God in nature which we appropriate and absorb. It is the life of the Eternal God in Christ which we absorb when we read and study the words of Christ and when at the Lord's Table we may in a mystical sense receive Christ into our being. The Father hath sent Me and I live by the Father—absorbing Him. So he that eateth shall live.

I go back to those words in the synagogue. There were three circles.

The Crowd Went First

because they had no appetite for the spiritual. If Christ did not give them bread for their physical health they had not any use for it. That is why there are crowds of people outside the Church today. They have no use for Christ. The disciples went; their spiritual senses had been awakened, but this talk about death offended their fastidious taste. So to-day many clever people are outside of Christianity. It offends them. It isn't good form. It isn't intellectual or aesthetic enough. So they go. I suppose these men found other teachers. There was Gamaliel. But Peter and the rest felt that Christ excited desires in them which Gamaliel could not meet. Peter mingled with the fishermen round the Lake of Galilee and talked a little about comparative religions. The Sadducees were no good to him. The Pharisees were no good to him. These Romans with their gods were no good, and the Greeks with their intellectualism were no good. Peter had gone over the ground. John the Baptist had just died. "Lord, I must stop with you. I dare not go alone. I dare not face the future without a guide, a leader, a shepherd. I must have somebody, and I don't know anyone better." Then he took a further step. "Not only cannot I do better, but we know Thou art holy. We know Thou art the Holy One of God." Simple men always recognize a really holy one. Then he went one step farther, and said, "Thou hast the words of eternal life. We have fed on Thee. Thou hast satisfied our deepest need, and we cannot do better." Give that man six months of the teaching of Christ, and on the eve of His transfiguration he will cry, "Thou art the Son of the Highest!" But he has not got to that yet.

My young friend,

Confucius Won't Lead You

because he won't deal with the future. Buddha won't lead you, because he says non-existence is the only way out of trouble. Mohammed won't lead you, because you will have to receive his teachings about heaven. Theosophy won't lead you. Only yesterday a lady came to see me, and said Theosophy told her that her suffering was the result of something done in a previous incarnation. Clear these things out! None of them will help you when you bear the burden or face the dark. Only Christ will help you. At least you will confess that He is holy. You know that His words give life, comfort, peace, hope. The more you feed on the words of Christ the more you can say, "Thou hast the words of eternal life." If you cannot go further, wait a bit. That will do. So far, so good. In six months

from now, if you go on, and you are praying, you will come to the point of saying, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." And then Calvary. And then life on the other side. And then Christ as the spring within you, the Companion, the Friend, the King—everything.

Will you also go away? No, oh no. Bind me, O Lord, to Thy Heart and keep me.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want

Partners With God

The newly returned traveler was recounting his experiences.

"The only thing that marred the trip through Norway was a little girl in the party who annoyed us all by persisting in drumming on the piano in every hotel at which we stopped," he said. "She could play only one tiresome little tune, and that with one finger. On arriving at any hotel, she would run into the parlor, and forthwith our ears would be assailed with that wearisome tune. It annoyed us all so much that we were thinking of appealing to her mother to stop it.

"One day we drove up to a strange hotel. As usual, the child made for the parlor and began to play her simple and monotonous little tune. A great musician was stopping at the hotel. He came to the threshold of the parlor, listened a moment, and then went over to the little girl at the piano. He put his hands over hers, and using the tedious little melody as a theme, he began to improvise. As he played, the beauty of the harmony and the curiously attractive rhythm he gave to the music caught the ears of everyone who was within hearing. The room became filled with breathless listeners, who, when he finished,

began to applaud. The musician rose, smiled, and taking the little girl's hands, said, 'It is your music they applaud.'"

So it is with our best efforts that seem to produce so little of the effect we desire. Some day we shall see that our Heavenly Father has been joining His power to ours to produce results more marvelous than any we had dreamed of. Our tiresome little performances He will transform into glorious symphonies. Whoever works faithfully for God at life's humdrum tasks works not alone. Over his hands the unseen hands of God are placed. The results are divine, but God calls them ours.

Truth Above All Things

The person who goes against his own interest by the rigidity of his devotion to truth sometimes finds that he has served his interest in that very way. An English paper tells this story:

A boy once applied at a store for work. "We don't like lazy boys here," said the manager. "Are you fond of work?"

"No, sir," responded the boy, looking the other straight in the face.

"Oh, you're not, are you? Well, we want a boy that is."

"There ain't any," said the boy, decidedly.

"Oh, yes, there are. We have had over half a dozen of that kind here this morning to take the place we have."

"How do you know they are?" asked the boy.

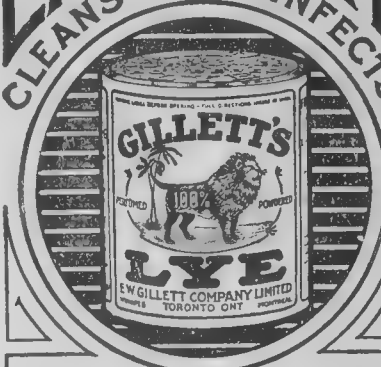
"They told me so."

"So could I, but I'm not a liar."

And the lad said it with such an air of convincing energy that he was engaged at once.

EATS DIRT

CLEANS AND DISINFECTS



MADE IN CANADA

SOME OF ITS USES:

- For making soap.
- For washing dishes.
- For cleaning and disinfecting refrigerators.
- For removing ordinary obstructions from drain pipes and sinks.

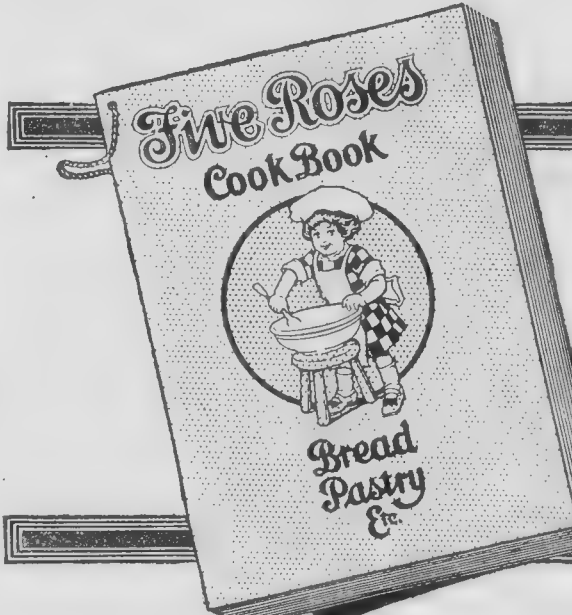
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"Was your first meeting with your wife romantic?"

"Extremely so. It occurred at a picnic. I was eating a very ripe tomato and some of it squirted into her eye."



Over a Million Canadians Enjoy These Recipes

THIS book is a source of baking-inspiration to over 300,000 ambitious housewives, and helps them to prepare delightful things for their 1,500,000 family folks.

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¶ We obtained the favourite recipes of more than 2,000 successful Canadian home bakers, added to them the best suggestions we could find in our vast experience and turned them over to critical examination and actual test.

¶ Our cooking experts studied them. For months they baked, boiled, stewed and fried breads, cakes, puddings, pies, doughnuts, pancakes, muffins, biscuits, etc., and they approved only the very best recipes out of the thousands submitted.

¶ The result is a 144-page book that offers a liberal education in the art of good cooking. It is printed in large, easy-to-read type, is illustrated with many pictures, and is securely bound to resist long wear in the kitchen.

¶ Six editions have been printed. More than 300,000 women have written us for copies—most of them at the urgent suggestion of friends and neighbors.

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Has won its way to the front.

To-day it is recognised by His Majesty, THE KING, and His Critical and Fastidious Highness, PUBLIC OPINION, as

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*Canadian High Grade Flours
—Set the World's Standard.*

Whether used in the Palace of the King or the farmhouse on the prairies, OGILVIE'S ALWAYS gives satisfaction.

Is ROYAL HOUSEHOLD Flour in YOUR home?

I always keep in the house a small phial of antiseptic powder and a roll of antiseptic gauze. I find that sprinkling a burn or blister of any kind with this powder and applying the gauze and then a piece of oiled silk, is much better than salve. It dries and heals like magic.

Whenever I lie down for an afternoon nap—and I find that it pays to make this an everyday habit—I always lie face downward with my feet higher than my head. A well-known physician told me that this position would rest the muscles of the back wonderfully and I have found it to be so. I generally lie down on a couch, my head at the foot and my feet at the head.

The following exercise for strengthening the lower muscles of the back, if followed regularly, will give the desired result: Stand erect, heels together, put tips of fingers and hands together, raise arms (still with hands together) over the head, raising the body on tiptoes at same time, then with limbs stiffened so they will not bend at the knee, bring hands down in front of you and touch floor with tips of fingers, your heels having been placed on floor as you start to lower your hands from over head. It will seem difficult to do this without bending at first but you will soon be able to do it. This exercise should be repeated slowly for five minutes morning and evening while undressed—the benefit is in following it regularly.

Our remedy for colds is very simple, but almost infallible in routing those of any description, if taken soon after the first feeling of chill or knowledge of unwonted exposure. It is simply this: Prepare in a cup a half-teaspoon of sugar, one-fourth of a level teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda (cooking soda) and a liberal dash of cayenne pepper. Fill the cup with hot water and drink.

Hot buttermilk will often give relief to a person suffering from a cough. It works wonders taken either hot or cold by persons troubled with indigestion. Last spring I gained ten pounds in as many weeks, which I could attribute only to my daily quart of buttermilk. It will often cure stubborn cases of constipation.

I made a cough candy that the children like and which is at the same time excellent for their coughs. It is made of slippery elm, flaxseed and sugar. Soak a gill of whole flaxseed in a cup of boiling water. Fill another cup with broken bits of slippery elm bark; cover this also with boiling water and let it stand for two hours. Strain both the flaxseed and slippery elm through a thin muslin cloth and save the liquor. Add to the mixture a pound and a half of granulated sugar and boil for ten minutes, then add the juice of two lemons, and boil to the consistency of candy, testing it from time to time by dropping a little in cold water. The moment it is done pour it out on paraffine paper on flat tins and let it harden. When nearly cold score into little cubes so that it may be easily broken when cold.

An efficacious "hurry" poultice that showed the quick wit of our cook, was made by appropriating the boiling potatoes intended for inside application, hastily crushing them, then wrapping and pinning them in a towel.

My method of preserving eggs is so satisfactory that I will report for your readers: I buy the eggs in September or October when they are twenty-five or thirty cents a dozen. Each egg is wrapped in a piece of newspaper and then packed closely in a pasteboard box, filling in any space with paper, and the cover tied on. The boxes are put in a cool place—cold storage, if one has it, a cellar or cold room will do. The air is kept from the eggs by the paper. In the six years that I have tried this method I have never lost an egg, and members of my family who have kept them in this way have had them fresh in May, which is, of course, longer than one needs to keep them.

Won Fame on its Merits.—The unbounded popularity that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil enjoys is not attributable to any elaborate advertising, for it has not been so advertised, but is entirely due to the merits of this Oil as a medicine. In every city, town and hamlet in the country it is sought after solely because of its good qualities.

A Wilton or Axminster carpet should never be swept with a straw or splint broom. The corners and edges should be lightly whisked or carefully brushed with a stiff hairbrush, and the rest of the floor gone over, and over again if need be, with a good carpet sweeper. Velvet or oriental rugs should never be shaken by hand or beaten on the line. They should be swept in the direction of the nap, and if very dirty should be laid face downward on the grass, beaten with rattan beaters as they lie, and then turned and swept on the right side, renewing the process if not sufficiently clean.

What to Take to An Invalid

If you cannot think what to take to an invalid who has many books and flowers, try this plan. Select unusual magazines such as trade journals, or those devoted to some subject about which your friend is interested "more or less," thus securing fresh food for thought. Take off the covers carefully and paste them on to cardboard. Remove the metal pieces that hold the section of the magazine together and sew each section so that it will not fall apart when handled, and discard the advertising matter unless, as often, it is attractively gotten up and illustrative of things not seen every day. Lay the sections in order, after numbering each conspicuously on the front page with Roman numerals, lay covers in their places and put broad rubber band around the whole. It is not necessary to separate into articles and as most magazines are printed, this is next to impossible. The idea is simply to get the heavy periodical into shape to be held easily.

Food For the Growing-ups

Marion Stilwell

The growing-ups, your developing boys and girls of school age, need careful food selection that will make for health. The nutrition needs of a child of ten or twelve of either sex are distinct and separate from those of the baby and the Kindergarten child.

This is because of the care-free out-of-doors play of the boy and girl and to the restraint of the schoolroom. At twelve years of age, the growth of brain and marrow is very slow compared to the rapid development of the preceding years, and, also, at this period of change and unrest, tastes and special appetites for newly discovered flavorings, make themselves apparent. In younger children these tastes may be more or less evident, but at this crucial age it is most important to create a desire for good, substantial, nourishing food, rather than the things which children seem to crave.

There are thirteen chief foods of especial economic and nutritive value for growing boys and girls. These are: Nuts, sugar, corn meal, wheat flour, rye flour, rice, legumes (dried), meats, fish (fresh), potatoes, milk, bananas, fruit, apples, grapes, etc., all of which constitute what might be called a well-mixed diet.

They fill these health needs in child foods:

1. The nutritive elements that food should contain.
2. The energy it should yield.
3. Its easy digestion.
4. Its economy.

Bearing these points in mind, we have a definite guide to aid us in our selection of those foods which meet these requirements and yet give variety and pleasure to the tastes of the growing young mind as well as the body.

The excessive use of meat as a means of producing strength should be discouraged. Meat eaten once a day with a good variety of other tissue-building foods, gives far more nutrition than meat eaten two or three times a day. Compare the food value of meat with peanuts or dried peas, and we find the nutritive per cent of meat sixteen, while in peanuts it is twenty-five, in dried peas, twenty-two, and in wheat flour it is eleven. Consequently, if a large percentage of nourishment is desired, as it should be with normal growth, a good supply of it is to be found without resorting to a diet overbalanced with animal food, which is more or less difficult to digest. Meat eaten once a day is all that should be allowed.

The natural craving for sugar in boys and girls is not to be entirely explained by the fact that sugar tastes good. The ceaseless activity of the body and the

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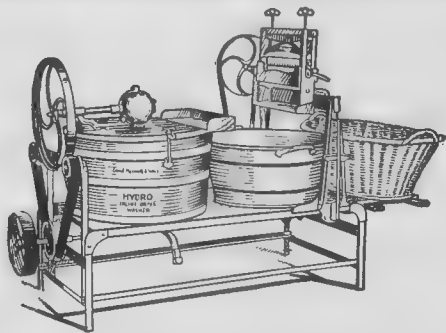
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Spencer Sweet Peas, good mixed colors. Pkg. 10c, oz. 25c, 4 oz. 80c, lb. \$2.40.
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necessary demand for some energy-producing food, is a perfectly natural condition: Sugar is a necessity in producing energy and should be used wisely, as it is one hundred per cent carbohydrate. The abuse of sugar is in giving too much of it, or in connection with foods that are too rich in food value to be easily digested with it.

The cereals, all of which are desirable, go through the process of digestion to produce energy supply. Corn, and corn products, have been proved to be of great food value, as the digestibility of properly prepared corn indicates that the carbohydrates are almost completely utilized by the body, there being no waste. Rice, rich in carbon, should form a staple article of diet for all healthy boys and girls and as it easily lends itself to variety in cooking, it is one of the most desirable of all foods.

Fish, another nitrogenous food, as well as all kinds of nuts, usually appeals to children. The latter, being especially rich in protein, are not desirable at the end of a hearty meal.

The various flours which are used in the making of breads go toward the development of bone and sinew, but do not fill the requirement of perfect nutrition without the oil which is necessary and which is supplied by the use of butter.

Milk for the infant is a food, capable of sustaining life. Its value consists in its nitrogenous compounds, casein and albumin. But as the child matures, milk becomes less and less sufficient as a complete medium of nutrition, although at all ages it should be considered a substantial food. Eggs, also in the class of nitrogenous foods, are rich in potassium, phosphoric and sulphuric acid so necessary for the formation of both bone and blood.

In the food of growing children the place of fruits is recognized as essential for their acid qualities. Fruits not only whet the appetite but bring into the system a certain amount of water. But it should be remembered that fruits which are not ripe are not fit to put into a child's stomach. The idea of making sour and unripe fruit more digestible by adding sugar is wrong, both the fruit and the sugar remain the same chemical consistency when they reach the digestive organs, and the sugar only causes fermentation and consequent distress.

Although fresh vegetables cannot be considered as among the chief foods for nourishment, yet the part they play in the process of digestion is very desirable. From them we also get sugars and minerals in small quantities.

The following groups of menus illustrate a simple, yet nutritious, diet planned from the standpoint of food values, variety and economy for the proper nutrition of the active boys and girls at school age.

Breakfast: Fruit, oatmeal, cocoa, baked beans, corn muffins.

Luncheon: Peanut butter sandwiches, milk, stewed fruit, lady fingers.

Dinner: Vegetable soup, baked round steak with dressing, boiled potatoes, creamed carrots, fruit jelly.

Breakfast: Small glass of lemon and orange juice, cracked wheat, codfish creamed, cambric tea, toast.

Luncheon: Hot chocolate, stuffed eggs, brown bread sandwiches, jam-cookies.

Dinner: Tomato bisque, boiled lamb, mashed potato, spinach, apple snow.

Breakfast: Stewed apples, corn mush, boiled eggs, postum, French bread.

Luncheon: Hot malted milk, hot rice with butter, sugar and cinnamon, ice cream.

Dinner: Barley soup, boiled halibut with brown sauce, scalloped potatoes, beets, buttered farina pudding.

Come In, My Dear

This is the unique greeting on the cover of a Cook Book which we received to-day from the packers of Gingerbread and Domolco Molasses, made in the British West Indies.

When the reader "comes in" he finds a typical Grandma with her checked apron on explaining to a charming matron of the present generation just how good "real, genuine Lasses" is for cooking and table use.

Under various headings of Gingerbread, Cookies, Puddings, Breads, Home Made Candy, etc., this Cook Book gives the best recipes procurable. In Gingerbreads alone there are nine ways of making given.

Western Home Monthly readers are invited to write for a free copy to the Dominion Co. Ltd., Halifax, N.S.

Cream Pie

One pint sweet cream, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, pinch of salt; heat to a boiling point; thicken with one tablespoonful of corn starch; take from the fire, add the yolks of three eggs, well beaten; flavor with lemon; bake in one crust. When done, frost the top with the whites of three eggs, one heaping teaspoonful sugar beaten well. Set in the oven one minute.

Orange Marmalade

Select 12 Seville oranges of good quality. Squeeze out the juice, setting it aside, and put the rinds in a jelly pan with a plentiful supply of water. Boil them until soft, adding more water as it boils down, if necessary. When thoroughly cooked, turn the mixture into a bag, pressing and squeezing the mass as hard as possible to secure all the juice. Mix this juice with the juice that was taken from the fruit before boiling; then measure, and to every pint of it add one and a half pounds of lump sugar. Boil it for half an hour, then test by putting a teaspoonful on a saucer to become cool. If when cool the jelly curls when twisted or pushed by the finger it is ready. Remove the syrup from the stove and fill marmalade jars with it, sealing as usual with papers, or paraffin wax.

Cambridge Cheese

Cambridge or York cheese is an English variety, but one which can be made equally well under American conditions. It is a soft cheese which requires no ripening or curing, but is eaten while fresh. Fresh milk is used for its manufacture, a little cream being added if the milk is poor in fat.

The milk is taken sweet and heated to 95 degrees. The addition of one or two per cent of soured milk is advisable. Then rennet extract is diluted a few times with cold water and added—one cubic centimeter to each gallon of milk. It should be stirred in thoroughly, but not for more than three or four minutes. The milk is then covered and allowed to curdle.

In about an hour the curd will become firm enough. Meanwhile the molds should be prepared. These may be square or oblong, usually about seven by five inches and six inches deep, without top or bottom, and made of wood or of tinware. Straw mats or coarse cloths, like burlap in texture, are cut to fit the bottoms of the molds, which are placed on a wide board having several rows of small holes bored in it.

The curd is then dipped with a sharp-edged ladle into the molds. It should not be broken more than is necessary, for to do so increases the loss of fat in draining. The molds should be filled to the tops and if any curd is left over it may be dipped into the molds after the other curd has shrunken. The molds are then covered and the curd allowed to drain. Care should be taken to keep the room warm—about 68 to 70 degrees—and free from drafts.

The cheese will shrink to about one-third its original volume in from 24 to 30 hours. Drainage is continued up to 48 hours from dipping, when the cheese will have a somewhat shrunken appearance, with the edges slightly curled in. The cheeses are not turned during the draining process. Salt is not added; if desired it can be applied by the consumer. The cheese is ready for consumption as soon as taken from the molds—the mats being allowed to stick. For marketing the cheeses are often wrapped in parchment paper, sometimes with tinfoil placed over this.

For making English cream cheese very thick cream is poured carefully into a linen bag and this is hung up, with a basin underneath to catch the whey, in a cool room or cellar. The air in the room must be pure, as the cream easily absorbs odors. When the whey is partly drained off, the bag is twisted tight and bound so as to dry the curd more; then, after twenty-four to forty-eight hours, according to the temperature and the consistency of the cream, the "cheese" is ready to eat, and may be molded. This is hardly cheese, as no rennet is used; perhaps it should be called a "sour cream curd."—W. H. C.

Fashions and Patterns

A Popular Style for the Growing Girl—1983—Girls' Dress. Blue serge with trimming of blue or black soutache braid would be nice for this model. Plaid or checked suiting, or a combination of either with plain material, is also good. The dress is made with a side closing. The sleeve has a deep, shaped cuff. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Most Attractive Waist Model—1979—Ladies' Shirt Waist. This style has full fronts joined to yoke extensions of the back. The neck is cut low, and finished with a wide, shaped collar. The sleeve has a deep cuff. This pattern is good for lawn, madras, batiste, serge, poplin, satin, taffeta

skirt is full and gathered. The sleeve is finished at wrist length, with a smart cuff. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 2½ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Model—1990—Ladies' Apron and Sleeve Protector. Drill, linene, linen, lawn, alpaca, percale and brilliantine could be used for this style. The bib is joined to strap portions, which are crossed over the back and fastened to the belt. The apron has ample fullness in its skirt portions, and is fitted with deep pockets. The sleeve protectors are very serviceable, and easy to make. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 34, 38, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 yards of

attractive, and embodies some excellent style features. The waist is finished in surplice style. The skirt is cut in three tiers or sections, each one underfaced to form a deep hem tuck. The sleeve may be made with a shaped cuff at wrist length, or finished with a frill at elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material for an 18-year size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Good Suit for Sport and School. Blouse—1982. Skirt—1992. Middy Blouse Pattern 1982 and Skirt Pattern 1992 are here combined. Both models may be of one material, or the blouse may be of drill, linen or flannel, and the skirt of serge, gabardine or wash material. The sleeve of the blouse may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The skirt is a two-piece model, with plaits at the sides. The

made in kimono style, or finished in wrist length, with a deep ruffle. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material for the guimpe, and 3½ yards for the dress for a 12-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart and Practical Model—1977—Ladies' Apron. This style is especially nice for gingham, percale, alpaca and brilliantine. The front is cut in panel shape, to form deep pocket sections over the side fronts. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 34, 38, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 7¼ yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Style for Home or Porch Wear. —2001—Ladies' House Dress, with or without Back Yoke, and with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. Gray and white striped seersucker is here shown. The



and flannel. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style—1986—Girls' Guimpe Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. This model is fine for combinations of material. The guimpe could be of lawn, batiste, poplin, crepe or repp, and the dress of serge, gabardine, voile, gingham, galatea or percale. Such styles are comfortable, easy to make and easy to launder. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 1½ yards of 27-inch material for an 8-year size, for the guimpe, and 3¼ yards for the dress. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Dress for Home or Calling—2000—Ladies' Dress, with Body Lining. Gray satin, with lace for the vest and fancy buttons for trimming, is here shown. The waist is mounted on a body lining, which is overlaid in front to form a vest, that is outlined by shaped revers. A broad collar trims the neck edge. The

36-inch material for the apron, and ¾ yard for the sleeve protector. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable, Easy-to-make House Dress—1984—Ladies' House Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. This style is simple, attractive and comfortable. The right front overlaps the left at the closing. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The fullness at the waistline is to be confined by a belt or to be over gathered, with a casing underneath. Gingham, seersucker, drill, linene, linen, alpaca, chambray, gabardine, flannel, flannelette and serge are all good for this style. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6¾ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The dress measures about 2¾ yards at its lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Summer Gown—1670—Costume with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths (for Misses and Small Women). Embroidered voile and insertion is here combined. The model is most unique and

Patterns are cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. The skirt requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material for a 16-year size. The blouse requires 3¼ yards. The skirt measures about 2½ yards at the foot, with plaits drawn out. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

A Simple, Popular Style—2004—Junior Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. Serge, gabardine, plaid suiting, or shepherd check would be nice for this style. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. Taffeta, corduroy or velvet are also nice for this model. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 5¼ yards of 36-inch material for a 14-year-size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Dress for the Growing Girl—1991—Girls' Dress in Over-Blouse Style, with Guimpe. This is a charming model, simple and attractive. The guimpe may be of crepe, batiste or lawn. The over-blouse dress is good for cashmere, serge, silk, crepe and satin. The sleeve may be

waist has gathered fullness beneath a square yoke, which may be omitted. The sleeve, in wrist length, is finished with a band cuff. In shorter length, a neat, pointed cuff forms a suitable trimming. The skirt has roomy pockets and is a three-piece model. The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 6¾ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart and Comfortable Negligee—1975—Ladies' Dressing or House Sack. Silk, serge, gabardine, challie, flannel, albatross, gingham, voile, repp, lawn, batiste and dotted Swiss are all nice for this style. The right front overlaps the left at the closing. The sleeve may be in either of the two styles illustrated. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3½ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Gown—2003—Ladies' Dress.

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CATALOGUE NOTICE

Send 10c. in silver or stamps for our Up-to-Date Spring and Summer 1917 Catalogue, containing 550 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, a Concise and Comprehensive Article on Dress-making, also some Points for the Needle (illustrating 31 of the various, simple stitches), all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Brown serge was used for this style. It is also nice for black or blue satin, gabardine, cheviot, shepherd check, chifton cloth, velvet and corduroy. The waist fronts are cut low and finished with rever facings. The closing is in coat style. A smart collar and a peplum form attractive features of this model. The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 6¾ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at its lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Gold Thread Embroidery

Up to the present time, dating from the end of the eighteenth century, gold embroidery has been almost exclusively confined to those who made it a profession; amateurs have seldom attempted what, it was commonly supposed, required an apprenticeship of nine years to attain any proficiency in. But now, when it is the fashion to decorate every kind of fancy article, whether of leather, plush, or velvet, with monograms and ingenious devices of all descriptions, the art of gold embroidery has revived and is being taken up and practised with success, even by those to whom needlework is nothing more than an agreeable recreation.

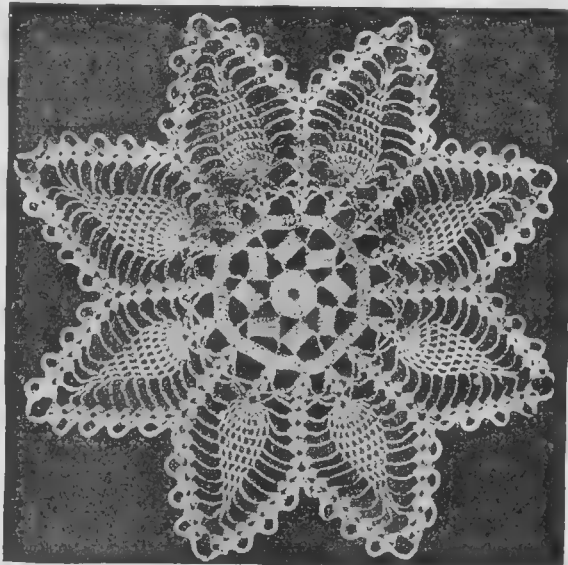
Implements and Materials—The first and needful requisites for gold embroidery are a strong frame, a spindle, two pressers (one flat and the other convex), a curved knife, a pricker or stiletto, and a tray to contain the materials.

makes no spots and does not injure even the most delicate colors, as it contains no acid. In winter it will keep for several days, but in hot weather it very soon begins to ferment, and should then on no account be used.

Having cut out your pattern in cartridge paper, lay it down, on the wrong side, upon a board thinly spread with the embroidery paste; let it get thoroughly impregnated with the paste, and then transfer it carefully to its proper place on the stuff; press it closely down with the large presser, and with the convex one rub the stuff firmly from beneath, to make it adhere closely to the pasted pattern; small pointed leaves and flowers will be found to need sewing down beside. The embroidery should not be begun until the paste is perfectly dry and the pattern adheres firmly to the stuff.

The Knife—Most gold embroideries require a foundation of stout cartridge paper, and, in the case of very delicate designs, the paper should further be covered with kid pasted upon it.

Transfer the design on to the paper or kid; in the case of thick, close fabrics the drawing must be made on the stuff itself. The following is the simplest way of transferring a pattern on to a transparent stuff: Begin by going over all the lines of the drawing with India ink, so as to make them quite thick and distinct, and tacking the paper with large stitches on to the back of the stuff. Then mix some very dark powdered indigo diluted with water in a glass, with a small pinch of sugar and powdered gum arabic, and using this as ink and a fine pen very slightly split, trace the pattern



Every gold embroidery, on whatever material it may be executed, requires a stout foundation, which has to be sewn into the frame, in doing which hold the webbing loosely, almost in folds, and stretch the stuff very tightly. Sew on a stout cord to the edges of the foundation which are nearest the stretchers, setting the stitches three or four inches apart. Then put the frame together and stretch the material literally to its fullest extent, by passing a piece of twine in and out through the cord at the edge and over the stretchers. Draw up the bracing until the foundation is strained evenly and tightly. Upon this firm foundation lay the stuff which you are going to embroider, and hem or herring-bone it down, taking care to keep it perfectly even with the thread of the foundation and, if possible, more tightly stretched, to prevent it from being wrinkled or puckered when you come to take it off the backing.

The Spindle—The spindle to wind the gold thread upon should be of hard wood. Cover the round stalk and part of the prongs with a double thread of coarse yellow thread, and terminate this covering with a loop, to which you fasten the gold thread you wind round the stalk.

Paste for Stiffening Embroidery—Put some wheaten starch into a vessel with a rounded bottom, pour on just enough water to dissolve the starch, and stir it with a wooden spoon till it becomes perfectly smooth. In the meantime put about a quarter of a pint of clean water on the fire to boil, and when it boils add to it a little powdered pitch or carpenter's glue, in quantity about the size of a pea, and pour in the starch, stirring it the whole time. When the mixture has boiled up several times take it off the fire and go on stirring it till it gets cold, otherwise lumps will form in it. This kind of paste

that shines through on the stuff. The tracing must be very slight, for if the embroidery be not done till some time afterward, the lines get so firmly fixed in the stuff that one washing will not obliterate them; the tracing ink, moreover, makes the work unpleasantly sticky. Cut out the design with the knife. You can only make very short incisions with this tool, which should be kept extremely sharp, and held, in cutting, with the point outward, and the rounded part toward you.

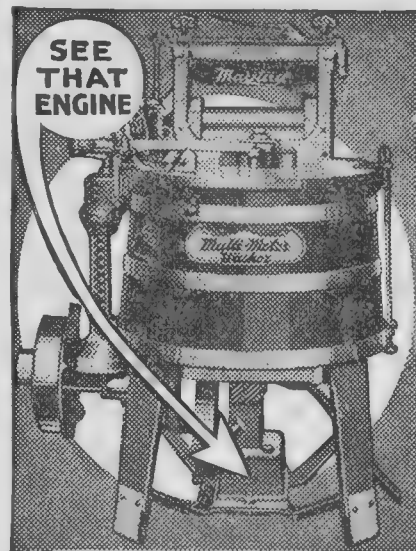
Use of the Spindle—Gold embroidery thread should be wound double upon the spindle. It is laid backward and forward and secured with two stitches at each turn. Small holes where the stitches are to come have first to be pierced in the material with the pricker from the right side for the needle to pass through. In soft stuffs this is unnecessary, but in brocaded materials and in plush and leather, where every prick shows and would often spoil the whole effect, it is indispensable.

Gold thread which is stiff and difficult to work with can be rendered soft and pliable by putting it into the oven or any other warm place for a short time. Gold thread which has become tarnished may be restored by placing a moderately hot iron over it.

Embroidery with Gold Purl—This is the easiest kind of gold embroidery. You have only to thread the little pieces of purl, cut into the required lengths beforehand, like beads on your needle, and fasten them down upon the foundation like the beads in your bead-work. Smooth and crimped gold purl, or silver and gold purl used together, look exceedingly well, particularly where the pattern requires effects of light and shade to be reproduced.

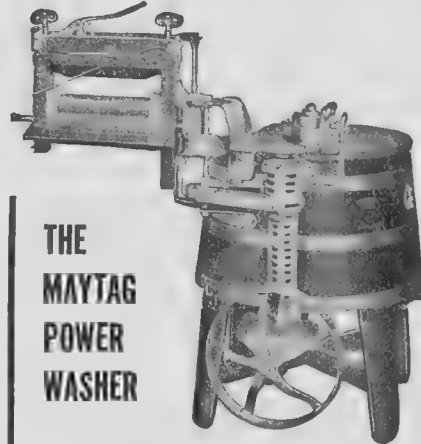
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Young People

Running Wolf

By Olaf Baker

IT WAS in the days when the great trains of emigrant wagons went west. Over the endless prairies, day after day, the wagons jolted and rumbled, under a burning sun. Sometimes a cool breeze would blow from the Sweet Pine Hills, and a million acres of prairie grass would go billowing like the sea. But for the most part it was a dry, windless heat, which made the journey difficult for man and beast.

On the day on which the great thing happened to little Ned Turner, the prairie grass was billowing. He had felt the heat very much before, and had been glad enough to lie under the cover of his father's wagon, while the jolt of the great wheels kept his body on the bump. But to-day he felt very strong because of the breeze and the billowing of the grass, and he rode his little Indian pony like a man, sitting very straight in the saddle, and feeling very splendid indeed. And out west, as far as he could see, the prairies stretched for hundreds of miles; and it was a fine thing to be on horseback and to feel as if they all belonged to you, that you might gallop over them for ever against the sweet rush of the wind!

As to Indians, Ned did not often fear them. If there were any about—and though the country seemed as empty as the hollow of your hand, you never could be sure—he did not think they would dare attack such a long train of wagons, considering that the white people were armed with many guns.

At noon the wagons halted for the mid-day meal.

All at once Ned's father discovered that the boy was missing. He looked about anxiously. Then, far off across the prairie, he saw a little figure riding.

A great fear rose suddenly in his throat. Suppose a roving band of Indians, hidden by some swell of the prairie, should swoop down on the lad and carry him off under his very eyes?

The boy was riding quickly, as if he had something particular to do. His father put his hands to his mouth and let out a long, ringing cry. Whether the boy heard it or not, he gave no sign. He continued to ride. Then a rise of ground hid him from sight.

Leaping on his pony, his father started in pursuit. The Indian pony was off like the wind. In a few moments he had reached the rise. Here, not more than fifty yards away, he saw Ned on his knees beside some object in the grass. Suddenly the boy rose to his feet, saw his father, and called.

When the man reached the spot, he saw to his astonishment that the object in the grass was an Indian. It was plain to see that he had been badly wounded and was weak from loss of blood. He made no sound, but in his eyes, as he gazed up helplessly at the big white man, was the dumb cry of the dog that asks for mercy.

The man turned angrily upon his son. "What do you mean by riding off like this? I told you, you were never to leave the wagons." He raised his hand to strike the boy.

Ned cowered. He was very fond of his father, but when he made him angry through disobedience, he knew that a thrashing was not to be escaped.

But before the man's hand could descend, a thing happened. Through the long grass about his legs something slid and touched his ankle. He sprang back with an exclamation, yet it was only the Indian who had put out his arm.

The white man looked down quickly. Over the dusky face of the Indian a shadow seemed to flit. That was all. An eye less sharp than Turner's might have noticed nothing. But Turner had more knowledge of Indians than most people. He knew once that shadow lay, never so lightly, upon an Indian's face, that there would be mischief. It might hardly be there before it was gone; it might be as faint as the shadow of a blade of grass. There would be mischief, unless you took warning in time.

Turner cast a quick glance round the horizon. It might be that the wounded Indian was merely left there as a decoy. The rest of the tribe might only be a short distance away, and might sweep down at any moment. Yet though he darted a piercing glance in every direction, nothing broke the long levels of the prairie, billowing under the breeze.

"Come back," he said gruffly to Ned.

He remounted his pony as he spoke, and waited for Ned to do the same. But the boy stood like a stone, without moving an inch.

"D'you hear?" Turner said in a low voice. "Get on your pony at once."

"We can't leave him like this," the boy said, pointing to the wounded man. "He'll die if he isn't attended to."

"Well, what if he does? We can't go round bringing in all the sick Indians we find. I know Indians. It would only mean trouble in the end."

But the boy stuck to his point.

"We can't leave him," he repeated.

The words were very simple, yet something in the very simplicity of them made Turner uncomfortable. They made it seem a cowardly, even an impossible, thing to let the Indian lie out there to die. And all about him lay the vast prairies, lonely and lonely to the edges of the world!

The big white man looked down at the huddled form in the grass. Once again he swept the horizon with his eyes. Then, tenderly, he lifted the wounded man in his arms and laid him gently along the pony's back.

* * * * *

The long summer passed with a burning heat.

October came. The nights were beginning to be cold, and the prairie to yellow under the breath of the chill night breeze. Running Wolf, the wounded Indian, had long ago recovered, and had returned to his people in the north. Ned's father and the other settlers had built their cabins, ready against the winter storms. Now that the long journeying across the prairies was over, folk were glad to settle down in the new homes, prepared for whatever the winter might bring.

One morning Ned discovered to his disappointment that his pony had broken its hobble and gone off in the night. By the trail in the long grass, it was plain to see which way it had gone. Without saying

anything to his father, he started off by himself to find it. He followed the trail for a long distance up the creek. Then he lost it completely. He climbed the high left bank of the creek, hoping to see the pony from the height. At first he could see nothing. Then, very far off to the south, he saw a dark shadow that seemed to move. A small herd of buffalo or antelope, he thought. Anyhow, it was not the pony, and that was what really mattered. But what was that, about half-way between him and the moving shadow, a little to the left? It looked like a pony grazing, but he could not be sure.

By this time he had left the settlement a long way behind. He remembered his father's warning never to go out of sight by himself. He knew he ought to turn back. His father would be terribly angry if he knew. But the pony? If he did not make an effort to catch him now, he might lose him altogether. He ran down the bluff and started to cross the prairie in the direction in which he thought he had seen the animal.

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He had gone for about a mile, when he saw, to his great disappointment, that the pony was as far off as ever, and was travelling along south. He had lost sight of the herd of buffalo, but the pony was heading in its direction. But he plodded on desperately, hoping that the pony would stop and allow himself to be caught.

At last he was near enough to see that it was indeed the pony, and soon he was close enough to call. The pony stopped grazing, threw up his head and listened. Then he gave a loud whinny and came trotting towards his master. When he came up, Ned scolded him and petted him. Then he jumped on his back and turned his head homewards.

Suddenly, for no reason whatever, he thought of the buffaloes. He turned himself in the saddle to see if they were in sight.

He saw—not buffaloes—but a band of Indians travelling rapidly!

In Ned's heart there was a swift, terrible fear. He knew from what the settlers had told him, that, once on the warpath, Indians would kill anything they came across.

He set his pony at the trot, then at the gallop. Over his shoulder, he saw that the Indians were in pursuit.

Wild with fear, he urged his pony on with blows and cries. The little animal seemed to know that something was wrong, and went like the wind. But the Indians!—the Indians on those terribly quick ponies of theirs! Could he possibly escape?

All depended, as he well knew, upon the speed of his own pony and its powers of

that was not the wind. It was a creeping sound as if someone were trying to enter the tent without making a noise. It was very close to his head, but he was too terrified to move.

Then he knew that someone was crawling under the edge of the tent, and the wind blew in on his face.

At first he wanted to cry out, to show that he was awake; but yet it seemed as if he dared not do it, and so he waited, clutching the blanket that covered him, and holding his breath.

And then suddenly, in the darkness, he heard a soft voice that he knew. It was the voice of Running Wolf the Indian.

"Follow me," it said. "The little white brother need not be afraid."

Very carefully Ned left the bed of buffalo skins and crawled on hands and knees toward the place where the wind came from. He had to go right down on his stomach before he could squeeze through. Every moment he dreaded lest the Indian who was asleep in the tent should be disturbed by the wind, and wake up. But he got outside safely, and there above him towered the great form of Running Wolf.

And a great wind it was, driving and moaning over the prairies with a long sound of rain in it, and voices that seemed to blow up over the rim of the world; and down by the creek, in the poplar thickets, all the yellow leaves were torn away.

Very, very softly, on moccasins that made no noise, Running Wolf and Ned stole away.

But hark! What was that? Was it the hoot of the little grey owl? Was it an Indian call? Running Wolf stood still. Ned felt his fingers tighten round his hand.

It seemed to Ned a very long time before Running Wolf moved forward and began to run. To Ned it was all a windy darkness that swirled about them and was thick with storm. Then a dog barked sharply; then another. Then all the dogs of the camp broke into voice. Voices cried strangely in the darkness, harsh, Indian voices, terrible cries.

It was the pursuit!

"Quick!" Running Wolf muttered. "The little white brother will ride."

In a moment, he didn't know how, Running Wolf had swung him on to a pony's back.

Right on into the blowing darkness Ned rode blindly. The barking of the dogs grew fainter, drowned in the wind, but the cries seemed to come nearer, to follow on flying feet. Where Running Wolf was—what he was doing—Ned had not the least idea. All he himself could do was to gallop with might and main away from those terrible cries.

Sometimes he thought he heard the sound of galloping, and once there was the plain noise of a pony's snort close at hand.

Wild with terror Ned urged his own pony forward, pounding him with his fist.

Then, suddenly, the cries died away, and there was nothing to be heard but the blowing of the wind.

When dawn broke Ned found himself in the middle of the immense prairie. Far and near there was not a single sign to show him where he was. Apparently he and the pony were alone in the immense waste.

Then, suddenly, he saw, to his terror, that they were not alone. From a hidden hollow there rose the form of a mounted Indian, riding quickly.

Without waiting a moment Ned started off in flight. But the pony, after its long night's work, was tired. It went at a slow canter. All that Ned could do would not make it go faster. He heard, in his terror, the sound of the quick hoofs galloping behind. Yet he kept on, not daring to turn his head. It seemed useless to keep up a pretence of flight; but he kept hoping against hope that the pony might pull itself together and break into a gallop.

Then, a moment or two afterwards, he saw a dusky hand shoot out and seize his rein.

He glanced at his captor in terror.

It was Running Wolf!

On the dark face of the Indian a smile flitted and was gone.

"We go southwards," he said, quietly, turning the pony's head. "The home of the little white brother lies far to the south."

Hotel Clerk—We have only one room left, sir, and the bed is only big enough for one. Foreign Guest: Well, I suppose we'll haf to dake it; but I hate to haf my wife sleep on der floor.



Coaxing Bunny

endurance. Could it keep ahead until the settlement was in sight?

Ned did not think that the Indians would dare to keep on the chase once the settlement was in view. He kept crying out to his pony, little wild, despairing cries, and still, at every hundred yards, he saw, to his horror, that the Indians were gaining.

On, he galloped, on, on. The wind struck him hard on the face, and whizzed in his ears. Then, in a moment, the pony put its foot in a badger-hole, and he went flying over its head. The fall stunned him completely, and saved him from the terror of the Indians' approach. When he came to himself, he found himself thrown over a pony's back in front of an Indian, who was riding hard. It was a nightmare of bumps and plunges. He could hardly tell if he was asleep or awake. Many hours seemed to pass—hours with flame and burning in them, and thunders in the wind. When at last it ended, and he was pulled to the ground, he thought he must be dead.

He woke up again inside an Indian wigwam. Through the open flap in front he saw the shining of a fire. Figures sat round it in a circle, dusky figures that sat without movement or sound. They were terrible forms, but in his head was something dull that kept him from being afraid of them. Then, slowly, the dullness oozed out, drop by drop, and he grew afraid, horribly afraid.

After a time the figures left the circle, one by one. Someone came into the wigwam, closed the flap and lay down a few feet away. It was too dark to see who it was. Ned lay awake in the darkness, listening to the wind.

But presently he heard another sound,

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Correspondence

Who Will Accept His Invitation

Dear Editor,—I am a new subscriber to your paper, the W.H.M., and like it fine.

I see that Lonesome Brown Eyes is talking about bachelors. She said that she was teaching last year in a new settlement where there were a number of bachelors and very few girls. The bachelors, she said, were not as polite as they might have been. But some were better than the nice smiling boys you meet in the city. For my part I think that the young boy off the farm to-day is just as polite as the city boy. I live in a settlement where there are twenty or twenty-four bachelors—and not one girl. But I can say that they are all as polite and gentlemanly as city boys. I wish if Lonesome Brown Eyes is still a teacher she would come to our school and teach for one summer. The only girl who was here last summer was the school teacher and she had a good time—for first one bachelor would take her to town in his car, then another; one would take her another night and so on.

I see that none of you girls speak about dancing. I am a dancer from my little toe to the top of my head and that is 6 feet 4 inches. We have dances in our school every two weeks, and the last one was a good one. There were over 100 people and half of them were girls. These girls all come from the towns and say we have a good time too.

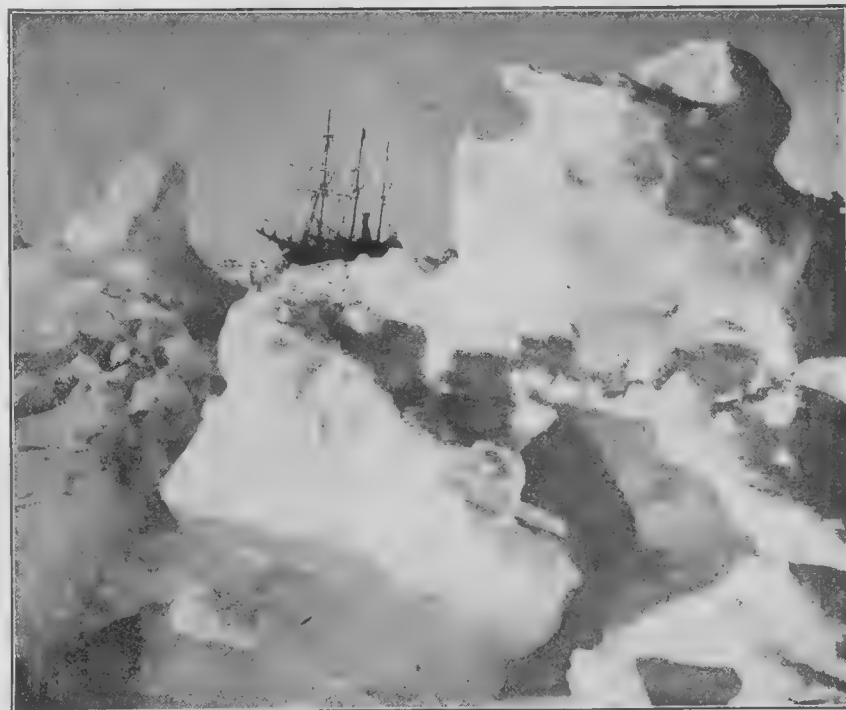
gleaming whiteness. Nor is it a less lovely sight when the prairie is covered with a blanket of snow, stretching away in one vast, undulating plain.

Did you ever think what an influence mountains, or scenery of any kind, exert upon one's character. I believe one who lives among the mountains or thickly wooded countries have not the same scope for their thoughts, but have a strong mind and more determination to overcome difficulties than we who live on the prairie. Then again we have to contend with many things that requires all the energy we can put forth, which the mountain people do not realize. But, like the prairie chickens, which you are pleased to call us, there is nothing to hinder us from going where we wish at any time. While you, like the mountain sheep, have to contest every inch of the way, until you get to the mountain top, when you cast your eager eyes upon—another mountain.

If I offend any, please excuse me. I must defend the Prairie Chicken.

Before closing, I wish to congratulate "Morganrodraden," through this page, on the outcome of his courageous enterprise, and hope they will both enjoy a long and happy married life.

Thanking the Editor for this space and wishing him and the readers, happiness and prosperity during the year, I remain,
"Farmer Girl."



Shackleton's South Pole Expedition

The ice in the foreground of this picture was at first an even plane. At the end of August, 1915, in the words of the photographer, "It became a nightmare." Huge blocks of ice weighing up to 50 tons were cast up round the "Endurance" in indescribable confusion.

Very Much Alike

Dear Editor,—We have taken The Western Home Monthly for a number of years, and always look forward to the correspondence page. This is the first time we have ever written, and hope to see our letter in print.

We are a couple of country lasses. We are both dark, and about the same height, and are often taken for twins.

We are very fond of amusements, such as skating, riding horseback, dancing and are musically inclined.

What do the readers think of farmers enlisting? My friend and I think that the farmers are doing their bit by staying at home and helping feed those who have gone. What would the country do if all the help was taken from the farms? We each have relations and friends at the front. Many from our home town have gone.

Some of the girls seem to be awfully hard on the bachelors. Poor fellows, they must lead a very lonely life, and we certainly sympathize with them.

As this is our first attempt at writing to your page we will not take up any more of your valuable space. We hope to see our letter in print and to receive correspondence from any who care to write, as we will answer all letters gladly. Wishing you all success,
"Two Manitoba Girls."

Many mothers have reason to bless Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because it has relieved the little ones of suffering and made them healthy

WHOOPING COUGH

The Infant's Most Dangerous Disease.

Whooping Cough, although specially a disease of childhood, is by no means confined to that period but may occur at any time of life. It is one of the most dangerous diseases of infancy, and yearly causes more deaths than scarlet fever, typhoid or diphtheria, and is more common in female than in male children.

Whooping Cough starts with sneezing, watering of the eyes, irritation of the throat, feverishness and cough. The coughing attacks occur frequently but are generally more severe at night.

On the first sign of a "whoop," Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup should be administered, and weeks of suffering prevented, as it helps to clear the bronchial tubes of the collected mucous and phlegm.

Mrs. Nellie Barley, Amherst, N.S., writes: "I have much pleasure in saying that there is no cough syrup like Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. My little girl took whooping cough from a little girl who has since died with it. I tried lots of things but found 'Dr. Wood's' to give the greatest relief. It helped her to raise the phlegm, and she is now better.

My young brother is also taking the cough, and I am getting 'Dr. Wood's' to work again."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper: 3 pine trees the trade-mark; price 25c. and 50c. Refuse substitutes.

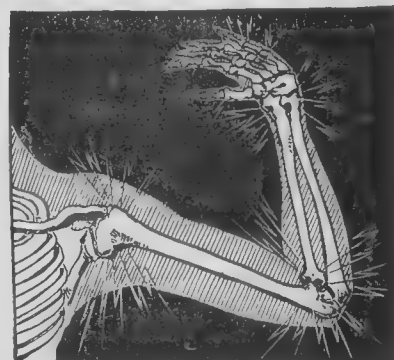
Manufactured only by THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

Rheumatism

Remarkable Home Cure Given by One Who Had It—He Wants Every Sufferer to Benefit

Send No Money—Just Your Address.

Years of awful suffering and misery have taught this man, Mark H. Jackson of Syracuse, New York, how terrible an enemy to human happiness rheumatism is, and have given him sympathy with all unfortunates who are within its grasp. He wants every rheumatic victim to know how he was cured. Read what he says:



"I Had Sharp Pains Like Lightning Flashes Shooting Through My Joints."

"In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted, and even bed-ridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

"I want every sufferer from any form of Rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address, and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day. MARK H. JACKSON, No. 803C Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y."

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.—Pub.



HILL'S WONDER RING FREE
Will never tarnish—made of Ferrian
Ivory. Will last a life time. To make
new friends I will send this Ring for
12c to help pay adv. Order today—now.
R. C. Hill, Dept. 19 Battle Creek, Mich.

When writing advertisers, please mention
The Western Home Monthly

He Feels He Owes His Life To Them

Telegraphed 200 Miles for Dodds' Kidney Pills

Sandy Goulette, Now Strong and Hearty, Tells How He Found Health After the Doctors Had Given Him Up.

Old Fort Bay, Labradore, Que.—(Special).—"Do I believe in Dodd's Kidney Pills? Well, I telegraphed two hundred miles to get two boxes of them." The speaker was Sandy Goulette, an old settler here. Nor did Mr. Goulette require to be pressed to tell the rest of his story.

"I was swollen out of shape from head to foot. I was so short of breath I could hardly speak. The doctor could do nothing for me. The minister gave me the holy sacrament and a good priest came and told me I could not live much longer.

"Then I telegraphed for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I took three pills the night they came and I got relief before morning. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me. I am able to do my day's work now as well as I was ten years ago."

Mr. Goulette offers to answer any letters written to him regarding his case. He feels that he owes his health, if not his life, to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Blood is Thicker Than Water"

Dear Editor,—I have at last made the plunge, but no one can say I have not looked long enough before I leapt. In your last Western Home Monthly I saw two letters written from my own country—Ireland. My father, mother, sister, brother and myself came out to Canada six years ago, and have lived in a little Albertan town ever since. Canada is indeed a beautiful country of which her people may well be proud. But now as ever "Blood is thicker than water," and we have been rather homesick sometimes. My mother teaches school, my father works in the bank while my young sister and brother also go to school. I might as well confess that I go too, but I will be through in June. This letter is lengthening out terribly, so I must close. Will "Ailsa Craig" and "Irish Colleen" please write to "Irish Norah."

Against Women Suffrage

Dear Editor,—I am a Liberal in politics and am pretty much in sympathy with the farmers' organizations—they are leading America as progressive farmers.

I notice many of your writers have something to say about woman's suffrage or prohibition, both of which are big problems, and to the satisfaction of most of us prohibition is well on its way to success. While women are obtaining the provincial suffrage it may also be considered by many as a desirable reform, but I am strongly opposed to women entering into politics. Logically, they have the same rights in

mother with state support and protection for the children. Any man who will trouble to study the drift of the movement will be convinced of this.

I know it is the unpopular thing to oppose this popular movement, but I have not the subtle temperament that is necessary for that polite acquiescence in a fashionable opinion and I decline to subscribe to the prevailing heresy that my sex should adopt an apologetic attitude and humble itself diffidently before its betters. I refuse to effeminate myself by joining the tenor chorus that has exalted women by disparaging men. I do not blame the average woman for the movement, but I think men should study the problem and put up a strong opposition to it, and not allow a clique of irresponsible strong-headed women and weak-headed men to mislead the rank and file of the women to political and moral disaster. I say the movement should be checked before they secure Dominion suffrage, as it certainly must lead to racial decay and social corruption. We require our government to be more masculine and at any cost avoid feminization through the injection of women into its electorate. Women's suffrage is nothing less than a social menace.

"Amateur Politician."

Too Busy to Read

Dear Editor,—Being a subscriber to your famous magazine for four years, it has become an essential part of my library. It is the only paper that really comforts the lonely bachelors during the long winter months, especially, and I dare say it keeps

THE CHIEF CHARM OF LOVELY WOMAN

Soft, Clear, Smooth Skin Comes With The Use Of "FRUIT-A-TIVES".



NORAH WATSON
66 Drayton Ave., Toronto.
Nov. 10th, 1915.

A beautiful complexion is a handsome woman's chief glory and the envy of her less fortunate rivals. Yet a soft, clear skin—glowing with health—is only the natural result of pure Blood.

"I was troubled for a considerable time with a very unpleasant, disfiguring Rash, which covered my face and for which I used applications and remedies without relief. After using "Fruit-a-tives" for one week, the rash is completely gone. I am deeply thankful for the relief and in the future, I will not be without "Fruit-a-tives".

NORAH WATSON.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



Official photograph taken on the Western front in France shows British Tommies, a merry, happy, smiling crew, on their way to the trenches. Everyone a fighter, happy, but grim in his purpose.

anything a man has, but it happens that logic does not rule the human race. It is human nature that rules, and by nature normal women are not qualified for politicians, legislators, merchants, mechanics, etc. It is only by their becoming abnormal women that they can engage in these pursuits. No one will deny that the tendency of women's enlargement of her sphere must necessarily be towards identification with man's habits, duties and pursuits in many ways, which will in turn involve a modification of the sex distinctions, tending towards sex convergence instead of that sexual divergence which Nature requires for the best reproduction of the race. In short, their entering man's pursuits means that they must become masculine and mannish. Now, it is a fact that if women are going to become masculinized, the sons of these women will certainly be effeminate men and the daughters of effeminate men will be masculine women and so on from generation to generation. So I say that a state of society which is based on the assumption that it is as normal for a woman as for a man to become a lawyer, merchant or legislator, is a state of society heading straight for racial decay, and the suffrage is just the implement which will both sanction and compel this abnormal standard, not alone on those who want to be in men's pursuits but in those who do not. I maintain that the aim of these mischief-makers (suffragist leaders) is the dissolution of the marriage bond and the family communal rearing of children, and in its stead the economic independence of the

many of us lonely boys from mental stagnation or romantic despair.

Now, dear readers, concerning the correspondence part of this good paper, I can only find one fault, and that is the correspondents all seem to harp on the one string until it is threadbare; in other words, the one subject is under consideration far too long, consequently gets monotonous. For instance, the question of women's franchise was the principal subject in almost every one's letter for one long year.

I do not think it is wise for each one to give a description of him or herself in this paper. Space is too valuable. But I will say I am farming a half section one mile from town, having left home two years ago to farm on my own. I have met with one great difficulty, and that is I cannot find time to read. I am very fond of reading and do read a great deal in the winter. But from spring till fall my reading ceases. Plan and scheme as I may I cannot find one-half hour each day to sit and read at leisure. I go to town Saturday night and hear men talking on many different subjects and recent happenings, of which I know nothing—all because I have no time to read. Now, do not think I make farm-

Miller's Worm Powders will purge the stomach and intestines of worms so effectively and so easily and painlessly that the most delicate stomach will not feel any inconvenience from their action. They recommend themselves to mothers as a preparation that will restore strength and vigor to their children and protect them from the debilitating effects which result from the depredations of worms.

THE WORLD-RENOVED

Trade Mark

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT AND PILLS

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL

15 Richardson Street, Pt. St. Charles, Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

Dear Sir,
I have sent you two dollars for some Grasshopper Ointment. The way I got your address was through a friend telling my wife to get Grasshopper Ointment for her leg. She has suffered for over fifteen years and could get no cure; it was so painful she could hardly walk. We got some Grasshopper Ointment and after using three boxes she is almost well again; it is a wonderful Ointment.

Yours respectfully,
B. ROBERTS.

GRASSHOPPER

OINTMENT and PILLS, is a certain cure for Bad Legs, Poisoned Hands, Ulcerated Joints, Housemaid's Knee, Carbuncles, Snake and Insect Bites, etc., etc.

Prepared by ALBERT, Albert House, 73 Farthingdon Street, London, England, and sold at all Drug Stores.

Sold in England at 1s. 3d. and 3s. per box.

RICH MONUMENTS

Sold on a money-back basis direct to you. It is now possible to erect wonderfully attractive and enduring stones at prices within the means of the average family. Illustrated booklet tells how we do it—contains many epitaph designs—gives you the net costs on handsome monuments. This booklet will be mailed free if you write.

STANDARD CEMENT STONE WORKS
P.O. Box 104 GIROUX, MAN.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT

quickly kills all nits and vermin in the hair. It is double the strength of any other but perfectly safe to use and will not injure the most delicate skin; nourishes and beautifies the hair.

In 15c. & 25c. sizes. Extra large size 50c.

Agent:
PARKE & PARKE, Hamilton, Ontario.
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Established over 100 years.

THE C. P. R. GIVES YOU TWENTY YEARS TO PAY

An immense area of the most fertile land in Western Canada for sale at low prices and easy terms ranging from \$11 to \$30 for farm lands with ample rainfall—irrigated lands up to \$50. One-tenth down, balance if you wish within twenty years. In certain areas, land for sale without settlement conditions. In irrigation districts, loan for farm buildings, etc. up to \$2000, also repayable in twenty years—interest only 6 per cent. Here is your opportunity to increase your farm holdings by getting adjoining land, or to secure your friends as neighbors. For literature and particulars apply to Allan Cameron, Gen'l Supt. of Lands, Department of Natural Resources, C. P. R., 911 First Street East, Calgary, Alberta.

BLACK LEG

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by CUTTER'S BLACKLEG PILLS

Low-priced, fresh, reliable; preferred by western stockmen, because they protect where other vaccines fail.

Write for booklet and testimonials.

10-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, \$1.00
50-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, \$4.00

Use any injector, but Cutter's simplest and strongest. The superiority of Cutter products is due to over 15 years of specializing in VACCINES AND SERUMS ONLY. INSIST ON CUTTER'S. If unobtainable, order direct.

The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, California

Poultry Book

Latest and best yet! 144 pages, 215 beautiful pictures! Describes how Poultry Farm handling 68 pure-bred varieties. Tells how to choose fowls, eggs, incubators, sprouters. This book worth dollars mailed for 10 cents.

Berry's Poultry Farm, Box 41, Clarinda, Iowa

ing a drudgery—I don't. I like farming and can always find plenty to do. I wish someone would kindly solve this problem for me. I am only twenty-six years old, so I am not too old to take advice. I have a good library and I subscribe to five different leading newspapers. I have heard it said—Be a well-read farmer. I know some well read farmers—but they are too lazy to work.

Please pardon me, dear Editor, if I have taken up too much space. Wishing the W.H.M. and its many friends a happy and prosperous year, not forgetting our kind Editor. My address is with Editor. Yours sincerely, "Busy Farmer."

Marriage Made Easy

On the frontier, courtship and marriage are not the matters of convention or even of sentiment that they are in long-established communities. For example:

My grandfather came to this country in 1831, by sailing vessel to New Orleans. Thence he went up the Mississippi River to St. Louis, and there he bought a horse, saddle, and other "fixin's."

He settled on the north bank of the Missouri River about sixty miles from St. Louis. He and a cousin of his built a log cabin and began to clear the land. They took turns doing the outside work and the cooking.

One day, during the cousin's turn at cooking, he upset the pot into the fire, and when my grandfather came in, the discouraged cook said to him, "See here, Julius, this sort of thing won't do any more; we must have a housekeeper. One of us must get married."

"Well, why don't you marry, then?" said grandfather.

"No, you are the older; you must marry first."

"That's easy said. You know that the only family where there are girls old enough to marry lives forty miles from here, and I don't know whether any of them will have me. We are strangers and from a foreign country, you know."

"Well, you can try, can't you?"

So the following Sunday grandfather rode forty miles over to Squire McCleny's. The squire greeted him cordially, for callers were always welcome in these days.

After talking about the weather, the crops, the hunting, and so forth, grandfather, with some embarrassment, introduced the subject of a housekeeper, and asked the squire if he had any objection to his marrying one of his daughters.

"None at all," said the squire. "Have you asked the gal yet?"

"Oh, no, I only wanted your permission to court her. That is what we have to do in the old country. And besides, I can't wait two or three years before I marry, as they do over there."

"Oh," said the squire, "if the gal's willin' I'll marry you right now." And calling to his wife, he said, "Mary, tell Elinor to come in!"

Elinor was the oldest of his twelve children, and although not yet sixteen, was tall, well-grown, and fully developed.

When she entered, he said, "Elinor, here's a man who wants to marry you. Are you willin'?"

"O pa, that's rather sudden."

"Well, well, you can talk to ma about it, and sleep over it. Let me know in the mornin'."

The next morning she said, "Yes," and the wedding was set for two weeks later.

Everyone within a radius of forty miles and more was there.

The day after the wedding grandfather rode up to the horse block, his young wife got up behind him, and thus they went home.

He Recognized Him

Slender persons formed the subject of conversation at a social gathering recently, when David F. Houston, the Secretary of Agriculture, told this about the doctor:

The doctor was very thin. One afternoon a small newsboy entered his office, and on opening the door to the inner room, he was confronted by a grinning skeleton. He gave a terrified yell, and dashed for the middle of the street, panting for breath.

"That's all right, little boy," soothingly said the doctor, who had hastened to the door on hearing the yell. "Come in, and I'll buy one of your papers."

"No, you don't!" was the rejoinder of the boy. "You can't fool me, even if you have got your clothes on."

How to Manage Ear Trouble

The ears are subject to infection and injury both from within and without, but they are generally invaded through the nasal passages. Sometimes inflammation spreads from those passages to the ears, and sometimes it is carried or forced there by improper treatment. For example, most persons when attacked by a cold in the head blow the nose with quite unnecessary violence. That often drives the germs that are causing the trouble back into the tubes that lead to the ears. In fact, blowing the nose violently during the acute stages of a cold only serves to increase the congestion already present without by any means giving the relief it seems to promise.

Much harm can also be done by a wrong use of the nasal douche. It is true that the nasal passages must be kept clean, but that can be done by very gentle methods. People who suffer from "recurrent" colds should remember that too energetic attacks upon the local trouble may only drive it back to the ears through the Eustachian tubes.

Sometimes the ears of children are attacked from the outside by conscientious and well-meaning mothers. It is astonishing to learn what an apparently sensible woman will do by way of cleaning the inside of a child's ear, and what preposterous instruments she will use. Healthy ears do not need syringing, and only persons who are expert in the operation should perform it on ears that are not in good condition. Hard instruments for cleaning out the ear should never be used. There are little spoons contrived for this purpose in the shops, but no one should buy them; neither should mothers or nurses think of twisting a towel into a spike, or wrapping it round a match, and therewith exploring a child's ear. Ear-wax is a normal secretion; it is found in all healthy ears, and is not something to be pursued as if it were a disgrace. You can always keep the ears properly clean by using a towel dipped in warm water and wrapped round a finger.

When a small child gets a foreign body into the ear, gentle syringing with warm water will often remove it, and that should always be tried before any other method. The attempt to extract the object forcibly may do much injury. No one except an experienced physician or nurse should think of doing that.

Mild Cases Dangerous

The Chicago Department of Health issues this warning:—

"The mildest cases of diphtheria or scarlet fever are as dangerous for well children to be associated with as are those of the most dangerous type. And most dangerous of all is what we call the unrecognized case of either one of the two diseases mentioned.

"It is a well-known fact that from the mildest case of either diphtheria or scarlet fever, the most malignant form may be, and frequently is, contracted. Many times people will insist upon the early raising of quarantine for the reason that, as they put it, 'the child was hardly sick at all.' For the same reason, too, they will think that the disease 'could not be catching.' This is a serious mistake. The child with only a light attack is just as dangerous as a means of spreading of diphtheria as is the child that has it in its worst form. Here is a case that illustrates what we are trying to make clear:

"A young married man, with wife and little child, complained of not feeling well for nearly two weeks, but continued at his work. At the end of that time his wife was taken down with scarlet fever of a most malignant type. She was removed to the hospital. A few days later the baby was taken ill with the disease and also removed to the hospital. The mother died within a week after entering the hospital and three days later the baby died. An examination of the father at the time his wife was taken sick showed that he had had scarlet fever in a mild form and was still peeling. The only trouble was that his case was so light that it went unrecognized and cost him the lives of his entire family.

"Mild cases spread more contagion than do the very severe ones."

Whether the corn be of old or new growth, it must yield to Holloway's Corn Cure, the simplest and best cure offered to the public.

Good News for Canadians Health Specialist SPROULE

The Great Catarrh Specialist Explains HIS METHOD OF TREATMENT



THE GREAT ENGLISH SPECIALIST

Graduate in Medicine and Surgery of Dublin University, formerly Surgeon
British Royal Mail Naval Service.

Has Cured All Forms of Catarrh

Thirty years ago a young but highly honored surgeon in the British Royal Mail Naval Service a stonished his friends by suddenly leaving, and entering on private practice. That surgeon was the now famous Catarrh Specialist Sproule. His keen brain had early seen in the then new disease, Catarrh, a menace to the life and happiness of the civilized world. While other physicians were neglecting it as unimportant, Specialist Sproule studied its nature and the means of cure. He labored in office, hospital and laboratory. He mastered the subject.

As Specialist Sproule had foreseen, Catarrh spread with frightful rapidity. Thirty years ago Catarrh was almost unknown. Now no age or sex is exempt from it. No climate or locality is a cure for it. It is in many cases the forerunner of Consumption. Vital statistics show THAT DEATHS FROM CONSUMPTION in this country HAVE INCREASED in the last five years in startling fashion. Altogether too many of these cases have been traced back to Catarrh as their starting point.

Catarrh Specialist Sproule, the first to make Catarrh a specialty, has perfected a scientific, constitutional treatment which has cured hundreds and hundreds of cases of Catarrh. Many hundreds of Canadian people, throughout the provinces, bless the day they saw his advertisement fifteen or twenty years ago.

The widely advertised so-called "Catarrh cures" often do more harm than good, by driving the Catarrh germs deeper into the system. Painful stomach disorders and even more serious troubles have thus originated.

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane and is curable only through the blood, and by remedies prepared for each case. Medicine that will cure one will often harm another. Specialist Sproule's method drives every germ out of the body. It clears the head, stops the hawking and spitting, sweetens the breath, strengthens the eyes, restores the hearing. It purifies and enriches the blood. It invigorates and tones up the entire system. It gives new life, energy, and ambition. The hardships of life seem easier to bear. Work becomes a pleasure. The man feels as if made over.

Catarrh Specialist Sproule's name is revered as that of a benefactor in thousands of homes. If you have any symptoms of Catarrh the Specialist earnestly invites you to write him and tell him all about it. It will cost you nothing. He will give you the most valuable

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

He will diagnose your case without charge and tell you just what to do. Do not delay. In such cases every moment is precious. Do not neglect yourself. Above all do not give yourself wrong treatment. The results may be serious.

CATARRH of the HEAD and THROAT

The most prevalent form of Catarrh results from neglected colds.

- 1 Do you spit up slime?
- 2 Are your eyes watery?
- 3 Does your nose feel full?
- 4 Does your nose discharge?
- 5 Do you sneeze a good deal?
- 6 Do crusts form in the nose?
- 7 Do you have pain across the eyes?
- 8 Does your breath smell offensive?
- 9 Is your hearing beginning to fail?
- 10 Are you losing your sense of smell?
- 11 Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?
- 12 Are there buzzing noises in your ears?
- 13 Do you have pains across the front of your forehead?
- 14 Do you feel dropping in back part of throat?

If you have some of the above symptoms your disease is Catarrh of the head and throat.

Answer the above questions, yes or no, write your full name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out and send to

CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE
117 TRADE BUILDING, BOSTON

Be sure and write to-day.

DISEASES of BRONCHIAL TUBES

When Catarrh of the head and throat is left unchecked it extends down the wind-pipe into the bronchial tubes, and may in time attack the lungs and develop into Catarrhal Consumption.

- 1 Do you take cold easily?
- 2 Is your breathing too quick?
- 3 Do you raise frothy material?
- 4 Is your voice hoarse and husky?
- 5 Have you a dry, hacking cough?
- 6 Do you feel worn out on rising?
- 7 Do you feel all stuffed up inside?
- 8 Are you gradually losing strength?
- 9 Have you a disgust for fatty foods?
- 10 Have you a sense of weight on chest?
- 11 Have you a scratchy feeling in throat?
- 12 Do you cough worse night and morning?
- 13 Do you get short of breath when walking?

If you have some of these symptoms you have Catarrh of the bronchial tubes.

FULL NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

The Best Magazine Value Available—
The Western Home Monthly at \$1.00 a Year

What the World is Saying

Kultur in Operation

There is not much difference between sinking merchant ships without warning and hospital ships on sight.—Montreal Gazette.

German "Substitutes"

"Germany is making many substitutes," but she has produced no substitute for honor that will stand the acid test.—London Daily Mail.

[A True Word from the Kaiser

"Hard times are still before us," says the Kaiser. Sometimes that man slips into the truth in spite of himself.—Vancouver Province.

The Desperate Desire of Hohenzollernism

Germany wants to trade off a certain amount of uncompleted victory for peace—at least enough peace to enable her to rest up and prepare to go on the warpath again.—Hamilton Herald.

The Japs are "Smoking Up"

The tallest chimney in the world is to be erected at Nagasaki, Japan. And the Japs are "smoking up" in various other ways and places.—Kansas City Star.

The Arabs are with the Allies

Austrians are said to have changed the figures on a city hall clock because they were Roman. How about the Arabic figures.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The German Trust in "Frightfulness"

Prussianism now hails submarine frightfulness as the short road to victory—just as it hailed the violation of Belgian neutrality as the short road to victory.—London Times.

The Plenitude of "Silver Bullets"

A subscription of half a billion dollars in four hours looks as though there were still a few of Lloyd George's "silver bullets" in Great Britain's ammunition wagon.—New York Times.

Germany and the Smaller Nations

The German Emperor in his latest deliverance, announces that he is fighting for the rights of the smaller nations. As, for example, Belgium, Serbia, Roumania and Montenegro.—Toronto World.

Thrifty France

France this year will grow over three-quarters of the wheat she requires to feed her people. The French countryside is put to its best use, not kept in grass to facilitate sport.—Duluth Herald.

The Gracious Slave-Raiders

Deported Belgians are permitted by Germany "to correspond with their families" at home. Germany may even go so far as to furnish each Belgian with a "scrap of paper" for writing purposes.—Peterboro Review.

The First Congresswoman

Miss Rankin will kindly remember that since the members have been prohibited from smoking on the floor of the House at Washington, it is only fair she should knit her sweaters in her own committee-room.—Boston Transcript.

Socialists and Red Cedar

A wire from Berlin states that the Socialists in the Prussian Diet "have split." 'Twas ever thus, alas! Indeed, there is but one thing that splits easier than Socialists, and that is red cedar when it is good and dry.—Chicago Evening Post.

A Tip to the Duke of Aosti

The Duke of Aosti, it seems, is to be seated upon the throne of Greece. We do not wish to discourage any young monarch at the outset of his career, but before we sat down heavily on that throne we'd take a look about for tacks.—Ottawa Citizen.

Great Expansion of British Trade

It is a remarkable fact that despite the war British manufacturers in 1916 sold \$160,000,000 more textiles abroad than in the preceding year. British exports last year were over \$600,000,000 more than in 1915, while increased British purchases of foreign nations were \$486,000,000 in excess of those of the year preceding.—Wall Street Journal.

Can Kultur Learn Nothing?

Germany believed that England would not fight. She believed that Belgium would offer no resistance. She believed that even if Belgium did resist, the Kaiser's supermen could blast and hack their way to Paris in two weeks. She believed that Russia could not mobilize her man power in time to strike. She believed that Canada, Australia, South Africa and India would not support Great Britain, but would break away from the British Empire. She counted confidently on Ireland. Kultur is still cherishing insane hopes. Is Kultur incapable of learning anything?—New York Sun.

Railway-building in China

The Chinese government has contracted for an additional 300 miles of railway with an American firm which is already engaged to build 2,000 miles. The new administration in the big and strange land is progressive in the matter of railroads, whatever else it may be.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The Need of Cargo-carriers

The announcement by the London Times that shipyards in some instances have been instructed to drop work on high class liners and divert their activities to the construction of plain cargo carriers is not of a nature to cause surprise. "The liner she's a lady," but the carrier of cargo is a most valuable asset in these days of dear foods and destructive submarines.—Halifax Herald.

"The Bloody Tyranny of the Turk"

Not since Carlyle uttered his famous condemnation of "the unspeakable Turk" has there been a more trenchant or accurate description of the sanguinary spirit of Ottoman cruelty than the phrase in the answer of the Allies to President Wilson's peace note describing "the bloody tyranny of the Turks."—Glasgow Herald.

No Substitutes for These

There are some things—not tangible, it is true—for which there never have been and never will be adequate "substitutes." There is no "substitute" for motherly love, for human love, for broad charity, for manliness, for rectitude, for honor, for chastity for all the moral virtues that really count in the progress of civilization.—British Weekly.

Kaiser and Sultan

The Sultan of Turkey in a proclamation to his army expresses the conviction that "with the aid of the Almighty we shall obtain final victory and deliver our country." This is in keeping with the words in the Kaiser's last message to the German army. Kaiser and Sultan appeal for divine aid, but are not bound by any sacred rules where their representatives in the field of war are concerned.—London Truth.

Remarkable

"One by one the patriarchs are passing away," pathetically remarks an Eastern exchange in an editorial reference to the death of one of the oldest residents of the community. This is as self-evident as the statement of a newspaper correspondent who began his letter on the sanitary condition of his town by saying: "I notice that a good many people have died this year who have never died before."—Victoria Colonist.

People and Food in the U. S.

Figures given out by the Department of Agriculture at Washington show that the nation's food supply has not kept pace with the growth in population. During the last sixteen years the population has increased 33 per cent, while in foods constituting nearly 75 per cent of the country's diet there has been a decline in per capita production. The facts as stated plainly show why there has been a considerable rise in the food prices in recent years.—Toronto Globe.

British Business Efficiency

That commercial bodies in Great Britain are not sitting still and twiddling their thumbs till the war is over is shown by the activities of the Bradford Chamber of Commerce, which is preparing a 600 page illustrated year book in English, French, Russian and Spanish, with special attention to Russian trade. And we are fooling ourselves into thinking that we're going after foreign business. We have some things to learn yet.—New York Tribune.

A Professor's Prophecy

Prof. Montraville M. Wood, of Chicago, who says that by using radio-active paints he can make wall-paper and mural decorations which will furnish so much light that a person may read by it, predicts that within ten years there will be plenty of non-skidding automobiles running on two wheels, built on the principle of the monorail and retaining their equilibrium by means of the gyroscope. Would you risk your life in one?—London Advertiser.

British Rule in Egypt

The British troops in Egypt have achieved a fresh success. The British have understood from the beginning the importance which attaches to that maritime thoroughfare, the Suez Canal. It was Lord Kitchener who caused its defence to be organized in the remarkable manner in which it exists to-day. Great Britain has hesitated at nothing in order to protect Egypt. The country is an immense camp stretching from the East to the West, where Great Britain trains and instructs her soldiers in undertaking the defence of Egypt under conditions which do her the greatest honor. The task is to keep back the flood of barbarians in order to protect the work of the great Frenchman, Viscount Ferdinand de Lesseps, and the co-operation of the British and the Egyptians in such an objective is symbolic.—Paris Figaro.

Woman and Progress

Salutary changes come because women grow restive under imperfect living conditions for their families. They want a place for the baby to play and to breathe fresh air. They want a little room or flowers to grow. They want to get rid of needless noises and smells, of rubbish, of strong drink, of disreputable idleness. The modern woman of the right sort is not satisfied to be a mere picture of prettiness; she wants to make her life count for its full value.—Brantford Expositor.

One of Germany's Official Criminals

Franz Bopp, according to his successor in the consul-generalship at San Francisco, is to be given promotion on his return to Germany. Bopp has been convicted of neutrality violations, which included dynamite plotting, and is booked for a three-year term in jail. If he were the official representative of any other great power, he would be destined for diplomatic oblivion at least. But Berlin does not regard regulations and traditions from the ordinary standpoint.—Galt Reporter.

Good for Canadians, also

For ourselves we'd prefer to have our children learn to know somewhat intimately Abraham Lincoln, to have them familiar with his strength and his weakness, his gentleness and sympathy, his loving heart and forbearing nature, to learn what a great and useful man his simple and homely qualities made of him, than to have them learn by heart all the rules of grammar that were ever crowded between two pasteboards.—Omaha World-Herald.

In Regard to Pneumonia

Here is a little reminder for the benefits conferred on the human system by alcohol. It appears in an interesting volume just published, a "Layman's Handbook of Medicine," by Dr. R. C. Cabot, of Boston, a distinguished member of the Harvard medical faculty. He is discussing the care of pneumonia, and he remarks that a person addicted to the use of alcoholic liquors is three times as likely to die from pneumonia as a person who does not use them. There is little a doctor can do for a patient with pneumonia. But one thing the patient himself can do in advance is to avoid the hazard that comes from drinking.—Minneapolis Journal.

Votes for Women

The House of Representatives of Tennessee has passed a bill giving women the right to vote in local and presidential elections. The women's political organization is chiefly engaged at present in bringing pressure to bear on President Wilson to have the federal constitution amended in their behalf, and as part of the campaign they have established silent sentries in front of the White House. To them the president lifts his hat when passing and then forgets their presence at the gates. Meanwhile progress is being made by states, slowly but surely. Votes for women is gaining in the Republic.—Belleville Intelligencer.

Hairpins, and then Buttons

Woman knew the uses of the hairpin before she became acquainted with the button, according to Prof. Charles C. Torrey, of Yale, who lectured recently at Washington University in St. Louis. Professor Torrey said that hairpins had been found in a rock stratum lower than those in which buttons were found. The oldest style of hairdressing was the braid, according to the Yale professor. Ringlets, popular among young women and some not so young to-day, were in high favor with the belles of Babylon four thousand years ago, he said.—Chicago Tribune.

Caesar and Napoleon not in His Class

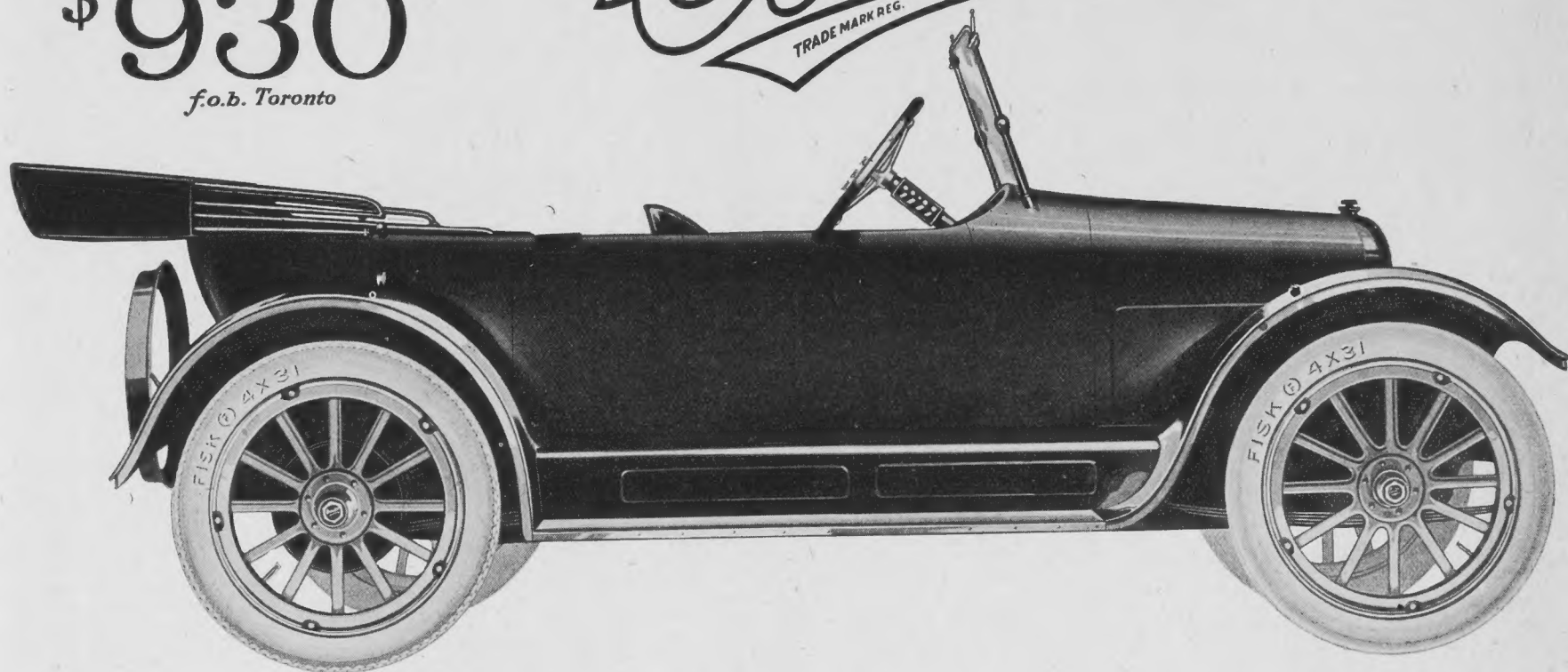
Neither Julius Caesar nor Napoleon was in the habit of proclaiming victory and then asking the mediation of a third party to bring the vanquished to terms. It would have been too near burlesque for either of those great men. But the Emperor Wilhelm was never strong in his sense of the fitness of things, since he is capable at once of proclaiming himself victor and suing for peace. The German Michael uses the pen much as he uses the sword: he attacks Truth with the same ferocity as he attacked Belgium.—London Morning Post.

A Lesson Taught by the War

All the stumbling blocks in the path of the reformer—the economic impossibility of housing labor in the country, the sacredness of contracts, the "magic of property" itself—they have all vanished away before the fist of a determined minister acting under the pressure of a great national necessity. Even the deer now are no longer sacred; some of them are to be killed; the impossible feat of turning deer parks into agricultural land is on some estates already in process of achievement; and the damage done by the deer is no longer a matter of controversy, but an undisputed axiom. The only spell which is working these marvels is the frank and honest recognition for the first time by all concerned that the interests of the community take precedence of any possible individual interests; that the latter in fact cannot be allowed even to be pleaded against them. That is a practical discovery which will certainly not be forgotten when the war is over.—London Daily News and Leader.

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5 Passenger Touring
\$ 930
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A Comprehensive Line of Automobiles All New Values

From your point of view this announcement is most important.

For herein we set forth the achievement toward which the Willys-Overland organization has aimed for the last eight years.

This achievement in a word is the completion of our gigantic organization to a point where we could make and market a complete line of automobiles under one head.

One executive organization,

—one factory management,

—one purchasing unit,

—one sales expense,

—one group of dealers,

plan, produce and sell the entire line.

Buying power is concentrated. Costs are distributed over all these cars.

The savings are tremendous.

As a result we are producing cars of exceptional quality — and marketing them at unusually low prices.

Every car is built to a rigid standard of performance, comfort and appearance.

The new Light Four at \$930 is a striking example.

It has good style—built low with harmonious and full sweeping body lines. It is a beautiful car in every sense of the word.

The motor is powerful, quiet and of sturdy construction. The turning radius is short. The car has a quick acceleration and is built to tour safely and comfortably from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

And with all these good qualities it *rides beautifully*. The soft cushions, the long resilient cantilever rear springs, the large tires (31x4) and the proper balance in construction absorb all types of jolts — the choppy cobblestone, the cuppy macadam and the heavy ruts and thank-you-ma'ams of the highways. Yet this is but one of the new Willys-Overland values.

Never before have the economies of vast production been available for buyers of every class of car.

And the Overland Policy of greater production, higher quality, lower price is exemplified in every model and type.

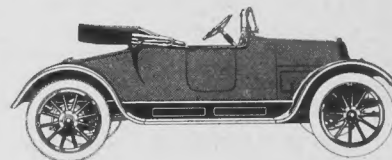
Willys-Overland, Limited

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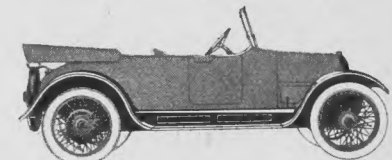
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Willys-Knight and Overland Automobiles
and Light Commercial Cars

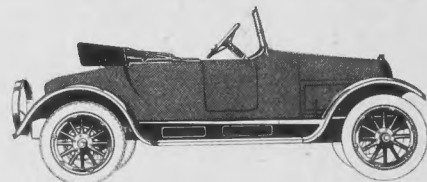
Light Four
Two Passenger Roadster
104 in. wheelbase
\$910



Country Club
Four Seater Sport Model
104 in. wheelbase
\$1050

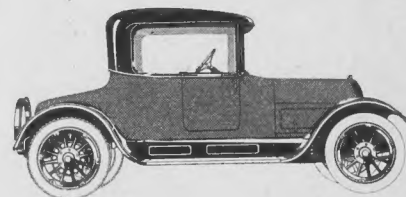


Big Four Roadster
112 in. wheelbase
\$1170



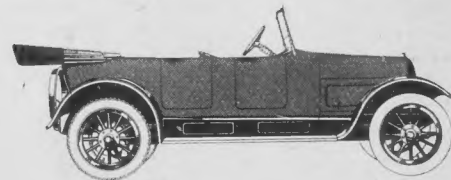
Light Six Roadster
116 in. wheelbase
\$1360

Big Four Coupe
112 in. wheelbase
\$1750



Light Six Coupe
116 in. wheelbase
\$1940

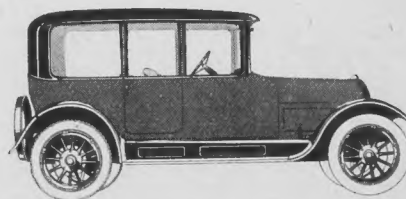
Big Four Touring
112 in. wheelbase
\$1190



Light Six Touring
116 in. wheelbase
\$1380

Big Four Sedan
112 in. wheelbase
\$2030

Light Six Sedan
116 in. wheelbase
\$2220



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A dainty cake,
And PURITY is your brand;
You'll smile with me
And quite agree
It's best in all the land."



JELLY ROLL RECIPE:

1 cup PURITY Flour. 3 Eggs.
1 teaspoon Baking Powder. 1 cup Sugar.
2 tablespoons Cold Water. ½ teaspoon Salt.
Flavor to suit. Roll when hot.

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